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SLING BABE BILLY BOB THORNTON'S OUTRAGEOUS EX

BETTIE PAGE "MY STORY"

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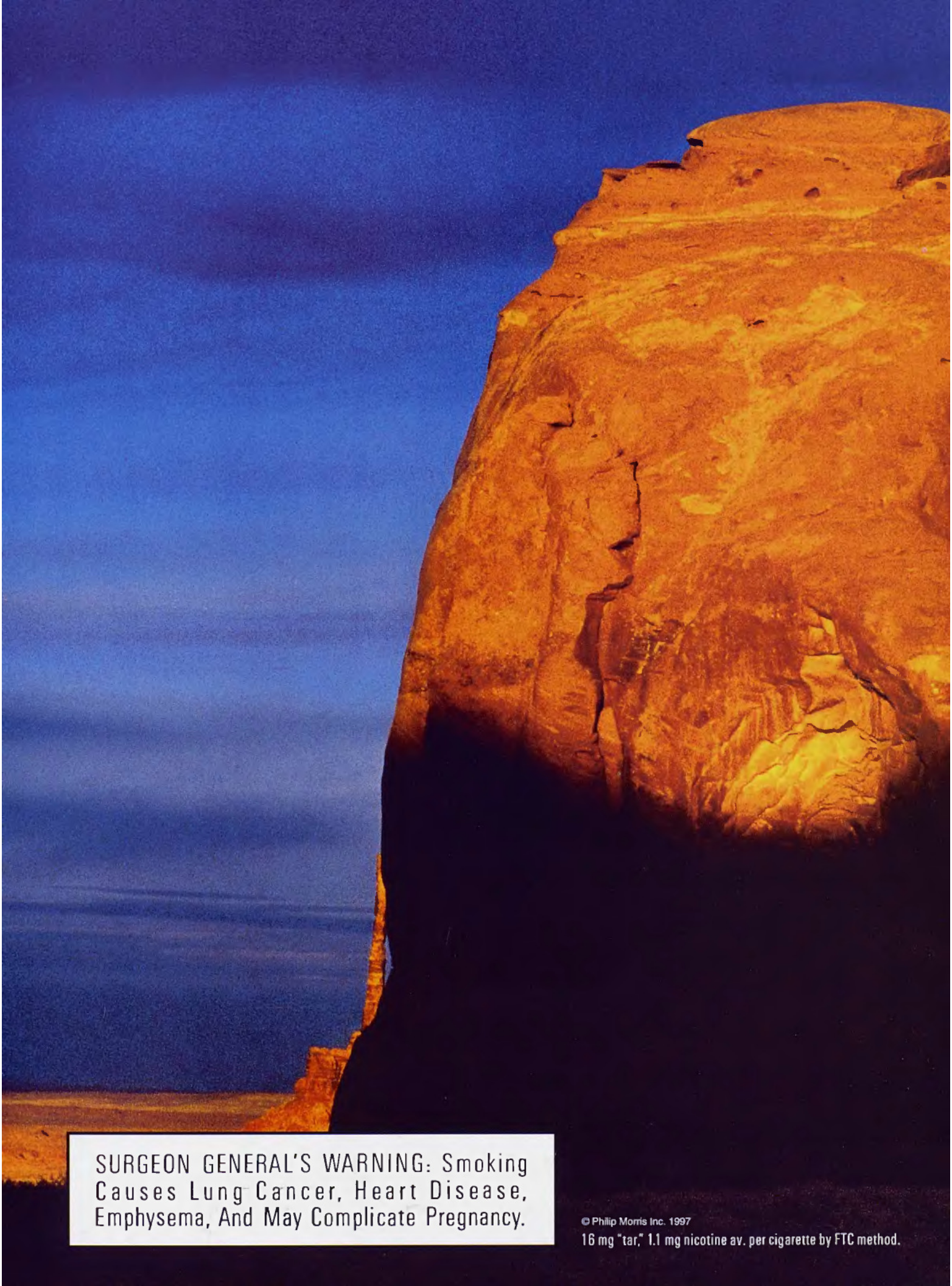

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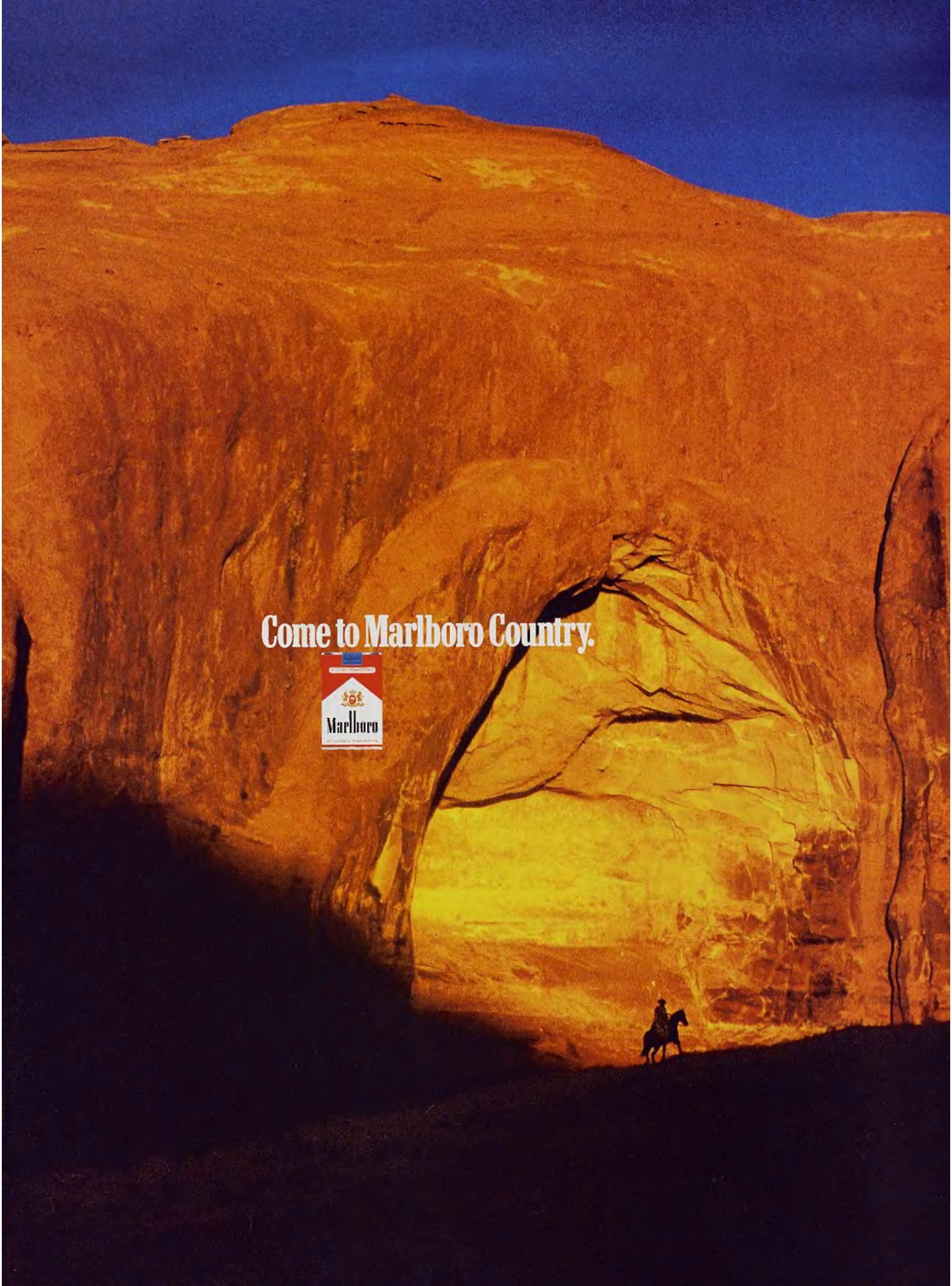
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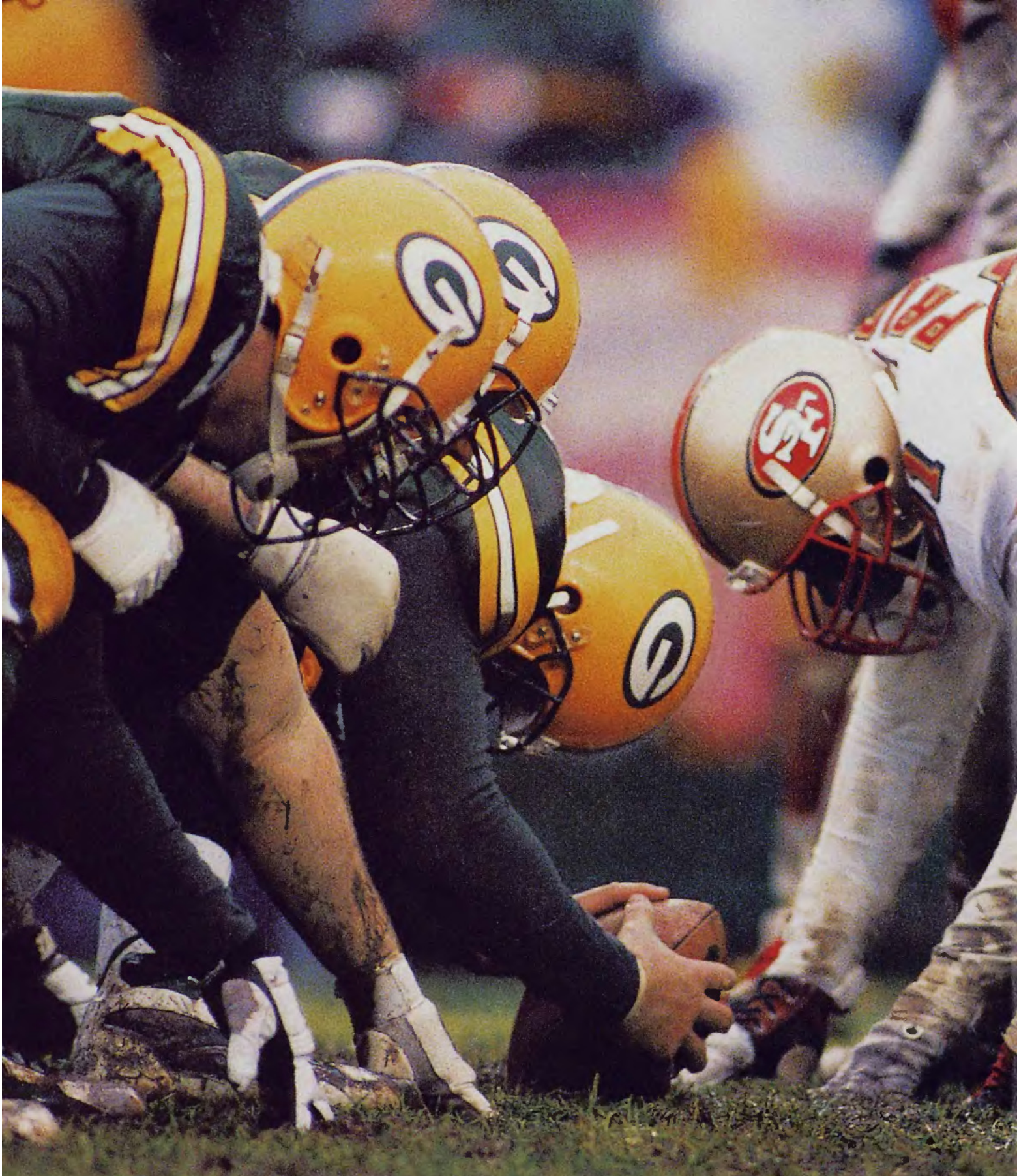

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THE NEW YEAR conjures up classic images—champagne and silver balloons and tuxedoed orchestras. Fittingly, we've compiled our own holiday classic. For starters, we chose **Shannon Tweed** to ring in 1998 as our cover girl. Shannon, you'll remember, was crowned 1982 Playmate of the Year and then reigned as the nation's B-movie queen. Now she tells us all about her big move to prime-time TV (co-starring with Tom Arnold, yet) and shows just why she's a ratings bonanza.

Jerry Seinfeld's landmark sitcom—now wrapping up its ninth, and perhaps final, season—has become classic TV. *Seinfeld Forever*, written by diehard Jerry chronicler **Greg Gattuso,** offers a riot of memorable quotes, strange moments, legendary episodes—even a pop quiz—from the show about nothing. And as long as we're celebrating cultural figures, who could forget pin-ultimate pin-up **Bettie Page,** who was our January 1955 Playmate of the Month before becoming a national treasure—then slipping off the face of the planet? Now resurfaced and hotter than ever (last count: 100-plus Page Web pages), Bettie sat down with **Kevin Cook** (and Editor-in-Chief **Hugh M. Hefner**) to explain her vanishing act in *My Story*.

Cook also went one-on-one with the Detroit Pistons' **Grant Hill** (who, if he isn't already a legend, will be one in about five minutes). Can Hill emerge from the shadow of Michael Jordan? Is he really worth the $80 million endorsement deal he signed with Fila? Find out in his fast-breaking, heads-up interview. Another classic is James Bond. And in the new Bond film, *Tomorrow Never Dies*, TV siren **Teri Hatcher** shimmies away from Superman's side long enough to lure 007 to bed. In her fetching *20 Questions* with **Robert Crane,** Teri waxes philosophical about the whole pierced navel thing and explains how she can get dressed—and undressed—in front of anyone.

When it comes to fiction, you don't get much more classic than **Arthur C. Clarke,** whose *Wire Continuum*—written with collaborator **Stephen Baxter** and illustrated by **Donato Giancola**—coincides with Clarke's 60th anniversary as a writer. **Bruce Jay Friedman** writes our hilarious angst-ridden romance, *Three Balconies* (with artwork by **Mel Odom**). Rounding out this month's fiction triptych is *The Battle of Khafji* by first-time contributor **Tom Paine**. The tale of a soldier in the Gulf war, it's accompanied by an eerie painting by **Marco Ventura.**

In *Rap at the Crossroads*, music reporter **Alec Foege** probes the perilous universe of rap music—its bloody lyrics and bloodier rivalries. Meanwhile, **Pietra Thornton,** estranged wife of Hollywood darling Billy Bob, has a few things to say about the success of *Sling Blade*. In her pictorial *Sling Babe* (shot by **Stephen Wayda**), Pietra slips out of her barely-there Oscar dress while revealing how her fairy tale went sour.

The rest of our lineup blows hot and cold: On the toasty side, **David Standish's** Baedeker to Buenos Aires, *The Madness Begins at Midnight*, decides if the town that worshiped Evita (and jeered at Madonna) is indeed the Paris of South America. Also on a front burner is *Grillin' & Chillin'*, in which **Bobby Flay,** top chef of Manhattan's Mesa Grill, prepares the perfect holiday brunch. Fend off the season's chill by slipping into some informally formal winter wear in *Kickin' & Clickin'*. And cold cash is on tap in *Money Matters*, our new financial column by **Christopher Byron.**

Finally, around these parts a holiday wouldn't be a holiday without some of our favorite diversions: Neoclassicist **Shel Silverstein** checks in with *Hamlet as Told on the Street*—an off-center homage to the Danish prince. We trip back though 1997 with our annual *Playmate Review*, *The Year in Sex* (from the top of Marv's toupee to the tip of Brad Pitt's tip) and *That Was the Year That Was* (more fractured verse from the pen of **Robert S. Wieder** and the pencil of eminent caricaturist **Sebastian Krüger**).

All this and a Playmate of the Month whose mother is a born-again Christian, and a nostalgically naked **Kim Basinger.** Like we said, classic.

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COVER STORY

Shannon Tweed, 1982 PMOY, has made many PLAYBOY appearances, even though she says she never felt all that sexy. "I pose to reassure myself that I look OK." Any time, Shannon. The co-star of *The Tom Show* helps kick off the new year with a thrill. Our cover was produced by Marilyn Grabowski and shot by Stephen Wayda. Thanks to Jennifer Tutar for styling and Alexis Vogel for Shannon's hair and makeup. Our glassed-up Rabbit thinks Shannon is boss.

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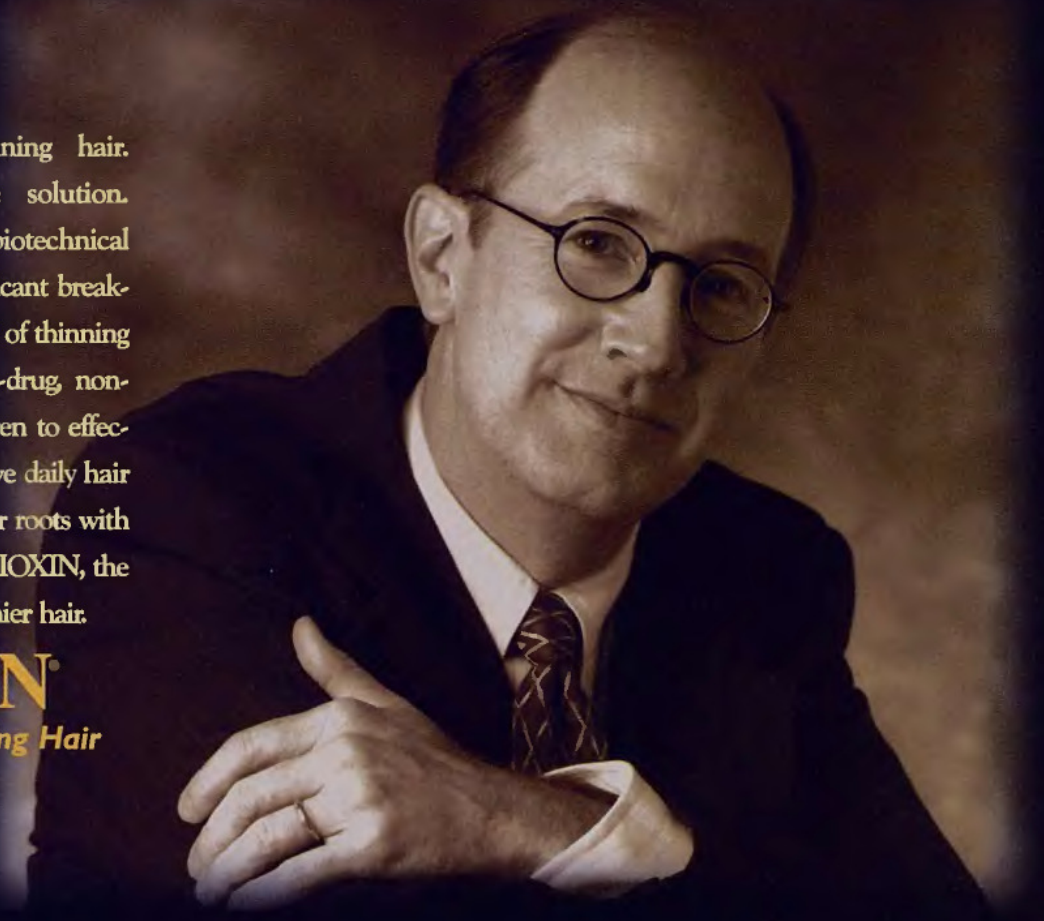

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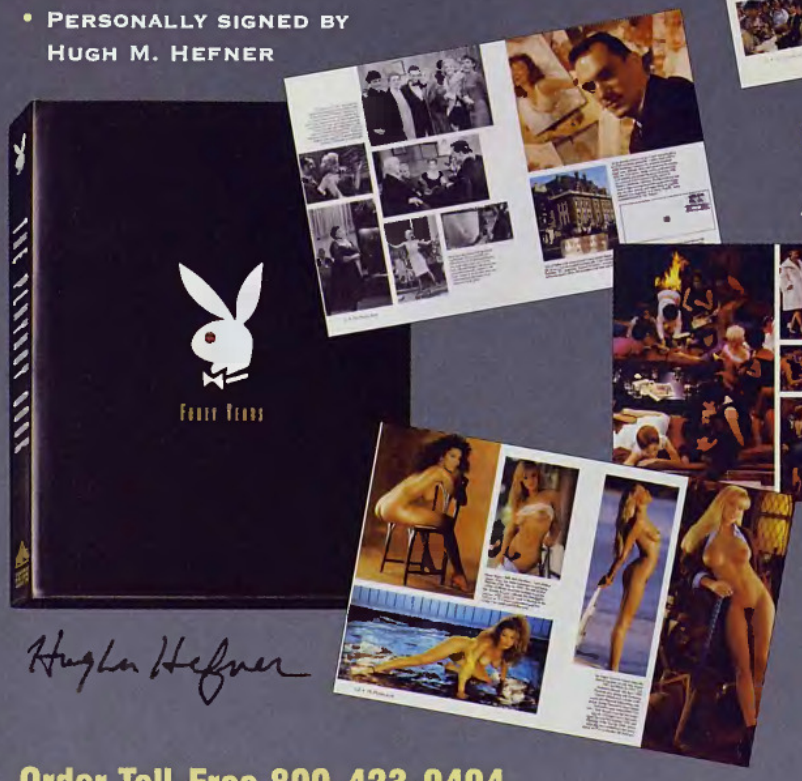

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DESIGNING MAN

Judging by Tommy Hilfiger's *Playboy Interview* (October), he's a kind man who works hard and believes in himself. While he's a talented designer, he'll never reach the pinnacle of the fashion world because he lacks the ruthlessness to cut his way to the top. Still, I wish today's youth could embrace Hilfiger as a role model.

Jim Carozza
Elmira, New York

Uh, Jim, we have on our Tommy boxers today, and it wouldn't surprise us if you did, too. Are you sure about that pinnacle stuff?

RUGGER MUGGER

I resent Shane DuBow's portrayal of rugby players as barbaric lunatics who live life partying at the end of a beer tap (*Crude, Dude!* October). Perhaps some of the things DuBow wrote about occur at a few college clubs. None of the rugby players at my club are remotely similar to those DuBow describes. My teammates come from loving, supportive families who have raised them to be decent people. If DuBow wants to criticize the crude social activities of college life, perhaps he shouldn't focus on rugby.

Jack Lee
Cornell University
Ithaca, New York

About ten years ago, I played a couple of seasons of rugby with the Hilltoppers of Western Kentucky University who are enshrined in DuBow's piece along with players from Southern Illinois University. As the only Jewish kid to attend Western during the Eighties, I'll always remember rugby as a place for me to go after the fraternity became predictable and a jog around campus wasn't enough to let off steam. Between the hedonistic moments and the grueling athletic competition, I found true friendship, and I wish those Hilltoppers well.

Matt Sternstein
Chicago, Illinois

I play rugby for Clemson University and am very disappointed in your rugby article. We've been ranked in the top 20 the past two years, and we don't drink before games, fight or behave like raving lunatics at our after-game socials. I resent that DuBow went out of his way to paint all collegiate rugby players as Neanderthals.

Scott Lawrence Pacult
Vice President, Clemson Rugby
Clemson, South Carolina

Thanks to PLAYBOY, American rugby suffers another black eye. The impression your readers now have of the sport comes from the biggest bunch of immature alcoholics DuBow could find. My rugby career has spanned 15 years, and in all my experience, I've never seen a punch thrown off the field. My wife has attended dozens of games and has never had a hand laid on her. We have designated drivers on our pub crawls. We donate Christmas trees every year to charity. Your article gave ruggers the equivalent of a kick in the nuts. Tradition demands that you give us a drink and a handshake now that the match is over.

Chuck Hampsten
Tacoma Nomads Rugby Football Club
Tacoma, Washington

THE NAKED TRUTH

Téa Leoni (*20 Questions*, October) is the sexiest babe on TV—and the funniest. David Duchovny is lucky to be married to this fabulous lady.

Jeff Anderson
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

BAR NONE

I love Larry Olmsted's list of *America's Top 100 College Bars* (October), but he missed one. He forgot to add the Cool Moose Café—the number one bar at the University of Hartford. The Moose rocks.

Chris Capalbo
Worcester, Massachusetts

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As a recent college graduate and frequent patron of the college bar scene, I was astonished you didn't include Eskimo Joe's, on the campus of Oklahoma State University.

Neil Jay
Tulsa, Oklahoma

As a proud alumnus of Rutgers in New Brunswick, New Jersey, I'd like to say that McCormick's Irish Pub is by far the superior bar in the area. McCormick's has a wider selection of beer than you'll find anywhere in New Jersey, a fireplace, a pool table, three TVs, lobster dinners on Fridays and the hottest bartender—Judie—this side of anywhere.

Dan Century
Metuchen, New Jersey

PLAYBOY FOREVER

I've been reading your magazine for more that ten years now and I enjoy all your features. When I got married, I decided to give up my subscription for a tamer publication, *GQ*. After reading *GQ* for just a couple of months, I tried to convince my wife that PLAYBOY has much more to offer. (I pulled out an old issue and made my presentation.) She agreed, and I've renewed my subscription.

Fred Brown
Ludlow, Massachusetts

SCHOOL DAZE

Alison Lundgren's *Coed Confidential* (October) is depressing and disturbing. As a college faculty member for more than 30 years at Sauk Valley College in Dixon, Illinois, I've spent a lot of time arguing against the self-destructive lifestyles described by Lundgren. Drinking until you vomit or are unable to recall what happened the night before or having sex while under the influence aren't necessary elements of the college experience. The powerful effect of peer influence is apparent in Lundgren's article. I always counsel my students to pick their friends wisely.

George Vrhel
Sterling, Illinois

COVER SPLIT

You made a touchdown on the October cover with model Stacy Fuson, but you lost the game when you decided to sell it to a sponsor and divide it down the middle. I understand that the ads in PLAYBOY help keep our subscription costs down, but you ruined a wonderful magazine by selling out so blatantly.

Todd Zimmerman
Temperance, Michigan

I realize that ads are PLAYBOY's main source of income, but this is awful. Within days, my cover began curling up and unfolding, which completely ruined this issue of the magazine.

Darrin Pampaian
Reedley, California

I've been a subscriber since 1969. My wife bought me a subscription as a wedding gift and she renews it annually. Before that, through high school and college, I purchased PLAYBOY as often as funds permitted. I've never been moved to write a letter to the editor until now. But the October cover compelled me to share my opinion with you. Change is usually good, but this sucks.

H.A. McConnell
Apple Valley, California

GIRLS OF THE BIG TEN

I really hope you make Ashley Bonet from Michigan State a Playmate soon (*Girls of the Big Ten*, October). She's stunning.

A.H. Naidl
Los Angeles, California

One look at your *Girls of the Big Ten* pictorial and I have a tremendous urge

to return to school. I don't care if I major in underwater basket-weaving.

Mel von Reich
Lee Station, New Jersey

I'd like to congratulate you on your college issue. I'd also like to make a request. Please show us more of Angela Riou from Indiana University. I never knew women that beautiful attended my school. Now I'll be on the lookout for them.

Ramzi Nuseibeh
Bloomington, Indiana

Considering all the beautiful women who attend the University of Michigan and Michigan State, I'd say Michiganders must be in heaven. I vote for Nicole Marie to get centerfold billing.

Gary Kelly
Mukilteo, Washington

FOOTBALL FORECAST

I've subscribed to your fine magazine since my college days at the University of Central Florida in Orlando. So it was with great anticipation that I read Gary Cole's picks and predictions (*Pigskin Preview*, October). I couldn't wait to see what he thought of UCF, as we are in our second year of Division IA football as an Independent and have one of the best quarterbacks in the country—Duante Culpepper. I checked the Independents section only to find that we aren't even listed. After close losses to Mississippi, South Carolina and especially Nebraska, I hope to see the UCF Golden Knights in next year's preview.

Dana Parrish
Jacksonville, Florida

Congratulations. Your annual preseason college football predictions are the most accurate ones in America. We researched seven major newspapers and magazines (spanning the past ten years) to find out who is the definitive pigskin soothsayer. PLAYBOY came out on top.

Ryan Coleman
The Village Voice
New York, New York

WHAT SORT OF MAN

I've always subscribed to PLAYBOY for its style, fashion and flair. Your October *What Sort of Man Reads Playboy?* makes a deep connection with me because it features an African American man. I felt immediate identification and I'm especially proud to say I'm the sort of man who reads PLAYBOY.

Ron Baisden
Yokohama, Japan

MISS OCTOBER

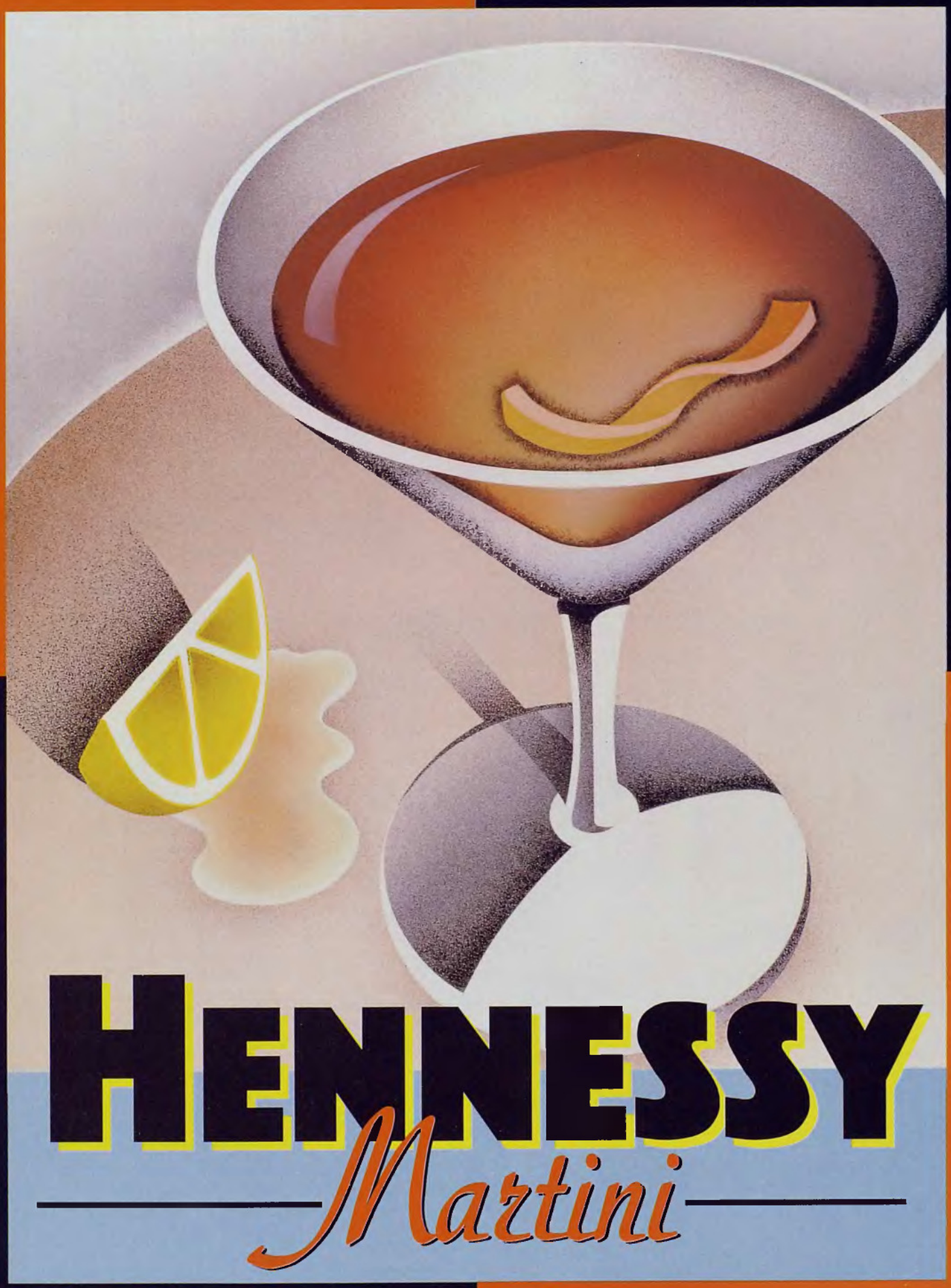
I'd like to congratulate Stephen Wayda for his excellent photos of Layla Roberts (October)—especially the one with her back to the camera. Layla has got me on my knees.

Daniel Boone
Tampa, Florida

PLAYBOY IN PUBLIC

My husband and I are recent college grads and are never ashamed to take our PLAYBOY subscription out in public. It travels to our respective workplaces so our co-workers can see the photos, and it used to make it to our college classrooms. I took many short stories and the article *The Lure of Urban Myths* to English class with me. Asa Baber's column on the positive side of fraternities was circulated on our campus. Our copy of the issue containing Joe Bob Briggs' piece on *Thelma & Louise* was borrowed by a professor who read and never returned it. In fact, she uses it in her women's studies class to stir debate. We don't hide PLAYBOY in a plain paper bag. We think it should be on everyone's coffee table.

Alycia and Jonathan Harvey
Houston, Texas



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$19.98

Video# AW1735V

All-around sex symbol Shannon Tweed graced the pages of PLAYBOY as Miss November 1981 and then as the 1982 Playmate of the Year. After going on to TV stardom, she achieved even greater success as the sexy star of such erotic thrillers as *Night Eyes* and *Last Call*.

Now you can experience Shannon's uncensored sizzle in her steamy *Celebrity Centerfold* video. In a series of stunning nude vignettes, she'll show you how she became one of the hottest models of the Eighties and why she remains one of the most alluring stars of the Nineties. Full nudity. 55 min.
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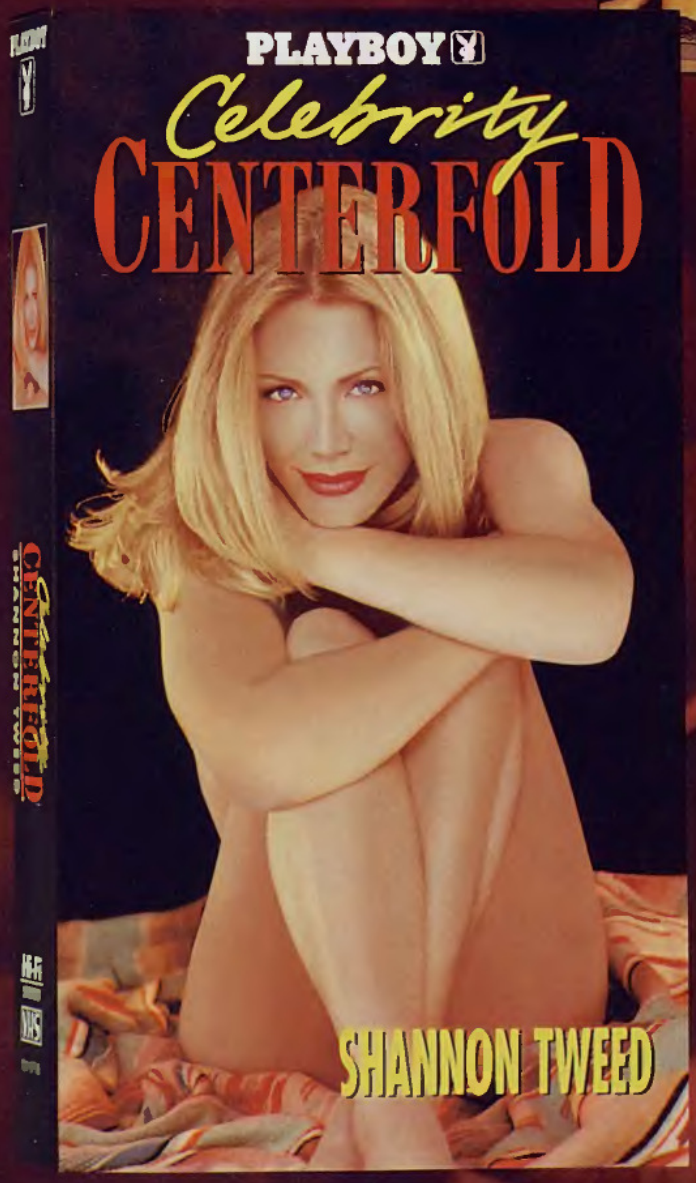

You'll find that beauty runs in the family when you see Shannon and her sultry sister Tracy in their provocative pictorial in the May 1991 issue of PLAYBOY magazine. Don't miss this chance to see one of PLAYBOY's great classic beauties.
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

THE SEARCH FOR MOBY DICK

Call him Marky Mark. By now, everyone knows that at the end of *Boogie Nights*, a nude Mark Wahlberg sports a whale of a penis. "It's more like the fake shark in *Jaws*," says Greg Nicotero of KNB EFX Group, the special makeup effects team that molded the 13-inch prosthesis. Apparently, the job was quite a handful. *Boogie Nights* director Paul Thomas Anderson gave KNB video footage and magazine stills that featured the anaconda of porn star John Holmes. Then a model was made. "That was the funniest meeting we ever had," says Nicotero. "There were four people standing around a clay penis talking about whether it needed more or fewer veins." Once the extension was cast, a special adhesive was applied to mat down Wahlberg's pubic hair, the base of the prosthesis was glued to the adhesive and fake pubic hair was applied to cover the seam. However, the original protopenis looked too erect on film for the ratings-conscious moviemakers. So they tried putting lead weights at the tip and even took a wedge out of the bottom to make it droop. Eventually, a whole new flaccid fake was sculpted. So exactly how much room did KNB leave in the prosthesis for Marky Jr.? Says Nicotero with a chuckle, "Let's just say, enough."

2000 TIE-INS

Given that the year 2000 should witness the New Year's Eve bash of a lifetime, it makes sense that the alert folks at Miller Brewing registered with the Patent and Trademark Office as the "official sponsor of the millennium." However, there are already more than a thousand trademarks with the number 2000 in them (from 2000 Cigars to DL 2000, a hair relaxer) and some enterprises on the fin de siècle bandwagon are stretching it. Mars is the official chocolate of the new millennium, and Maidenform is putting out millennium undies. Then there's White Consolidated Industries, which has created the millennium vacuum cleaner. That should come in handy January 1.

THROBBING VISION

You have until December 31 to submit a painting or drawing to Migraine Masterpieces competition, a contest sponsored by the National Headache Foundation under an educational grant from Abbott Laboratories. The contest is open to people who suffer from migraines, and the objective is for participants to express, through art, the impact that these headaches have on their lives. Top prize is $4000, second prize is $2000, third prize is $1000. And fourth prize is, presumably, a bullet in the caliber of your choice.

RUMOR'S PERFUMER

Cindy Adams, that puckish New York gossip columnist, has followed some kooky advice from one of her financial advisors and is introducing a fragrance called Gossip by Cindy Adams. Coty, the beauty products company, is a co-conspirator in this venture. It has come up with the tag line, "Give them something worth talking about." The fragrance is described as "an intriguing blend of osmanthus petals and violets, while topaz, tangerine and a red maple accord infuse a vivacious, slightly fruity clarity . . . an exotic combination of sensuous, mysterious tea notes, wrapped in feminine nuances of jasmine tea, rose hip and yellow freesia combining fluid elegance with modern transparency. The fragrance is enhanced by warm amber and soft blond woods to ensure a lingering and long-lasting background." However you odorize it, this may be gossip that makes your eyes water.

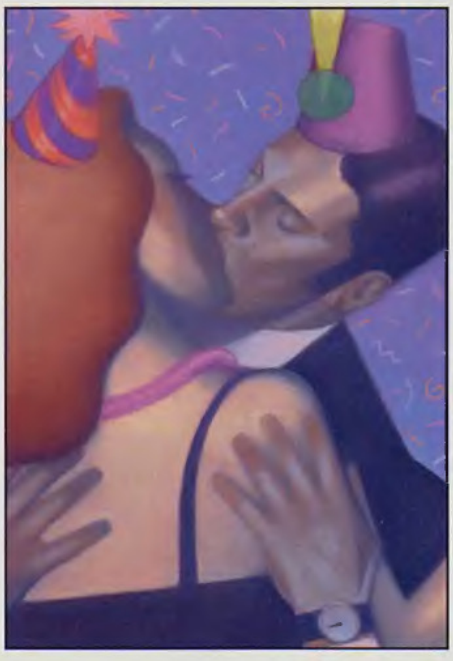

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

SPLIT LEVEL

Lawyers in divorce court at the City-County Building in Detroit often advise their clients of the every-other-floor system of bathrooms. They use a mnemonic device: Men are odd; women get even.

FLAY OR FLOUNDER?

La Nouvelle Justine, an S&M theme restaurant in New York, is the perfect place to take a date if you're trying to gain the upper hand in the relationship or looking for a way to say you're really, really sorry. Food is served in dog-food bowls, portable cages are available for tableside shackling and there is a central platform with ankle and wrist restraints for hot-wax exhibitions. Each table has a leather-clad dom who takes Manhattan-style waiter abuse to new levels, and a bus-slave on all fours who brings the check between her teeth. You can order infant fare in the high chair or receive a birthday spanking. "We will spank you over your underwear. No nudity is allowed, and no blood is drawn," says the vinyl-clad Mistress Diane, who emphasizes, "And there is no defecation." So make sure you go before you come.

BLACK, WHITE AND BLUES

Accomplished guitarist Josh Alan is out to set the standard of ethnic solidarity in his third CD, *Blacks 'n' Jews* (Black Cracker). Josh, whose father, Bruce Jay Friedman, is a frequent PLAYBOY contributor (see *Three Balconies* on page 130), has inherited some of his dad's sense of irony—and fun. Consider the lyrics from the title song: "Blacks and Jews/Blacks

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"If the Bible has taught us nothing else—and it hasn't—it's that girls should only get involved in girls' sports, like foxy boxing, hot oil wrestling and such and such."—HOMER SIMPSON ON WOMEN'S SPORTS

IT MAKES WORK

According to the American Association for Marriage and Family Therapy, the percentage increase in the number of the country's marriage counselors since 1970: 2500.

UNWASHED MULTITUDE

The percentage of Americans who let their dishes pile up for a couple of days before washing them: 5.

BALL HOGS?

Number of cows needed to supply the leather used for a year's supply of NFL footballs: 3000.

YOUNG BUCKS

According to *Worth*, the percentage of U.S. millionaires who were under the age of 50 in 1990: 9. In 1995: 20.

WANTED: FULL-TIME LOTION BOY

Bottles of sunscreen used monthly by cast and crew of *Baywatch*: 40.

ONES, FIVES, TENS

Chances that the cash in an American's wallet is organized by denomination: 9 in 10.

ADIPOSE DISPOSED

Estimated pounds of fat liposuctioned out of 300,000 American men and women last year: 1.5 million.

DON'T KICK THE CUBICLE

According to an Accountemps survey, percentage of time corporate managers spend attempting to resolve employee clashes: 18.

DAN TAGLIARINO

FACT OF THE MONTH

In a recent survey, an overwhelming majority of the women polled said it takes at least an hour to decide whether a guy is worth a second date. Most men said it takes less than 15 minutes.

DEAF LEPPARD

Ratio of inductees into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame who are hearing impaired: 3 in 5.

MUMMY DEAREST

Approximate cost of having your pet mummified by Summum, a Utah church that practices ancient Egyptian rituals: $4500 to $14,000. Number of people who have arranged to be mummified by Summum once the procedure becomes available: 137.

WASTE BUCKETS

According to *Goofy Government Grants and Wacky Waste* by Sheryl Lindell-Roberts, amount of money spent by NASA on a prototype toilet for the space shuttle: $23 million.

THAT DAMN SHOVEL CAME OUT OF NOWHERE

Number of Americans who were injured in mishaps with handheld garden tools in 1993: 44,835.

ROAD RAGE

According to a Penn State study, average number of seconds it takes a mall shopper to back out of a parking space: 26. Number of seconds it takes when another car is hovering for the same spot: 31. Number of seconds it takes when the other car honks to hurry things up: 41.

WET AND WILD

Gallons of water the average American uses while showering: 12.

BUSINESS PERKS

Number of espresso machines purchased in 1989: 200,000. In 1996: 1.6 million.

—LAURA BILLINGS

and Jews/Marchin' down in Mississippi/Two by twos./One says 'y'all'/The other says 'youse.'/C'mon back together, now/Blacks and Jews."

UNCOMMON KNOWLEDGE

There is no pubic hair on statues of Greek females because women in ancient Greece shaved theirs, or tweezed it or pulled it off with sticky plaster. Roman prostitutes may have given blondes their fun-loving reputation, because Roman law required them to bleach their hair to distinguish them from virtuous Roman brunettes. These facts come from *An Underground Education* (Doubleday), by Richard Zacks, the kind of history you won't learn in school. Zacks gives details on everything from medieval table manners to ancient dildos (Egyptian queens were buried with their favorites; the Greeks perfected shafts of leather). Even Puritans had a version of John Holmes. In 1612, a theologian wrote: "The member of the devil is about half a yard long, of medium thickness, red, dark, crooked, very rough and almost pointy." The perfect thing with which to write a scarlet letter.

PREHISTORIC WOLFE

Adding new meaning to Dr. Johnson's observation that remarriage "is the triumph of hope over experience," Glynn "Scotty" Wolfe was on his 29th marriage when he died in June at the age of 88. For 35 years he held the Guinness world record as most-wed male. Wolfe's preference was women in their teens—one wife was only 14. As he once explained, the idea was to "marry them young and train them the way you want." Apparently, the training never took: When Wolfe died, neither his widow nor any of his 28 exes went to claim the body.

RUBBERMADE

We were amused when *The New York Times Magazine* recently reported on the Real Doll, a premium full-size adult love toy that we saw on the Internet site www.sex-machine.com some time ago. The *Times* revealed that Matt McMullen, the doll's creator, claims his intent was simply to make art—a lifelike movable sculpture. After he posted his work on the Web he was flooded with calls from people wanting to know if the dolls had a full complement of working parts and if they were for sale. The dolls, which go by the names Natasha, Nina and Stacy and cost about $4000, look eerily real and, among other things, could be used to make one eligible for the car-pool lane. By a strange coincidence, the firm's home office is in the same building as our corporate headquarters. We have not had the chance to make a social call, but we hope to run into Nina or Natasha or Stacy in the elevator so we can strike up a conversation.

MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE OPENING shot of ***Bent*** (MGM/UA) reveals Mick Jagger in drag, looking ghastly as Greta, the proprietor of a bisexual club in Berlin under Hitler. What follows is a surreal and grueling tale about the fate of gays branded in Nazi Germany. Adapted by Martin Sherman from his play (a success on London and Broadway stages some years ago), the film version is directed by Sean Mathias, with Clive Owens, Lothaire Bluteau and Brian Webber as the homosexual victims of the Holocaust era. After Webber's grisly death, Owens and Bluteau are imprisoned in a camp, ordered to move piles of rocks from place to place until exhaustion or madness overcomes them. In one memorable scene, the two men make love to the point of ejaculation while standing at attention side by side in the prison yard. As a life-affirming statement about tolerance and repression, *Bent* is anything but realistic. Still, its stark emotional impact may shake you. ¥¥

•

Three men playing a deadly cat-and-mouse game with a lie detector confront one another in ***Deceiver*** (MGM). Chris Penn and Michael Rooker are the detectives giving a polygraph test to murder suspect Tim Roth, who plays a privileged wastrel who may or may not be guilty of murdering a prostitute (Rene Zellweger) and dissecting the corpse. Except for flashbacks into the three men's twisted lives, much of the movie takes place in the interrogation room, where we finally learn that both the detectives and the accused might be capable of homicide. What's true or false is a puzzlement deftly juggled by Jonas and Josh Pate, the identical twins who wrote and directed *Deceiver*. With a charismatic supporting cast that includes Ellen Burstyn and Rosanna Arquette, these brothers are on a roll. ¥¥¥

•

Superior acting by Ralph Fiennes and Cate Blanchett, combined with able direction by Australia's brilliant Gillian Armstrong, can't quite make ***Oscar and Lucinda*** (Fox Searchlight) anything more than an eccentric, provocative period piece. Adapted from Peter Carey's Booker Prize–winning novel, the story concerns an English-born minister (Fiennes) who is also a compulsive gambler. Hoping to shed his addiction, he boards ship for Australia to become a missionary and meets a freethinking heiress (Blanchett) on the high seas. She owns a glass factory; he has a vision. Both being gamblers, they decide to build a glass church, then transport it across all-but-impassable terrain and downriver to a friend's parish in the outback. Darkly humorous and picturesque, this is a tragic Victorian love story about two reckless dreamers united in a lost cause. While not always easy to take, *Oscar and Lucinda* is somehow hard to forget. ¥¥½

Driver and Damon: Girl meets genius.

Trading brawn for brains, seducing wives to get even and bravely bending genders.

•

The opulent French-language ***Beaumarchais, the Scoundrel*** (New Yorker Films) is a witty biographical epic directed by Edouard Molinaro, best remembered here for *La Cage aux Folles* parts one and two. Fabrice Luchini portrays 18th century playwright Pierre Beaumarchais, whose story begins with a Paris audience booing one of his plays. Both *The Barber of Seville* and *The Marriage of Figaro* landed him in jail. Before the French revolution, he was recruited by Louis XV and Louis XVI, first as a spy to England, then as an arms supplier to the American revolution. All this, combined with his lofty attitude and his womanizing, particularly with the beautiful Marie-Therese (Sandrine Kiberlain), supports his scoundrel reputation. A supporting cast of top French actors rallies to a subject that was a success in Paris but may not have much impact Stateside. ¥¥¥

•

British actor Alan Rickman makes his directorial debut with ***The Winter Guest*** (Fine Line), set in a bleak seaside Scottish village. Rickman co-wrote this adaptation of a play by Sharman MacDonald about an inconsolable widow's conversations with her mother as they stroll along a windswept beach. It's all a psychological colloquy about grief, old age, sex, parenthood and getting on with life. Rickman's direction, a little too arty at times, occasionally lets ideas melt into the mist as if the fog were more symbolic than seasonal. On the plus side, Emma Thompson portrays Frances, the bereaved widow, opposite her real-life mother, Phyllida Law. They're an unbeatable pair who know how to keep the dialogue snapping. Colorful subplots concerning Frances' teenage son and a local girl, two schoolboys killing time, and two old women who like to attend funerals are well played but seem irrelevant. Whether bickering or bantering, Thompson and Law are a take-charge team who don't need much back-up. ¥¥

•

Pedro Almodóvar's ***Live Flesh*** (Goldwyn Films) closed the 1997 New York Film Festival with a bang of eroticism and rough-edged romance. The most celebrated writer-director from Spain spins a lively tale that combines a smidgen of politics with a lot of sex. The main man is Victor (Liberto Rabal), who was born to his prostitute mother on a bus during the latter part of the Franco regime. Some 20 years later, he's a ne'er-do-well who gets into trouble with two cops while aggressively pursuing a girl (Francesca Neri) who had called the police. One of the cops is shot and paralyzed during a struggle, a crime for which Victor serves six years in jail. Once released, he gets mixed up with both policemen again by seducing their wives. The paralyzed cop (Javier Bardem) married the girl he rescued from Victor, and his partner's wife (Angela Molina) is chronically unfaithful. Victor's problem is that he became a gentler guy while in prison, so sexual vengeance doesn't come easy to him. He truly likes both women, and the nice cop who was shot has become a basketball star in a league for the handicapped. *Live Flesh* is a sensual and engrossing thriller and a winner in Almodóvar's string of big hits and near misses. ¥¥¥½

•

Certain to jump-start the career of Matt Damon (in the title role), ***Good Will Hunting*** (Miramax) is an exciting, original drama co-authored by Damon with Ben Affleck, his co-star and long-time friend. Damon has the best of it as Will, a tough orphaned kid from South Boston who gets into trouble with the law but happens to be a genius. Will has a photographic memory and the ability to

Bender: Still on his toes.

OFF CAMERA

Movie producer **Lawrence Bender,** 40, was a dancer long before he became involved with such hard-hitting films as *Reservoir Dogs* and the acclaimed *Pulp Fiction*. Both were directed by his pal and partner, Quentin Tarantino, who also directed Bender's imminent *Jackie Brown* (with Pam Grier, Michael Keaton and Robert De Niro), based on an Elmore Leonard novel. Bender is a University of Maine honors graduate in civil engineering who declined job offers so he could pursue ballet and flamenco in New York. Plagued by dance injuries, he took acting classes, taught pottery and studied karate. "I was on a search to find myself," he recalls. "In 1985 I moved to Los Angeles with two suitcases and $2000, and I slept on people's couches for a year or so. I called myself a triple-threat man—actor-dancer-singer—but nobody was threatened."

During a recent New York stopover after a hiking trip in Maine with his girlfriend, Kim, Bender noted: "Living in L.A. is like having a shot of novocaine in your brain." He keeps his perspective sharp by churning out commercials from A Band Apart, the company he co-owns with Tarantino. He recalled that their first joint effort, *Reservoir Dogs*, jump-started both their careers, "and had the most impact on my life. I saw it as a Greek tragedy." Bender had intended to act in it as well, in the role ultimately played by Chris Penn. Still hooked on acting, he has a bit part in his current production of *Good Will Hunting*, with Robin Williams. Now established as a hands-on producer (*Four Rooms*, *From Dusk Till Dawn* and *White Man's Burden*), Bender isn't sure what's in his future. "I'm not completely fulfilled. I want to direct but don't know if I'd be any good at it. I didn't know anything about producing when I started."

instantly solve math problems that prize-winning professors have pondered for decades. So Will can avoid jail after a bar fight, he is sent by one professor (Stellan Skarsgård) to a therapist (Robin Williams) who tries to help the wayward, gifted boy. Meanwhile, Will tries to resolve his feelings for a Harvard medical student (Minnie Driver) whose love seems to activate his inferiority complex. His close friend, a construction worker (Affleck), urges him to accept who he is or who he can be. Expertly directed by Gus Van Sant for producer Lawrence Bender (see "Off Camera") and played to perfection by all, *Good Will Hunting* is certain to rank with the year's best. ¥¥¥¥

•

Fourteen children die when their school bus plunges into a frozen lake, leaving their small town in British Columbia devastated by the accident. That's the framework for ***The Sweet Hereafter*** (Fine Line), director Atom Egoyan's moving adaptation of a novel by Russell Banks. The best-known actor in the piece is Britain's Ian Holm, as a big-city lawyer who interviews virtually everyone in the backwoods community to prepare a class-action lawsuit. While fixing blame for the mishap, the lawyer—who has his own demons to confront regarding his wayward daughter—lifts the lid on a carload of dark secrets. A bereaved widower whose two children were killed is having an affair with a married woman. Another man (Tom McCamus) has had an incestuous relationship with his teenage daughter (Sarah Polley), a survivor of the crash. The lady who drove the school bus is tortured by guilt. Alive or dead, children appear to be the victims of abuse, indifference or neglect. A striking change after *Exotica* or any previous Egoyan movie, *Sweet Hereafter* is a moody and compelling rural tragedy. ¥¥¥

•

Belgian director Alain Berliner approaches a touchy subject with humor, imagination and delicacy in the French-language ***Ma Vie en Rose*** (Sony Classics). Translated as *My Life in Pink*, it's a surprisingly lightweight story about a little boy named Ludovic, age seven (played to androgynous perfection by 11-year-old Georges du Fresne, who insists he is really a girl). His parents stop smiling at what they first consider a childish whim when Ludovic dresses up as a bride and plays a getting-married game with his best friend, Jerome. Since Ludovic's dad works for Jerome's dad, the sexual switching sets off a chaotic chain of events. Both parents freak out on occasion despite their obvious affection for Ludovic. Throughout, Berliner makes a persuasive statement about the inalienable right to be different without being damned. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Beaumarchais, the Scoundrel (See review) Rollicking adventures of the French author. ¥¥¥

Bent (See review) Gays in a German prison during the Holocaust. ¥¥

Boogie Nights (Reviewed 11/97) The Los Angeles hard-core scene sharply re-created during the long-lost era of porno chic. ¥¥¥¥

Critical Care (11/97) Big-town hospital in a blackly comic exposé. ¥¥¥½

Deceiver (See review) Cat-and-mouse with a wily murder suspect. ¥¥¥

The Deli (Listed only) Over-the-counter low jinx in a New York neighborhood. ¥¥

Eve's Bayou (10/97) A family doctor favors female patients in Dixie. ¥¥

Good Will Hunting (See review) Tough Boston kid is a genius. ¥¥¥¥

Happy Together (12/97) Two gay guys from Hong Kong find adventure in Argentina. ¥¥½

Hugo Pool (12/97) Downey Sr. and Jr. camp it up not too swimmingly. ¥¥½

In & Out (12/97) Kline and Joan Cusack in a farce about outing. ¥¥¥¥

Kiss or Kill (12/97) Murderous scam artists hit the road, hard. ¥¥¥½

Live Flesh (See review) Spain's Almodóvar on a roll in a suspenseful love story. ¥¥¥½

Ma Vie en Rose (See review) Just a little French boy who really enjoys being a girl. ¥¥¥

Oscar and Lucinda (See review) Two gamblers struggle to transport an all-glass church to the wild Australian outback. ¥¥½

The Sweet Hereafter (See review) School-bus tragedy devastates backwoods town. ¥¥¥

Swept from the Sea (12/97) Shipwrecked sailor finds ill-starred love ashore. ¥¥¥

The Tango Lesson (12/97) Director casts herself as the dance partner—not a good idea. ¥¥

U-Turn (12/97) Another intriguing Oliver Stone's throw that somehow just misses. ¥¥½

Welcome to Sarajevo (12/97) All hell breaks loose in the former Olympic city. ¥¥¥½

The Wings of the Dove (12/97) Bittersweet romance from yet another Henry James novel. ¥¥¥

The Winter Guest (See review) A cold day in Scotland, but Thompson and her actress mother warm it up. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

Where does the uptight, prissy Niles Crane of *Frasier* end and the cerebral actor **David Hyde Pierce** take over? Probably at the VCR. Pierce's vote for the funniest performance on tape goes to John Cleese as the "simply hysterical" Robin Hood in Terry Gilliam's *Time Bandits*. Alec Guinness takes top honors in Pierce's lifetime achievement category, for roles in everything from *The Lavender Hill Mob* to *Kind Hearts and Coronets* (in which Guinness plays eight characters) to shaman Obi-Wan Kenobi in *Star Wars*. "He's a subtle actor, and that appeals to me," Pierce says. But it's *The Godfather* that blows him away every time. "No matter how often I've seen it, when Michael Corleone goes into that restaurant to do the assassination, my heart starts pounding. Every detail is perfect. It's brilliant filmmaking." Finally, does Pierce have any childhood influences? "Sure. Cyril Ritchard." Now that sounds like Niles. —DONNA COE

VIDBITS

If you thought the 1994 Senate race between Oliver North and Chuck Robb was bizarre, wait till you see what was going on behind the scenes. ***A Perfect Candidate*** (First Run Features, $59.95) is to Ollie's follies what *The War Room* was to the 1992 Clinton campaign—except in this sassy and jaunty documentary, it's hard to find a good guy in the bunch. Among the highlights: North's relentless red-white-and-blue spin on his Iran-contra transgressions, and the trotting out of Robb's alleged former lover—and subsequent PLAYBOY poser—Tai Collins. . . . Bulletin: PLAYBOY's own ***Farrah Fawcett: All of Me*** nudged aside *Jerry Maguire* to take the number one slot on *Billboard*'s video sales chart in only its second week. Sorry, Tom, ladies first.

SLASH THE STARS

Some of today's hottest actors began their careers as horror-movie victims, shrieking and darting about, covered in Technicolor blood. Talk about paying your dues.

A Nightmare on Elm Street (1984): Once Freddy Krueger gets his bladed mitts on him, cocky teen Johnny Depp becomes a sticky spot on the ceiling.

Friday the 13th (1980): Call it "Six Degrees of Impalement." Kevin Bacon becomes a kabob when the ubiquitous Jason rams an arrow through Kev's mattress.

The Hitcher (1986): Truck-stop waitress Jennifer Jason Leigh serves C. Thomas Howell a french fried finger, then ends up tied to the fenders of diesels going in opposite directions. That has to hurt.

Maximum Overdrive (1986): Marla Maples is slammed in the head—and killed—by a watermelon "thrown" by a possessed produce truck. It doesn't compare to living with Donald.

The Devil's Rain (1975): *Face/Off* isn't the first time John Travolta loses his mug. In this epic, John's face is melted by a downpour of acid rain. Ouch.

Cat People (1982): Give Ed Begley Jr. a hand—because his has been ripped off by a nasty black leopard (Nastassja Kinski, in supernatural feline form).

The Burning (1981): Before he became a neurotic mess, Jason Alexander was stalked by a mutilated groundskeeper brandishing a hedge-clipper. Just a little off the top, please.

Without Warning (1980): Baby-faced David Caruso is among the doomed townsfolk plagued by slicing, dicing, pizza-shaped aliens. Should have called the NYPD.

Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter (1984): First Crispin Glover gets a corkscrew through his hand, then a meat cleaver in the face. Clearly, the guy should stay out of the kitchen.

The Terminator (1984): More than a decade before *Independence Day*, punk hoodlum Bill Paxton surrenders his leather jacket—and a few teeth—to Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Cutting Class (1989): A slash-o-matic killer stalks the hallways of Valley High School, where a young Brad Pitt is a bit of a lady-killer himself.

Halloween and ***Halloween II*** (1978, 1981): "Scream Queen" Jamie Lee Curtis survives two outings with psycho Michael Myers. At least she fared better than her mom, Janet Leigh, who Norman Bates (Anthony Perkins) "showered" with deadly affection in *Psycho*. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

SHOWTIME VIDEO OF THE MONTH

What's so riveting about an instructional video that teaches you how to, among other things, clip, light, smoke and properly extinguish a cigar? The instructors. ***Nude Cigar Smoking*** (Ambassador, $13) features 30 minutes of stogie dope, dished out by three beautiful—and naked—cigar aficionadas. Included in the course: distinguishing among cigar sizes and shapes (our favorite matchup: the sleek panatela versus the macho robusto) as well as the ladies' personal "cigar fantasy" sequences. You get the idea.

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
BLOCKBUSTER	***Men in Black*** (cosmic cops Will Smith ond Tommy Lee Jones trock eorthbound ETs; best bit: Jones roughing up the pooch), ***Batman & Robin*** (take four: Clooney is a botcove smoothie, but villains Schworzenegger ond Thurman steal it).
ACTION	***Face/Off*** (saintly fed Travolta and neforious Cage get under each other's skin; high-octane hoot from John Woo), ***Con Air*** (good guy Coge takes on a hijocked ploneload of killer cons; malevolent Malkovich keeps it tense).
COMEDY	***My Best Friend's Wedding*** (Julia Roberts tries to screw up ex-beau's nuptiols; clever, with a surprise, postfeminist slant), ***Wedding Bell Blues*** (three gol pals on a 24-hour meet 'em, marry 'em, dump 'em quest in Vegas; silly fun).
DRAMA	***Ulee's Gold*** (humble beekeeper turns butt-kicker when thugs threaten fomily; Peter Fonda better than ever), ***Ulysses' Gaze*** (Greek outeur Harvey Keitel searches Balkons for three lost reels of film; epic, meditotive Cannes fove).
SLEEPER	***Out to Sea*** (cruise-ship codgers Lemmon and Matthou fish for companions; Elaine Stritch and Brent Spiner add sploshy bits), ***Love! Valour! Compassion!*** (*Seinfeld*'s Joson Alexander comes out—as an actor—in witty, gay *Big Chill*).

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

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you either have **it** *or you don't*

MUSIC

ROCK

PHISH IS the closest thing today to a genuine musical phenomenon. Last summer the band drew more than 65,000 fans to an open-air concert in the wilds of Maine. It was the largest gathering in the state's history. The Vermont-based quartet has been tagged as a postmodern jam band, successors to the Grateful Dead. But that's only part of the story. Phish adds Miles Davis–style fusion, funk and avant-garde touches to its unique blend. But the group's huge following derives primarily from Phish's ensemble playing. The latest live album, ***Slipstitch and Pass*** (Elektra), is another curveball for fans to ponder. There's more space between instruments, and funk and rhythm are emphasized over jamming. This is great therapy for the band, but it may confuse new fans. Novices may want to start with 1995's incredible (and more typical) *A Live One*.

The Rolling Stones also seem to be taking chances on ***Bridges to Babylon*** (Virgin). But bringing in techno honchos like the Dust Brothers is more cosmetic than daring. *Bridges* isn't terrible, but like their other Nineties efforts, it doesn't have staying power. The Stones currently lack cultural resonance, and Jagger's exaggerated singing doesn't help here. Keith's swaggering guitar is buried, as usual, though everybody loosens up on *Too Tight* and *Might as Well Get Juiced*. The last classic Stones single was *Start Me Up*. If the Stones want to be relevant, they need to forget the trendy stuff and go back into the basement. —VIC GARBARINI

Leicester, England's Singh brothers, Tjinder and Avtar, began Cornershop as a postpunk band that recognized their Punjabi heritage. Although Cornershop's Velvet Underground stylings had more distinction than most, the band didn't come into its own until its more Indian-sounding major-label debut, *Woman's Gotta Have It*. At the very least, ***When I Was Born for the 7th Time*** (Luaka Bop) proves that there are more fetchingly Asian melodies where those came from. And just for a laugh, Cornershop reclaims *Norwegian Wood* from the Beatles, sitar and all.

On the surface, the Murmur's ***Pristine Smut*** (MCA) shows a cute pop band getting its act together. Not far below that surface, rock's sexiest lesbians tell the world what they want—in bed, on the floor, wherever. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

America's oldest teenage group is the Cramps, who have done a hell of a job since 1976. For 11 albums they've explored the joy of bad attitude, bad drugs, bad sex and bad smells. And now they've graced the world with ***Big Beat From Badsville*** (Epitaph), an album that surprisingly shows that the Cramps are still inspired by the same old badness. Poison Ivy captures the decadent essence of rockabilly guitar better than anyone else. (She pours so much reverb on her twang that she makes Duane Eddy sound like Segovia.) As for vocalist Lux Interior, he tells us "I'm the god monster from the end of the world" in *God Monster*. And in *It Thing Hard-On*, he sings, "I'm a gear mashin' hot rod it thing hard-on." Not for squares.

From another punk wing comes Furious George, whose ***Gets a Record!*** (Recess) is brutal, loud and funny. It also has lyrics that deserve to be anthologized in any collection of American haiku—especially on *Betty Krocker, Punk Rocker*.

—CHARLES M. YOUNG

Carl Stephenson collaborated with Beck back in Beck's *Loser* days. Stephenson recorded a solo disc during that period that has languished on the shelf. Now released as ***Forest for the Trees*** (Dreamworks), this 12-track collection is as varied and challenging as anything from Beck and considerably less pretentious. The disc blends danceable drum patterns and samples of traditional pop instrumentation with giddy interjections of sitar, bagpipe and flamenco guitar. This ambitious mix of sounds is always sharply arranged and remarkably coherent. The playful, atmospheric *Ohm* and the hooky, clever *Dream* are the best of the quirky concoctions that make *Forest* so refreshing. —NELSON GEORGE

JOE FOURNIER

Pass the Phish.

Funky Phish, a live Patsy Cline and new Coolio.

COUNTRY

Thirty-five years after she died in a plane crash, Patsy Cline is more bankable than ever. As with Jimi and Elvis, her image and music fill a need. The strings and bland songs that some would say sapped her vocal gumption mark her as country's first modern woman, as contemporary in 1961 as Wynonna is today. But Cline's Nashville sound can be saccharine, and that's where ***Live at the Cimarron Ballroom*** (MCA) comes in handy. This Tulsa gig is how she sounded when she pursued country fans on the road instead of crossover dreams in the studio. Her pickup band was a tough Western swing aggregation led by legendary steel guitarist Leon McAuliffe. Here, Patsy revs her music harder than she ever did with producer Owen Bradley. *Shake, Rattle and Roll*? Honey, why not?

—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

RAP

Even if you love Coolio's sweetheart-gangsta persona—and I do—***My Soul*** (Tommy Boy), his third album, is a letdown. He gets some good grooves going—especially on the old school *One Mo* and *The Devil Is Dope*. But for the most part, the sound is generic, without a single track to galvanize the rest. Hip-hop and rock and roll are both in creative trouble because it has become difficult for artists to sustain their careers. Here's hoping *My Soul* is just a bump in the road. —DAVE MARSH

FOLK

In 1952 Harry Smith put together the ***Anthology of American Folk Music*** (Smithsonian Folkways) as a tribute to the music he collected. He assembled the songs with scholarship, wit and a determination to obscure racial and other false distinctions. He wanted to use this music to change the world. As the keystone document of the Fifties and Sixties folk revival, *Anthology* did exactly that. For decades, it has been the place you went first if you wanted to learn about Rabbit Brown, Dock Boggs, Blind Willie Johnson, the Reverend J.M. Gates, the Carter Family and a horde of others. It's where Bob Dylan learned the tunes for his first lyrics, and where the Grateful Dead found *Minglewood Blues*. The set's CD incarnation is elaborate, with additional annotation. It's also preservationist—the exact same 84 cuts are presented in the

same order over six discs. But all that matters is the music. If you've never heard *James Alley Blues*, *I Wish I Was a Mole in the Ground*, *Oh Death* or *John the Revelator*, you don't know enough about American music. And if you've been listening to scratchy vinyl, you'll be delighted by this restoration. This set ought to be in every library in America. It is indispensable for everyone with an interest in roots music. —DAVE MARSH

R&B

The latest entry into retro soul is Brigette McWilliams. With its warm drum sounds, prominent organ flourishes and her sexy vocals, McWilliams' ***Too Much Woman*** (Virgin) sounds as if it were recorded in the late Seventies. McWilliams sings with a husky, mature authority that serves her well on the up-tempo *It's Your Life*, the devotional ballad *Through It All* and the other solid songs produced (and, for the most part, written) by Steve Harvey. —NELSON GEORGE

JAZZ

On ***Another Time Another Place*** (Warner), Kevin Mahogany gets a boost from guests (including tenor great Joe Lovano and country crooner Randy Travis). Mahogany stretches his ballsy baritone to cover tunes by Pat Metheny and Bobby Watson, adding texture to his trademark mix of jazz, blues and a Basie-style swing. Despite a false step or two, Mahogany delivers. —NEIL TESSER

CLASSICAL

In classical music, boxed sets rarely enjoy the attention they do in pop music. But four new releases are exceptional. Dmitri Shostakovich's ***Complete String Quartets*** (BMG), performed here by the Borodin Quartet, presents 15 works composed between 1935 and 1974. Although the Soviet composer led a tumultuous life, his chamber music remained remarkably consistent. This six-CD set contains some beautiful adagios.

Mozart's ***Symphonies*** (L'Oiseau-Lyre) are wonderfully performed on period instruments by the Academy of Ancient Music under the direction of Christopher Hogwood. It may take you a while to adjust to the orchestration on this set, but the music is supple and glorious.

The nine-CD set of George Frideric Handel's ***Complete Orchestral Works*** (Philips) shows how magnificently Handel advanced the form of the string orchestra.

Steve Reich's ***Works: 1965–1995*** (Nonesuch) is more of a challenge. Will his hypnotic music endure? Despite some self-indulgence, there's plenty in this formidable ten-CD set to suggest he is a major composer. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Coolio *My Soul*	7	6	6	6	8
The Cramps *Big Beat From Badsville*	5	6	6	6	9
Forest for the Trees *Forest for the Trees*	8	6	8	5	8
Patsy Cline *Live at the Cimarron Ballroom*	9	6	8	7	8
Phish *Slipstitch and Pass*	8	8	7	5	8

CAN ELVIS GET A BREAK? DEPARTMENT: One of the most popular attractions at last summer's Iowa State Fair was a sculpture of the King made with 400 pounds of butter. The six-foot replica took five days to complete and stood in a refrigerated dairy case.

REELING AND ROCKING: The **Charlie Haden Quartet** will appear in *The Kiss*, which stars **Holly Hunter, Danny DeVito** and **Queen Latifah.** The band will be in a club scene, performing **Duke Ellington's** *Low Key Lightly*. . . . **Meat Loaf** plays a lowlife in *Black Dog*, which also stars **Randy Travis.** . . . And as for Elvis' former other half, **Priscilla Presley,** movie rights to the book *Child Bride: The Untold Story of Priscilla Presley* have been sold. . . . **Taj Mahal** and his band are doing musical sequences for the new **Harrison Ford–Anne Heche** movie, *Six Days and Seven Nights*.

NEWSBREAKS: Bawdy blues songs with bios, lyrics and guitar chords can be found in the book *The Nasty Blues*, compiled by **Tom Ball** (Centerstream Publishing, P.O. Box 17878, Anaheim Hills, CA 92807). . . . **Bon Jovi** drummer and abstract painter **Tico Torres** will have three of his paintings on view in **Spike Lee's** movie *He's Got Game*. . . . Ozzfest, Lilith and Warped were the three highest-grossing tours last summer. . . . It's a woman's prerogative to change her mind: **Sarah McLachlan** will not add men to the next Lilith Fair. . . . **Tony Bennett** headlined the opening of the Jazz Museum in Kansas City, Mo. The museum will feature exhibits and personal effects of **Louis Armstrong,** Duke Ellington, **Ella Fitzgerald** and **Charlie Parker** (to name a few). . . . Technology is now available for you to jam on the Internet with musicians around the world. The subscriber-based interactive music service can be used with as little as a 2400 modem and a multimedia computer. The Mac and PC software is free, and for a limited time interested subscribers can obtain a free month of unlimited jamming. For more information, check out www.Resrocket.com. . . . The House of Blues is in the middle of a 41-city tour with **Charlie Musselwhite, Dr. John** and **Keb' Mo'.** You'll find them in the Midwest right about now. . . . The R&B Foundation's current performance grants allow music veterans such as **Irma Thomas, Phil Upchurch** and the **Spaniels** to play for blues societies, museums, libraries and schools around the country. . . . Drexel University in Philadelphia is now linked up to **Paul McCartney's** project the Liverpool Institute for the Performing Arts, making it easier for American students to enroll at the Institute. . . . Members of **Pearl Jam** and **Soundgarden** chipped in to buy 220 acres of land in Washington to prevent the Cascade Range foothills from being mined. . . . **Live** singer **Ed Kowalczyk** takes his Web page seriously. In a recent posting on www.edko.org he told fans, "There aren't any hot action photos from the Jones Beach show in New York due to union policy that forbids private people from photographing anything inside the venue. They wanted to charge me $180 to take pictures at my own concert." . . . **Aretha** has been getting golf pointers from **Tiger Woods** and working in the studio (with the **Fugees' Lauryn Hill**) on her next album, which is due out any day. . . . Lastly, the **Pope** and **Dylan**—what can we say? A concert spokesman said Dylan performed for the pontiff in September because he is "representative of the best type of rock." —BARBARA NELLIS

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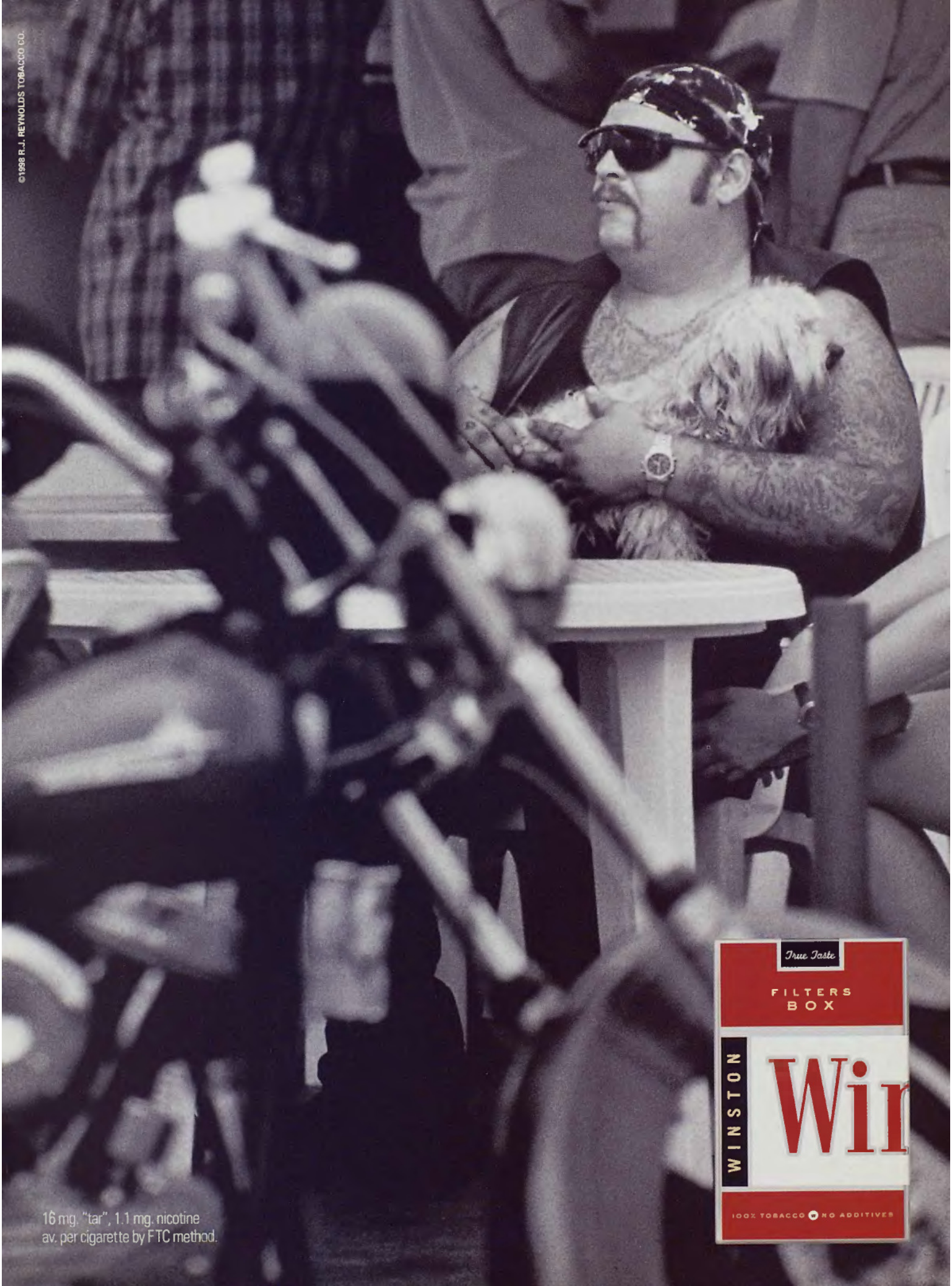

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WIRELESS WONDERS

It's becoming easier than ever to break loose from power lines and wall outlets. Net-heads, for example, can surf 100 feet from their phone jacks with Panasonic's new Cordless Data Link. Developed with IBM, this $200 wireless 28.8-kbps-capable connector plugs into your computer's modem jack and operates via 900-megahertz radio frequencies, technology used in high-end cordless phones and wireless sound systems. Infrared technology, in which data are beamed invisibly from one IR-equipped device to the next, is another wireless

STEVE DININNO

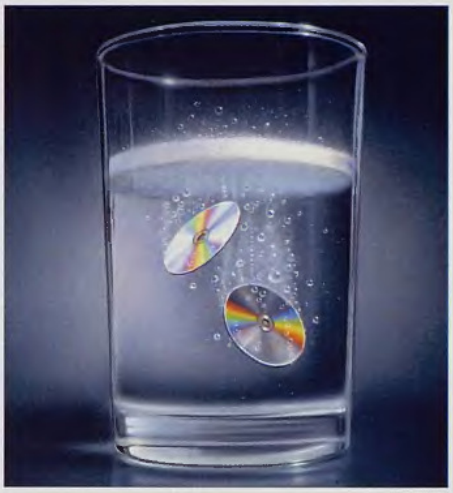
option. Citizen America's PN60i portable printer with an infrared interface ($500) marries with an IR notebook PC, PDA or palmtop computer for speedy printing. Want to replay your camcorder footage from a comfy spot? New Handycams from Sony ($1000 to $1500) have an optional infrared receiver ($80) that plugs into your TV or VCR and lets you beam pictures and sound across the room. And wireless control of the home environment (by way of IR and radio-frequency technologies) is a cool advantage to RCA's latest DSS receivers ($449 to $600). While you're tuning in a movie, other buttons on the remote can dim room lights and kick on the popcorn popper.

FAROUDJA IS THE MAN

What Ray Dolby is to audio, Yves Faroudja is to video—a Silicon Valley engineer superb at tweaking entertainment technology. In fact, Faroudja is so clever that even Japanese and European tech wizards license his patents. (His picture-enhancing circuitry is found in 8mm, Hi-8mm, S-VHS and VHS-HQ VCRs and camcorders and is also being used in the newest digital camcorders.) State-of-the-art home theaters likewise rely on Faroudja's line-doubling and line-quadrupling components ($10,000 to $24,000) to enhance video images, with the results having the smoothness and clarity of movie theater presentations. On a more affordable front, Faroudja's VP100 Video Processor ($800) is designed to enhance the pictures of rear-projection TVs, direct-view TVs and LCD projectors equipped with S-video inputs. Feed in any composite video source, and the device smartly combs, enhances and aligns the signal to sharpen picture detail and edges and improve color accuracy. By year's end, Faroudja circuitry also will bring "cinema quality" video to computer monitors, thanks to a new alliance with S3, the world's largest supplier of multimedia accelerator boards. Coinciding with the arrival of the first DVD-ROM computer drives, the first S3/Faroudja line-doublers for PCs will sell for about $600.

GIVE US SOME SPACE

If your gigabytes are gagging on computer documents loaded with photos, audio and video, consider freeing some space with a removable hard drive. We tested several models and were especially impressed with Syquest's new Sparq drive. This $200 model uses one-gigabyte cartridges small enough to fit in a coat pocket and priced similarly to high-capacity floppies. Sparq is great for archiving digital photos—thousands can be stored on a single cartridge. You can also play video games right off a car-



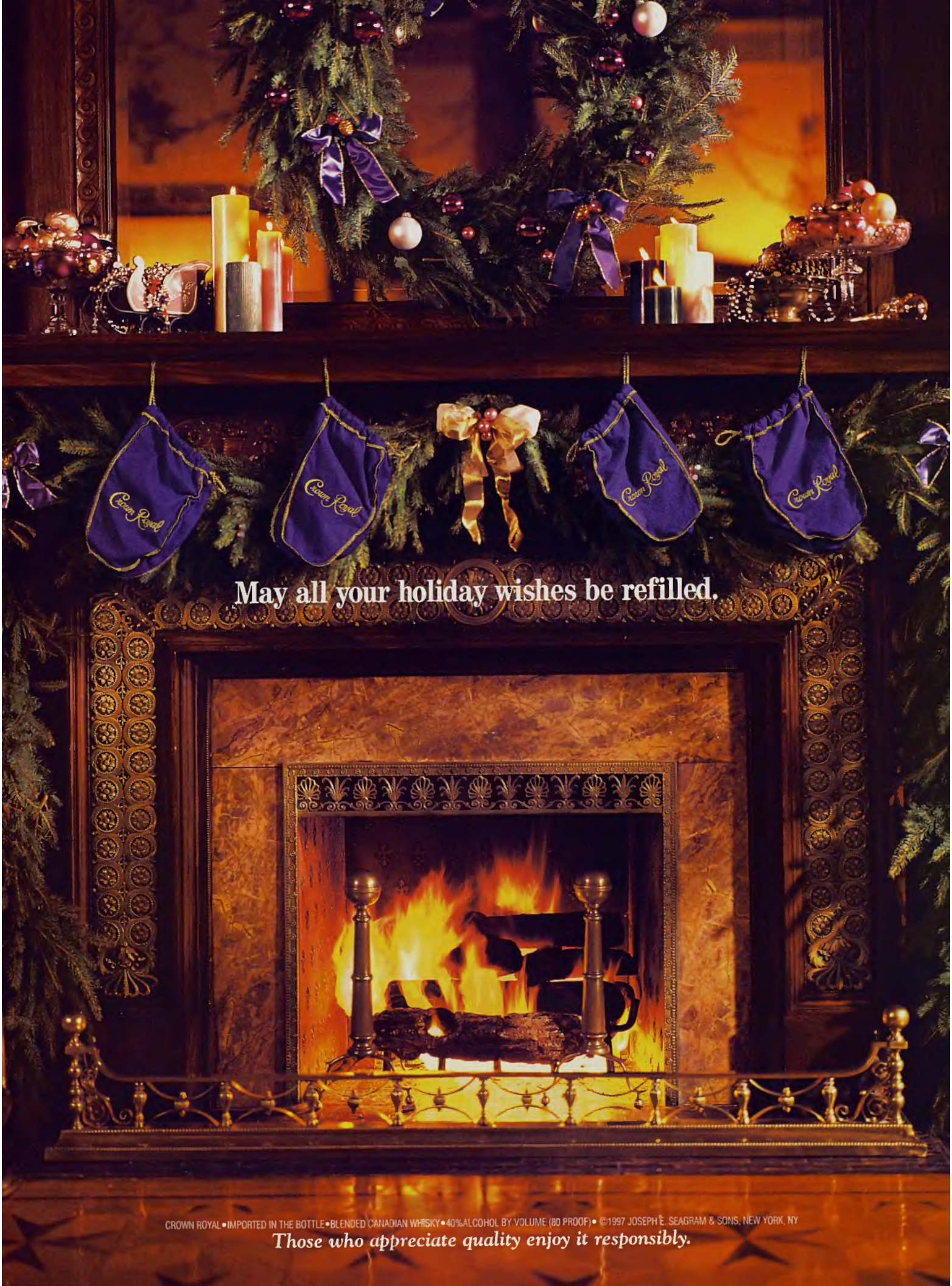
TIM O'BRIEN

tridge without sacrificing speed. If you want to swap large files with friends and colleagues more readily, opt for a CD-Rewritable drive. Available from Ricoh and Philips, CD-RW units store data on 650-meg blank discs that can be reused up to 1000 times. Although the $25 discs aren't compatible with older CD-ROM drives, they can be accessed by other CD-RW machines and new DVD-ROM and CD-ROM drives.

WILD THINGS

While no larger than most personal organizers, the Toshiba Libretto 50CT (pictured here) is a full-featured Windows 95 PC that's the first such mini notebook computer available in the U.S. Weighing under two pounds, this $2000 mighty mite is still powerful enough to run off-the-shelf computer applications, thanks to a 75-megahertz Pentium processor, 772-megabyte hard drive, 16-MB RAM and a video grophics accelerator. Other features: an infrared data port for beaming messages and files to other IR-equipped hardware, an Accupoint pointing device (instead of a mouse) and an optional 33.6-kbps PC card fax and modem. • Computer keyboards are usually a dull subject, but the Launchboard from San Francisco–based Darwin Keyboards is something else. This full-size $60 PC keyboard features function keys along the top that can be programmed to launch you directly to your favorite Web sites. Think of it as instant bookmarking. Not a surfer? You can also use the keyboard to provide one-touch access to word-processing progroms or other software applications. And if you already own a PC keyboard, you can pick up the company's Launchboord software package (obout $40), which will give you similar programmability.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 185.



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BOOKS

MURDER TIMES THREE

Three top guns of suspense fiction are back with new thrillers. In ***The Angel of Darkness*** (Random House), Caleb Carr returns with the same unlikely turn-of-the-century team introduced in *The Alienist*, not to solve a crime (Libby Hatch is clearly the one kidnapping and murdering babies in New York City) but to develop a psychological profile that will allow the good guys to catch and convict her. Teddy Roosevelt again shows up, and Clarence Darrow puts in a cameo. It happens in a world poised on the brink of modern times, and even at more than 600 pages it keeps you going. A new Carl Hiaasen novel is always cause for celebration, and in ***Lucky You*** (Knopf) he keeps up the black humor in his wonderfully semisurreal south Florida. This time a couple of racist lottery winners decide to rip off the ticket of a young black woman who's sharing their $28 million pot. Easy Rawlins isn't in Walter Mosley's latest, ***Always Outnumbered, Always Outgunned*** (Norton). It's a series of interconnected stories that introduce Socrates Fortlow, an ex-con who has done time for rape and murder. Socrates, just like his namesake, teaches those around him in these tough but touching stories. —DAVID STANDISH

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

London, Paris and Marrakesh were part of photographer Michael Cooper's canvas. Many familiar photos (i.e., the covers for *Sgt. Pepper* and *Satanic Majesties Request*) were Cooper's wark. His friends—the Beatles, the Stones (Keith especially), artists Jim Dine and Larry Rivers and writers and poets Terry Southern, Allen Ginsberg and William Burraughs, ta name a few—allawed Cooper unusually clase access to their lives. In documenting the excesses af his generatian, Caaper succumbed to them as well. But his san Adam and Genesis Publicatians Ltd. have created an amazing memarial, a limited-edition book called ***Blinds & Shutters.*** Composed af Caaper's phatos, letters, memorabilia and the reminiscences af friends, *Blinds* cannot be found in bookstares, but you can order it fram Gavinda Gallery in Washington, D.C. (far more infarmatian call 800-775-1111). It's the ultimate collectar's item—at $675.

A SACKFUL OF HOLIDAY BOOKS

Santa has a beautiful book of black-and-white photos from Powerhouse Books: ***Soul: Photographs by Thierry Le Goués.*** Models of African descent, including Naomi Campbell, Iman and Karen Alexander, are celebrated in these images, with an introduction by Veronica Webb. There are great gams in ***Leg*** (General Publishing), co-edited by Diana Edkins and Betsy Jablow, with a foreword by Donna Karan. Don't miss the sexually stimulating history lesson of ***Eros in Pompeii: The Erotic Art Collection of the Museum of Naples*** (Stewart, Tabori & Chang), by Michael Grant and Antonia Mulas. For other sybaritic pleasures, try Jamie and Jack Davies' toasts to California bubbly wine in ***Sparkling Harvest*** (Abrams) or Stefan Gabányi's ***Whisk(e)y*** (Abbeville), a complete survey of the drinker's drink. For sheer exuberance, you can't top ***Still Life With Bottle: Whiskey According to Ralph Steadman*** (Harcourt Brace). For exuberance in food, ***Norman's New World Cuisine*** (Random House), by chef Norman Van Aken with John Harrisson, will dazzle you with Latin American, Caribbean, Asian and American flavors. As a musical accompaniment to the season, ***The Rhino History of Rock and Roll: The Seventies*** (Byron Preiss/Pocket), by Eric Lefcowitz (with a CD compilation of retro hits), will give you reason to dance around the fireplace. ***The Ultimate Guitar Book*** (Knopf), by Tony Bacon, lives up to its title with pictures of instruments from the 16th century to the present. If you remember the early rock scene, you'll love the posters from one of San Francisco's historic ballrooms in ***The Art of the Fillmore: 1966–1971*** (Acid Test Productions), by Gayle Lemke. We recommend you make your way to Cleveland to see the psychedelic exhibit at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame between now and February. If you can't make it, the next best thing is ***I Want to Take You Higher: The Psychedelic Era 1965–1969*** (Chronicle), edited by James Henke with Parke Puterbaugh. If diamonds are a girl's best friend and you can't afford them, buy her ***The Nature of Diamonds*** (Cambridge University Press), edited by George Harlow. It's the next best thing. —DIGBY DIEHL

ALEXIS SENNETT

PLEASURE PALACE: The Europeans who traveled to the East were fascinated by the sensual and exotic nature of the Turkish harem. In harems food and entertainment were constant sources of delight and women spent their lives lounging in various stages of undress, honing their powers of seduction. Documents of the period, photos and artists' masterpieces illustrate ***Secrets of the Harem*** (Vendôme Press), by Carla Coco. It's a rare glimpse into the most enticing institution of Islam and the secret lives of sultanas. Here's to 1001 enchanting nights. —HELEN FRANGOULIS

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HEALTH & FITNESS

B-SAFE FROM HEART DISEASE

Heart disease remains this nation's number one killer, with more than 700,000 deaths annually. High cholesterol is usually cited as the culprit, but studies of heart-attack victims often reveal normal levels of cholesterol. Now there may be a better clue to what causes heart disease—and a way to lessen the risk.

A trigger could be homocysteine, a natural amino acid. Researchers began investigating the link after a rare disorder called homocystinuria—characterized by a very high level of homocysteine—was diagnosed in Ireland in 1962. About 50 percent of those afflicted with homocystinuria suffer strokes or heart attacks if they are not treated. Evidence now suggests that even mildly elevated levels of homocysteine lead to an increased risk of cardiovascular disease. Last year *The New England Journal of Medicine* called elevated homocysteine a "strong predictor" of death from heart disease.

These findings are both predictive and preventive. Research has shown that homocysteine can be lowered by the vitamins B_6, B_{12} and folic acid, which a diet rich in vegetables or vitamin supplements can supply.

THE AIR UP THERE

On the heels of the oxygen-bar craze comes another breathing device. The Hypoxic Room System is a transparent chamber that simulates a "mountain" atmosphere at a 9000-foot altitude. The air is low in oxygen and filtered to minimize dust and bacteria. Work out in this chamber, and Hypoxico says you'll increase your endurance by 40 percent and burn more calories in less time than a normal workout takes. If you would rather snooze than sweat, try Hypoxico's "bed tent," which surrounds you with clean, thin air, making you stronger while you sleep. Sound too good to be true? Some people think the chambers are as useful as Mir, but regular users swear by them. To find out for yourself, look for the chambers in health clubs such as Crunch Fitness in New York and Los Angeles.

SLO-MO MOJO

So you want to be strong and muscular but don't have endless hours to spend in the gym? Super Slow may be just what the trainer ordered. It's a strict protocol for fast-results strength training that will have you raising a weight to a count of ten, then lowering it to a count of ten or five, depending on whether you lift with free weights or with machines. The full-body workouts are brief, intense, infrequent and—this is where the good news ends—painful.

"Exercise isn't supposed to be fun," it says on the Super Slow Web site, www.superslow.com. To build muscles, you have to fatigue them completely. That's the painful part. You succeed by failure, and when you lift and lower in slow motion, totally focused, you can cause many muscle groups to fail in just 30 minutes. Two 30-minute sessions a week are all you need, promises Manhattan trainer Fred Hahn, president of the Super Slow Exercise Guild. "It may not be fun," Hahn concedes, "but the payoff is tremendous. Super Slow really works."

It works if you work. It's best if you exercise with one of the several hundred certified Super Slow trainers in the country. The cost ranges from $30 to $80 per session. If you want to try it on your own, consult Ken Hutchins' detailed handbook, *Super Slow: The Ultimate Exercise Protocol*. For the book, call 407-260-6204. You may talk at regular speed.

What's up, Doc?

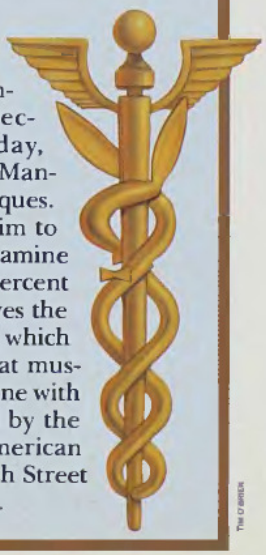
LIFTOFF

It's not just for women anymore. These days, more men are opting for cosmetic surgery. Here are the most popular procedures, according to Dr. Brian Novack, a Beverly Hills plastic surgeon: eyelid lift, ultrasound-assisted liposuction, facial rejuvenation by fat injection and laser hair removal. Lasers and ultrasound, says Dr. Novack, have made operations more efficient and have reduced the recovery time. Eyelids generally cost around $3500; liposuction costs about $5500.

An excellent book, *Welcome to Your Facelift*, by Helen Bransford (Jay McInerney's wife), explains everything for men.

DR. PLAYBOY

Q: My girlfriend complains that I snore. She also insists it's not healthy. Is she right, and, if so, what can I do?
A: It's normal to saw a few logs after a night of heavy wining and dining. But habitual snorers need help. Problems range from annoyed companions to the warning signs for sleep apnea, which may lead to headaches, exhaustion and cardiovascular disease. Past treatments for snoring included leather chin harnesses, electroshock devices and drugs. Today, specialists such as Dr. Vijay Anand in Manhattan employ state-of-the-art techniques. "First, if the patient is obese, I tell him to lose weight. If that doesn't help, we examine him for other problems." But in 80 percent of his snoring cases Dr. Anand removes the uvula and a portion of the soft palate, which make the noise when a patient's throat muscles relax during sleep. This can be done with a laser technique recently approved by the FDA. For more info, contact the American Sleep Disorders Association, 1610 14th Street NW, Suite 300, Rochester, MN 55901.



WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 185.

MONEY MATTERS

By CHRISTOPHER BYRON

Man, it's been an incredible ride! If you mark the start of the current bull market from that sweltering August day in 1982 when then–Federal Reserve chairman Paul Volcker unexpectedly cut interest rates after raising the cost of money for nearly four years, then it is fair to say that with only one or two exceptions, the U.S. stock market has gone up for the past 15 years.

But common sense tells us this will all end eventually—and maybe sooner than we care to think. Reason? The market has gotten so expensive that there's basically nothing worthwhile left to invest in at a reasonable price. As a result, we find Wall Street now busily manufacturing new "product" to fill the void. And off the assembly line they've been rolling, the "junk securities" of the Nineties, Wall Street's initial public offerings, or IPOs. Long after this bull market has petered out and the bears have begun to prowl, these dreadful little equities will still be rattling around like bad pennies in various portfolios, constant reminders of the wild excess this century's greatest bull market finally reached.

True, every publicly traded company starts out as an IPO, and in the current bull market there have been a few spectacular successes. Netscape, maker of the most-popular software for the Internet, is one. E-Trade, Inc., the online stock brokerage company, is another.

But for every Netscape or E-Trade there are 20 Ultrafems. That company went public at $12 per share in February 1996, promoting itself to investors on the curious notion that women would use tampons made of plastic. Within three months the stock sold for nearly $40 per share as an Ultrafem frenzy swept Wall Street's institutional money managers. But the fad for the stock was just that, and today Ultrafem sells for less than $10.

More than a few hapless investors will also be stuck with shares in the Great American Back Rub Co. This preposterous company went public in February 1995 at $4 per share and eventually climbed to nearly $6 on the notion that you could make a business out of above-the-belt back rubs in malls across the country. The stock today sells for about 40 cents.

By a wide margin, IPOs have become the most volatile, unpredictable of investments. Remember Pixar Animation

ABBE SENNETT

THE TRUTH ABOUT IPO'S

Studios, founded by Steve Jobs of Apple Computer fame? The company went public in late 1995 on the strength of a contract to do animated movies for Walt Disney Co. On the first day of trading it leaped from $22 to $49.50 per share. Six months later it was down to $14.

Donna Karan International, Inc. came out at close to $30, propped up by Karan's name and reputation. While she and her partners pocketed $116 million in cash from the deal, the shares have lost 75 percent of their value since the company went public in May 1996.

If it weren't bad enough that IPOs are inherently shaky propositions, you could have one pushed on you by a hard-selling broker who phones you out of the blue ("cold calls" in the Wall Street vernacular) from an IPO mill such as GKN Securities. GKN is currently promoting an IPO for a computer software company named Cross Z International Corp. The company has about $2 million in revenues and close to $5 million in losses. Yet GKN is trying to raise close to $20 million for it in a stock sale.

Outfits such as GKN aren't the only firms peddling such junk. It was white-shoe Goldman Sachs, for example, that tried and failed—twice—to take the money-losing *Wired* magazine public on financials that indicated the company wasn't complying with some of the covenants in its bank loan agreements.

Privately owned companies normally sell shares to the public for one of two reasons: The founders want to get their start-up capital out of the company (a so-called equity cash-out offering), or, more ominously, the company has run short of cash and can't get a loan.

It is the second type of IPO that magically materializes in the late stages of bull markets. The fact that many of these firms come out and soon double in price means little to anyone but a quick in-and-out speculator. Over the long haul, many more such companies fall apart than go on to prosper.

For example, this past autumn saw the filing of an IPO registration statement by an organization called Franks' Express. A start-up rival for Fed Ex and United Parcel, you think? Actually, Franks' Express is a defunct Colorado candy store seeking to raise $100,000 through an IPO. With that money, the company's current owner, Charles Burton, a one-time stockbroker, hopes to buy himself a new business. The Franks' Express deal is what's known on Wall Street as a "blank check" offering. The company has no assets, no income and no business prospects.

So, how can you avoid getting your pockets picked in this game? The best advice is also the simplest: Don't play. For nearly all IPOs, the big money is made in the first few weeks—sometimes the first few hours—of trading, when professional speculators "flip" them in and out of their portfolios.

If you're not one of the pros, count on being a flippee instead of a flipper. Make sure the company you buy into has something going for it, because you're likely to be stuck with it for longer than you think. Be sure the company has had a record in the marketplace for at least two years. Check out the balance sheet to see if the company has any resources of its own, or if instead, like Blanche DuBois, it hopes to depend on the kindness of strangers. If so, don't climb aboard, for that's a streetcar that won't take you to Elysian Fields —now or ever.

You can reach Christopher Byron by e-mail at cbscoop@aol.com.

MEN

By ASA BABER

A few years ago I spent three weeks in Los Angeles videotaping several segments of a TV talk show. It pains me to report that I tried to play ball in the majors and I got my butt handed to me. Frankly, I felt awkward and foolish on the set. I discovered that I am simply a writer, not a talker, and a television career is not in the cards for me.

What I learned the hard way in Los Angeles is that television is a talkers' medium. It is little more than radio with pictures, and if you are not talking—aggressively, continually and loudly, whether you are a reporter or guest or host—the camera will not acknowledge your existence. Those are the rules.

If you do not deliver efficient sound bites, if you are not willing to become a battering ram and interrupt everybody and anybody, if you actually take the time to consider what someone else has said before you jump into the fray with your own point of view, you are dead meat on the highway. We think television is a visual medium, but that is a myth. TV is talking us to death, and Chatty Kennys are part of the problem.

That is what surprised me the most during my L.A. interlude. Except for my stumbling performance, the men on the show talked just as fast and just as much as the women. I was surrounded by Chatty Kathys—which I had expected—but I was also deluged with Chatty Kennys. Under the glare of the studio lights, the sexes seemed to merge. Hyperchatter ruled the day.

From now on, when someone tries to tell me that women are more verbal than men, I will ask them to fold up their stereotyping machine and take it back to the shop, because it all depends on the territory under examination. For example, Australian scientists recently proposed that women talk more than men because of differing brain structures. "Our results suggest that females have proportionately large Wernicke and Broca regions of the brain compared with males," said Jenny Harasty of Sydney University. "Females, on average, perform better on language tasks."

On average? Perhaps. But I know from firsthand experience that the TV universe is filled with Chatty Kennys, and when those guys start babbling away at 10,000 words a minute, I feel the urge to retreat to a temple in Tibet and take an extended nap.

STEVE DINNO

THE CHATTY KENNY AWARDS

Talk is cheap, or so the cliché goes, but talk can also be a way to exalt yourself and silence your opposition. So let me start a tradition by presenting my first annual Chatty Kenny TV Talk-Show Awards. Will the men in the following list please consider shutting up occasionally and letting somebody else talk?

For the talk-show host who keeps the camera on himself by talking all the time: *Geraldo Rivera*. If you have not seen Rivera's show on CNBC, check him out. He sets the industry standard for logorrhea. He often has good guests, but if a segment is ten minutes long, Rivera will ask a nine-minute question, so we rarely get to hear from his visitors. His chat rate is the highest in the nation. He can outtalk anybody.

For the talk-show host most in love with his words and with himself: *Charles Grodin*. Once again, CNBC leads the way with its second Chatty Kenny award. Grodin, always smiling and self-satisfied, often seems to be playing with himself while he talks to the camera. He blabs on and on, no real subject, no line of thought, just Charlie the Lip Flapper. (Grodin usually shows us only one side of his face; rumor has it that the other side is made of titanium.)

For the crankiest talk-show host who abuses his guests the same way he probably shouted at his mother: *John McLaughlin*. This one from PBS is no contest. McLaughlin, a former Jesuit priest, understands that the road to heaven is paved with submissive panelists. He shouts, he postures, he bullies and words fly from his mouth like lethal ice cubes. Watch out, Father John, or you and your victims will end up looking like Slurpees on parade.

For the host who we like to watch as he hogs the camera, pretending to be helpless: *Charlie Rose*. Having discovered that the secret to appearing modest on television is to seem to be searching for the right words as you speak, Rose is a master at cornering the lens with half sentences and circumlocutions. He never shuts up, but he never really finishes a statement, either.

For the host with the most angelic features and most meaningless dialogue: *Regis Philbin*. Philbin was the most difficult Chatty Kenny recipient to choose, not because he competes with Kathie Lee Gifford for jaw space and not because he has such an empty mind. The problem is that Philbin is in the running for a Chatty Kathy award, too, and that could lead to confusion.

For the talk-show host who woos and holds the camera with excessive sincerity: *Montel Williams*. With the eyes of a basset hound and all the instincts of a faith healer, Williams emotes, cries and winces, but above all else he tries to show us that he is a loving man who cares about everybody. His guests are often in deep psychological trouble, and Williams likes to play therapist. But in reality he uses their pain to talk about his pain, which means he should pay them for serving as his shrink.

Those are the Chatty Kenny award winners for this past year. The award itself, made out of durable plastic, is about the size of an Oscar and consists of a set of false teeth that vibrate when you wind them up. Significantly, the Chatty Kenny teeth are modeled on the greatest Chatty Kenny of them all, the current president of the United States, whose press conferences prove beyond a doubt that men, too, can burble and babble as indiscriminately as any woman . . . which is to say until our ears bleed and Tibet beckons.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Wake up. Stumble to fancy coffeemaker, which not only has the time but grinds beans. No coffee. At all. Forgot to set timer. Push button. Coffee beans hit me in eye. Close cover. Make coffee. Drink. Go immediately to computer and log on the Internet:

"Live Nude Girls! Live Video Sex! See naked sluts and whores in our cybersex brothel! Sexy girls with big tits, asses, shaved cunts! Girls with big breasts suck dick, eat come, fuck, masturbate, give blow jobs, use dildos and sex toys! Plus Lesbians!"

Plus lesbians. I love the Internet. I love seeing things in print that are mad, misspelled, illiterate. I love the insane logic of search engines, so that, after dying laughing over "*Plus* lesbians," I can search for lemon+fresh+lesbians and come up with 700 sites.

But no, I must work. I can't sit around here looking for citrus girls. For one thing, I must write this column. And I will, just as soon as I play one game of Tetris. Well, three. I am writing this sentence at 9:38 A.M.

It is now 10:22 A.M. Not bad. I played four games of Tetris and logged onto my favorite online hangout—the name of which I am not telling you because *we have too many new people already*—and one of them is going on and on about her savior Naomi Wolf, who has written a book called *Promiscuities*, and this new person is positively irate that she (the new person, not Wolf) is being treated as a sex object. So I had to respond, of course, and since I was telnetting into that site, I also started a new search on Netscape to see if I could find a new home. And why can I find a new home, in the country no less? Because of faxes and modems and megahertz and megabytes. E-mail, that's the ticket! I remember the days when I used to have to call a messenger to pick up this column. Now I just press a button. Excuse me, I'll be right back.

Ack. The new girl is still ranting about Naomi Wolf. Now she's telling some guy who's arguing with her that he's afraid of the intimacy of e-mail. She is an idiot. I am siding with the guy and I don't care. I have just written, "Feminists, don't try this at home." Then I think, Do I not like women? Then I think, Passive aggression is a woman thing. Then I remember my husband and amend that. Stop thinking. Time to play Tetris.

ANTHONY RUSSO

INTERNET-A-GO-GO

One of Wolf's premises is that women, instead of having adventures, traditionally have fucked the adventurers, projecting all their wildness onto their relationships and thus removing themselves from experience, making themselves into sex objects.

To which I think, Well fuck me with a pancake and call me Judy! This is a news flash? Women are objectified?

"Live Nude Girls! Live Video Sex! See naked sluts and whores in our cybersex brothel! Sexy girls with big tits, asses, shaved cunts!"

I am not addicted to the Internet. At all. I can take it, I can leave it alone. Sometimes I'll try the Internet at a party, but I certainly don't need it. I'm just a social cybergeek. I would never even think of hacking top-secret, hush-hush government files unless I had a friend along. I can go for many, many minutes without logging on.

"Oh, stop whining already," I write to the Naomi Wolf victim girl. The Internet is the global village. The Nineties are the wired decade. You can careen everywhere. Go to ebay, an auction site where you can buy Ginny doll dresses from the Fifties, Princess Di dress catalogs or 233 MHz Pentium MMX chips. If you keep following links, you can start out at *Dog Fancy* magazine and end up with some college kid's pipe-bomb recipe.

And you can be in your nightgown for days at a time. You can not wash your hair for a week—hell, two. You can have five half-empty coffee cups surrounding you and unshaved legs and who's to know? You can have the fury of the ages at loved ones and family members, and take it out on some poor stupid woman who has just learned that women are objectified, who has not yet learned that it has been pointed out incessantly since 1970 that women are objectified, and that funnily enough, even men have noticed that women are objectified. Yes, there are plenty—thousands—of "Live Nude Girls! Live Video Sex! See naked sluts and whores" sites on the Internet, but there are also more than enough places where you can watch men interact, posture, display insecurity, show compassion and empathy, show wonder and naivete, and generally behave like regular humans. Men who are doubtless in pajamas or gray underwear, surrounded by five half-drunk cups of coffee.

Somehow, the Internet, which is full of every human emotion and every consumer-culture frenzy and way too many pictures of Pamela Lee, has taught me a lesson.

People are fucked up. People are crazy. There are actual humans who are logging on from Beijing with borderline personality disorders just like your last boyfriend. But you can ignore them. You can filter them right out of your brain and instead pay attention to the exhausted, heroic guy who is awash with the effort of saving his little boy from leukemia.

And you can pay attention to the people you can't ignore, the people who drive you insane with irritation or rage, and wonder why. Why do these people push buttons? Could you have some issues in your own life that you're projecting onto them? Or are they just unbelievable assholes?

After a while, you can take what you've learned from the Internet and use it in actual life. You can stop whining to the converted, stop putting up with passive aggression, find a new home near a quiet beach in Point Reyes.

And you will never be alone. Unless there's a power outage. Then you're fucked.

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Customizing the Tuxedo

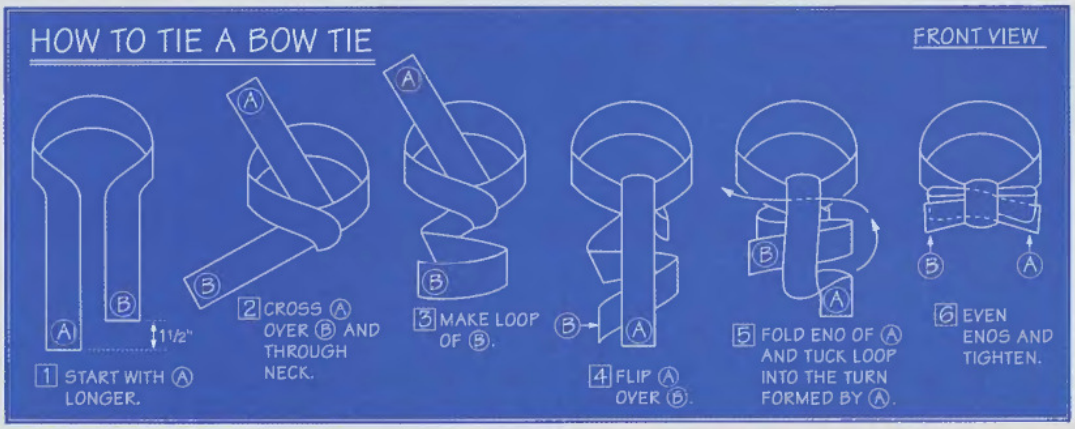
Formalwear makes everyone well-dressed, but its uniformity is one of its limitations. You look like all the other men in the room unless you make an individual style statement. The giddy holiday season—with its swirl of formal parties—is a good opportunity to set yourself apart from the sea of penguins. Play with the variable portions of the formal uniform—the bow tie and the vest. A British public school tradition is to wear the gaudiest formal vest you can find. This toned-down maroon silk version (from Bergdorf Goodman, $195) might be a good first step. Or you may want to wear a bow tie from a college or club affiliation. Whatever you do, avoid Christmas-theme ties and matched-tie-and-cummerbund combos.

What a Stud

A subtle way to make the formal uniform your own is to dress it up with extravagant cuff links and shirt studs. This set—18-kt.-gold octagonal studs and cuff links with black onyx and center diamonds—is from Asprey in New York. It's $3650, but you'll never have to buy another one.

Take a Bow

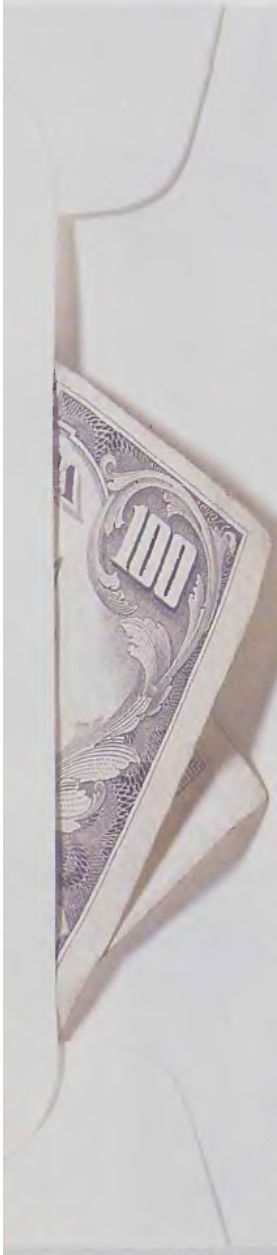
A key manly art is the ability to tie a bow tie. It needn't be perfect—in fact, perfection gives away a pretied knot. Use the blueprint at right (maneuver number five is crucial). You get extra points for not needing a mirror. The best part comes later, when you kick back, untie your work and hong very cool.


HOW TO TIE A BOW TIE
FRONT VIEW
A
B
1½"
1 START WITH A LONGER.
2 CROSS A OVER B AND THROUGH NECK.
3 MAKE LOOP OF B.
4 FLIP A OVER B.
5 FOLD ENO OF A AND TUCK LOOP INTO THE TURN FORMED BY A.
6 EVEN ENOS AND TIGHTEN.

MANTRACK

Grooming Essentials

Too many containers in your bathroom cabinet? The Molton Brown collection of men's products takes the mess out of being well-groomed. Created in the Molton Brown factory outside London, this classic line includes a shampoo with menthol that can be used every day, a vitamin-and-mineral rich shower gel, a moisturizing toning bar with shea butter and aloe vera and two new fragrances, Warm and Cool, that can be enjoyed separately or combined. Warm is like "a whisk of warm air on a mild summer day," says Molton Brown, while Cool is like "a splash of icy water on a hot summer day." An Ultra-Light Hydrator (not pictured) that's nongreasy is also available. It soothes razor burn and helps smooth away fine lines. Molton Brown products are available at Barneys and other stores.



Holiday Tipping

At year's end it seems everyone has a hand out, and it's not necessarily to shake yours. Now is the time for giving, for acknowledging the attention those around us have provided over the year. But who to tip, and how much? We asked Donn Davis, whose *Survival Skills for the Modern Man* is due out this June. He suggests giving the mail carrier $20, regardless of what you think of the Postal Service. Give the newspaper delivery guy $15. For doormen and other service personnel in apartments and condos, give $50 to $150 through the management office. In addition, you may want to tip individually, depending on how much you rely on personal attention. Parking lot and health club attendants should get $25 to $40. Maids and nannies get one week's salary, plus Christmas week off.

A Rosé Disposition

If you're planning a late-night supper for two on New Year's eve, consider the simple and elegant pairing of smoked salmon and vintage rosé champagne. A complex and engaging bubbly, rosé is better matched with food than its lighter-bodied white cousins. Additionally, a rosé ages nicely and acquires intensity over time. It goes especially well with foods whose flavors it can echo (strawberries, for example) and those with which it can contrast (oily smoked salmon or salty caviar). Its color provokes a wide palette: Words to describe it include partridge eye, pale peach and onion skin. Our favorite vintage rosés include Dom Pérignon, Taittinger Comtes de Champagne and Dom Ruinart.

Around the World in 366 Days

On January 1, 2000 Tim Kneeland, an avid cyclist who has planned dozens of bicycle trips since 1980, will lead 375 people on his most ambitious trek yet: Odyssey 2000, a yearlong bike trip around the world. The "ultimate cycling adventure," beginning and ending in Los Angeles, will span 50 countries, six continents and 20,000 miles. Riders will pedal about 75 miles a day, five days a week for 366 days. Add to that 27 plane rides, ten boat rides and three train rides, two daily meals, lodging, gear transport, a mobile bike shop, route guides, bathroom and medical facilities, massages and a bike to ride, and the $34,000 price doesn't seem so bad. Call 800-433-0528 to join Odyssey 2000's waiting list or to sign up for Odysseys in 2003 and 2006.

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MANTRACK

Luggage for Your Smokes

A fistful of premium cigors can cost almost as much as your airline ticket, so why leave home with your fragile stogies in a Ziploc bag? If you're getting away for a long weekend there's the cowhide-covered Playboy Humidor by House of Lords (near left) that holds about ten cigars. It's slim and elegant and costs only $250. The virtually indestructible Road Warrior 2000 black-resin humidor (standing open) holds about 18 smokes in a soft tray compartment. The case is both airtight and watertight, so you need to adjust the pressure before you open it. Price: $150. Armidor's Defender, the third humidor, resembles a spymaster's attaché case. Its armor-over-cedar polished finish is distinctive and the lined interior holds up to 30 cigars (about $500). Field Pack, an eight-smoke version, is about $300.

Why a Duck?

Hunting for a great collectible? Try antique waterfowl decoys. Originally designed to attract migrating birds, these pieces of folk art are catching the attention of serious collectors. Last summer a running curlew decoy carved in 1890 sold for $335,500 at auction. Experts advise passing up the cheaper pieces and focusing on collecting fewer and better works. "Antique shops tend to overprice the bad pieces and underprice the good ones," says Herb Desch, president of the Midwest Decoy Collectors Association, which sponsors the largest show devoted to decoys. The 33rd annual National Antique Decoy Show (P.O. Box 4110, St. Charles, IL 60174) will be held April 24 and 25. You can also check out Decoy magazine ($36 a year, P.O. Box 787, Lewes, DE 19958).

The Moanin' After

Besides water, water and more water, experts suggest a few things to minimize a hangover. Michael Jackson, author of *Michael Jackson's Bar and Cocktail Companion* and nine other books on beer and whiskey, says the key is to eat a big breakfast or something sweet like toast and honey. Spirits writer Paul Pacult, who also cohosts *The Happy Hour* radio show on alcoholic beverages, advocates toost and water but no coffee ("It dehydrates you"). Harriet Lembeck, author of *Grossman's Guide to Wines, Beers & Spirits*, suggests half an antihistamine tablet before drinking. And Ray Foley, publisher of *Bartender Magazine* and author of *Bartending for Dummies*, likes Fernet Branca *digestif*. Or Diet Coke and tomato soup.

A Bona Fide Treasure

At the edge of the River Liffey in the Temple Bar section of Dublin—a funky area favored by artists, writers and musicians—sits the Clarence, the city's most prestigious and expensive boutique hotel. It's also Dublin's hottest hideaway, and for good reason. The hotel, built in 1852, closed for remodeling in 1994 and reopened in 1996, is owned by U2's Bono and the Edge. That means on any given night, bandmates are apt to mingle with the hotel's guests. Even if the band doesn't show, there is much to enjoy about the Clarence. The eight-walled Octagon Bar, once a favorite watering hole of Dublin judges and priests, is staffed by the young and Irish. (Look for Bono and the Edge in the "snug," the sideroom where celebrities may gather for private drinks.) The Tea Room, a restaurant serving grilled quail salad and lobster ravioli, features a 20-foot cove ceiling, double-height windows. And the two-storied penthouse (pictured here), one of the hotel's 50 rooms and suites with custom-made furniture in oak, leather and stone, boasts two dramatic views of Dublin's skyline: one from inside and one from the roof hot tub. Price: from $275 (double occupancy) to $2400 (for the penthouse) per night. For reservations, call 800-628-8929.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 185.

You always wanted to be tall, dark, and handsome. We can help you with tall.

Who wouldn't like to be taller? I'm 5'11", and even I notice that at parties or in social situations, the tallest guy seems to have an advantage. For years I thought about this problem. It's a shame that surface impressions matter, but the fact is they do.

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Add almost an inch!

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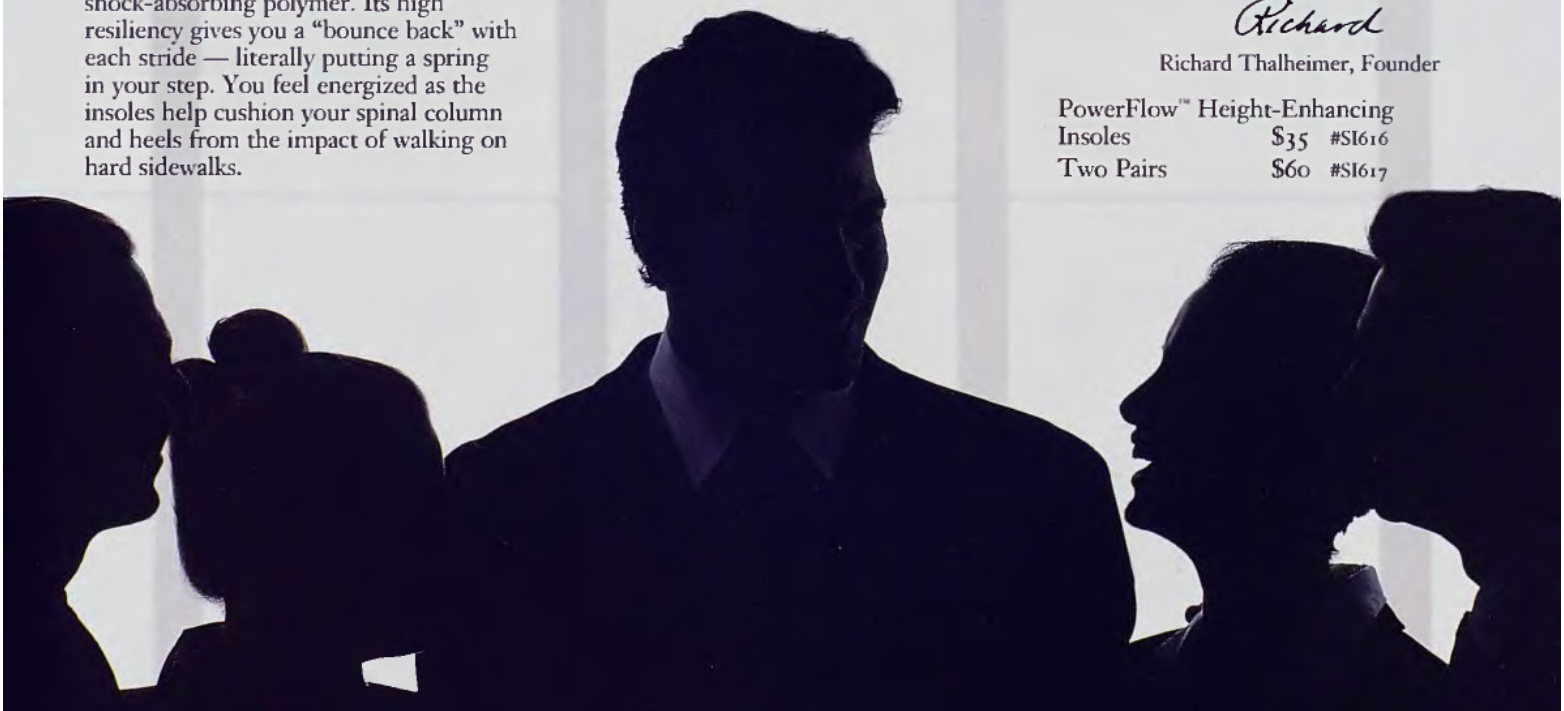

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My wife and I have been married for two years, and we're both happy with our relationship. But I'm having trouble forgetting my first love. I met her in middle school and developed a crush that lasted through high school and college. She didn't know how I felt until I wrote her a letter baring my soul. Obviously, she did not share my feelings. This is all history, but I still think about her now and then. My ten-year high school reunion is approaching, and I dread seeing her because of the tumult I created. When my wife asks about the reunion, I change the subject. I know she senses that something is wrong. Should we go and avoid the woman or just skip the whole thing? Maybe in another ten years my old feelings won't be an issue.—A.R., Houston, Texas

Unrequited love sucks. Didn't Shakespeare say that? You're not alone. People tend to dwell on first loves. John Lennon recognized their power: "It's a love that has no past." Keep in mind that you aren't yearning for a real woman—you're chasing a shadow, a vision of romance and rescue that existed years ago. Now you know better. If you see her at your reunion, relax, say hello, introduce your wife, smile and don't apologize. Accept your longing for what it is—a crush that you never had a chance to pursue. That's why it lingers. Even if things had turned out different, our guess is that this woman wouldn't have been able to fulfill your expectations.

I've always enjoyed rock and some classical music but have never explored jazz or blues. Could you suggest some good starter albums for my collection?—R.F., Minneapolis, Minnesota

Since this sort of exercise always sparks heated debate, we'll let our music critics stand next to the fire. Neil Tesser, author of the forthcoming "Playboy Guide to Jazz," suggests Miles Davis' "Kind of Blue" as a starting point, Keith Jarrett's "Köln Concert" for its classical influence, Charlie Parker's "Bird's Best Bop on Verve" and Pat Metheny's "Still Life (Talking)" for a contemporary sound. Among vocalists, you're safe with anything by Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald or Billie Holiday. Dave Marsh, who reviews the blues, recommends the Smithsonian's "Mean Old World: The Blues From 1940 to 1994," which begins with Ma Rainey and ends with Corey Harris, and MCA's "Blues Classics," which covers 1927 (Furry Lewis) to 1969 (B.B. King). He also suggests "The Best of Muddy Waters," B.B. King's "Live at the Regal" and Stevie Ray Vaughan's "In Step."

As Ann Landers likes to say, "Shame on you! Forty lashes with a wet noodle." I was reading some old *Playboy Advisor* columns and came across a question you answered years ago about "honeymoon cystitis." This is a painful bladder infection, common for women, that is often associated with sexual activity. You provided a flippant response ("the only known preventive technique is a dull sex life") but not much information. I used to get cystitis frequently, and over the years I've discovered simple techniques that minimize the problem. First, a woman should urinate before and immediately after sex, even if it means interrupting the cuddling (he can put the bed back together while you're gone). If that doesn't do the trick, she should drink a glass of water or cranberry juice before sex to help flush out her urethra afterward. Having spent seven years as a cystitis sufferer, I know what a hassle it is. I just wanted to share my experience, since other readers may have this problem. Hope it helps.—C.C., Seattle, Washington

Thanks. Can we keep the wet noodle?

Last week I bought my first new car and would like to keep the wheels looking sharp. Do you have any suggestions?—R.W., San Diego, California

Clean them once a week; do the detail and polish work once a month. The wheels should be cool to the touch when you clean them, as heat speeds up the chemical reaction of the cleaners, which could harm the wheel's surface. You don't say what sort of finish your wheels have (the most sensitive is anodized aluminum; the least is machined aluminum), but choose your cleaner carefully. Wheel cleaners are designed to dissolve the brake dust that accumulates on the wheels, particularly those in front. Use a nylon or horsehair brush and never allow the cleaner to dry before you rinse (clean one wheel at a time). You might also want to wax or polish your wheels for added protection against the elements.

I'd like to try anal sex with my wife, but she says it would be too painful. If it's painful, why does anyone do it? Is it always done by women as a sacrifice, to please men?—L.J., St. Louis, Missouri

With the right preparation and care, anal sex can provide immense pleasure for a woman. If it hurts, you're doing it wrong. We asked Tristan Taormino, author of "The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women" (800-780-2279), for her thoughts and were taken by her enthusiasm. "Anal sex is the greatest thing going," she says. "It does not have to hurt even a little bit. Start with your pinkie and a lot of lube. Then work up slowly. Try a finger, then two, then a slim butt plug. This doesn't have to happen in one night. Many women love anal sex and seek it out because it gives them incredible sensations and orgasms. When a woman is penetrated anally, the urethral sponge on the front wall of her vagina is stimulated—that's the place known as the G spot. There are tons of nerve endings in the anus as well. Anal sex can also build intimacy. The woman might find herself thinking, We worked up to this and I trust this guy. As for men, it's in their best interest to make sure their lovers experience only pleasure from anal sex. A woman's butt will remember pain for a long time."

What's the word on collarless shirts? Are they an acceptable alternative to the traditional shirt and tie, or should I continue to struggle with my Windsor knots?—T.W., Chicago, Illinois

The banded-collar-shirt trend is over, especially for guys with long necks. Actually, it was over for them before it began.

This is in response to the letter in September from the man who wanted to sleep with another woman because his wife had multiple sclerosis and felt too sick for intercourse. My wife learned she had MS about six years ago. One of my best memories is when she was released from the hospital. I arrived home from work and she was waiting for me in the bedroom. That evening was one of the best nights of my life, without intercourse. Sex is not just a physical experience. Maybe the reader should reconsider his love for and commitment to his wife and not just think with his dick.—L.S., West Palm Beach, Florida

If a woman wrote to say how frustrated she was with not being able to have intercourse with her ill husband, would you

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

accuse her of thinking with her clit? Your assessment is too harsh. Certainly sex is more than just intercourse. But C.T.'s desire for a "wild weekend" had nothing to do with his commitment to the relationship.

In September, H.G. from Baltimore asked if you had ever heard of anyone with a hand fetish. Men's hands are a turn-on. My husband and I met when we worked at the same bakery. I watched him gently form pastries, smear a buttery mixture over dough that had been rolled thin and soft as a baby's butt, and cup fruit in his hands to fill pie shells. I fantasized about what those rough, strong fingers could do with me. Now I know.—M.K., Woodburn, Oregon

That's great. So, how fast can you make him rise?

When I was last in Las Vegas, I heard the same story everywhere: Everyone seems to believe (including the women in the change cages) that a slot machine that has paid off big that day or in the past week wouldn't be "due" again for a while. The modern slot machine appears computerized. So is it still random and equally likely to pay off on any spin? Or does it go through a preprogrammed sequence to avoid too many big payoffs?—D.B., Cleveland, Ohio

The idea that slot machines come due is a fallacy perpetuated by gamblers who need to believe they can change the odds. Computerized slots are as random as their mechanical predecessors—they're just designed to be harder to cheat, and to allow for more stops. While mechanical slots might have 30 stops, the computerized version can allow for hundreds. That's why you see huge jackpots advertised—"Win $10 million with one pull!" You have almost no chance of winning, but it's the thought that counts. "In places such as Vegas and Atlantic City, the machines have to return a certain percentage of what's bet, but when they pay is random," explains Anthony Curtis, a stockbroker turned gambler who publishes gaming books such as "Casino Secrets" (800-244-2224). "In Vegas, for example, dollar machines are set to pay out an average of about 95 percent of what they're fed over time. There is nothing in any pull that lessens or heightens the odds of the next one paying off."

My husband of 13 years came up with an idea that we should have affairs to add spice to our sex life. I was the one who had to have the affair first, so I did. The guy came to our house late one night, we started kissing intimately and made our way to the bedroom. We had sex, and it was good. I've seen him nine or ten times over the past two years. My husband has watched several times without the guy's knowledge. The affair makes me feel attractive and wanted, and that makes me appreciate my husband so much more. We always make love after the guy leaves, and it's always wonderful. My husband, on the other hand, had his affair one time with a woman. Instead of being as understanding as he has been, I was angry, jealous and, I guess, insecure because I felt she may have satisfied him in a way I couldn't. I know turnabout is fair play, but I still can't think about the two of them together. Have you ever heard of mutual affairs helping a marriage? How do you think this story will end?—F.H., Louisville, Kentucky

Your husband is a voyeur—the perfect match for a woman who enjoys variety. It sounds like he'd rather hide in the closet than pursue other partners. You, on the other hand, view your agreement as a quid pro quo. Talk to your husband about your feelings—a truly open relationship has no secrets. Perhaps he can ease your anxiety by describing his encounter in detail, specifically what she did that turned him on. Who says you can't steal her technique? As for your future, we see threesomes.

They both make the claim, but who made the original Swiss Army Knife, Wenger or Victorinox? Or are they the same company?—J.T., High Bridge, New Jersey

Victorinox first supplied soldiers' knives to the Swiss army in 1891. Six years later it designed an officer's knife (Offiziersmesser) that included a corkscrew and an extra blade. The company that became Wenger began supplying knives after 1893. Today the Swiss military buys equal amounts of knives from each firm. Beyond that, the companies have a gentleman's agreement: Victorinox markets its knives to civilians as "the original" and Wenger claims "genuine."

In the September issue a woman described a problem I have: She can't achieve orgasm without "humping" something. It's great to know I'm not alone, and here's my solution: My boyfriend and I experimented for months before we found a comfortable position that would allow me to use a vibrating dildo during intercourse. First I roll onto my stomach, balancing on my knees and shoulders. Then I place the dildo against my clitoris and labia. The position allows me to control the pressure and also gives my boyfriend a comfortable entry point from behind. A vibrating dildo on your clitoris, a hard man from behind and a slap on the rump is a many-splendored thing! Thanks for being there.—R.D., Boulder, Colorado

Don't mention it. It's our job. Thanks for making it easier.

The woman I'm dating loves martini bars. I'd like to entertain her at my place, but I'm afraid my drinks or style won't measure up to the pros. Can you provide some quick tips?—D.H., New Orleans, Louisiana

Pick up a copy of "Shaken, Not Stirred: A Celebration of the Martini," which includes recipes, tips, even suggestions for mood music. Mixologists Anistatia Miller and Jared Brown recommend that you buy only the best gin or vodka and vermouth—cheap booze stands naked and alone in this drink. Use glass or stainless steel implements, and perfect your technique before she arrives. "Fill an empty liquor bottle with water and stick a speed pourer on it. Grasp the bottle by the neck and turn it upside down over a shot glass. Count to four in the time it takes to pour a 1.5-ounce shot. Next, try pouring to the same count into a glass. Empty the contents into a shot to see how closely you measured. From there you can enhance your repertoire by pouring a splash (a one count), a dash (cover the little opening with your thumb for a one count) and a drop (cover the big opening for a one count)." Finally, don't ask her if she wants her drink shaken or stirred—you know the answer, or you should.

You printed my letter in August; I'm the guy who was sleeping with his mother-in-law. Here's an update. I left my wife after I told her what I was doing. She hasn't spoken to her mother since. In the past few weeks my mother-in-law has worn garters, teddies, stockings and high heels for me. We also use plenty of whipped cream and honey. Magic Shell—that stuff you put on ice cream—works great too. She told me to quit my job and said she would take care of me. All she has asked is that I not fool around. The relationship has its drawbacks, though. While we were out dancing one night, a couple said, "Oh, how nice. A son out with his mother." But what do they know? I have never been happier. I don't know how long this relationship will last, but while it does I love my mother-in-law with all my heart.—S.M., Orlando, Florida

Oh, brother. First, she's not your mother-in-law anymore. Second, you say she doesn't want you to fool around. Why—is her mother still alive?

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or advisor@playboy.com (because of volume, we cannot respond to all e-mail inquiries). Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions at www.playboy.com/faq, and check out the Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

CITIZEN KINSEY

a new biography detailing the private life of our greatest sex researcher misses the point

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Alfred Kinsey was already middle-aged when he began his sex research. That he had indefatigable energy was evident—as an entomologist, he collected more than 4 million gall wasps for study. He had written more than 3000 pages of scholarly work between 1919 and 1937 alone—before he turned his eye to human sexual habits.

"I have discovered through the years that the surest way to get something done is to go ahead and do it," Kinsey noted. "I asked no one's permission to start this research. I had no one else working with me."

He took up the new subject with equal energy and drive. He began interviewing students as preparation for a marriage course he was asked to teach at Indiana University. He secured funding, founded the Institute for Sex Research and hired and trained a staff. He and his staff interviewed more than 18,000 men and women about their most intimate moments. He was aiming for 100,000 subjects but controversy, the limits of time and death cut him short.

In 1948 Kinsey's *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* was published, followed by *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* in 1953. The books changed the way Americans looked at sex. (For a detailed account of the public reception, see *Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution: Part V* in the November 1997 PLAYBOY.)

Kinsey's approach to sex was empirical. He loathed the theories of Freudians who saw a few patients and fantasized about libidos, superegos and cultures built on sublimation and repression. He despised religious philosophers who simply condemned all behavior not sanctioned by the church. And he recoiled at laws that punished minorities in the name of imposing one standard of sexual mores on all Americans.

In short, he despised bullshit. Kinsey was above all a descriptive scientist. Like Lewis and Clark exploring and mapping an unknown continent, Kinsey collected data about the sexual frontier, which in the public mind of 1940 was almost every aspect of sex. Knowing that you could not understand a species by visiting a zoo or looking at a few neatly preserved specimens, he interviewed all sorts of people—bootleggers and clergymen, college professors and gamblers, prostitutes and marriage counselors, prison officials and inmates, social workers and dancers, hatcheck girls and holdup men.

JOHN LABBÉ (3)

Kinsey's research was monumental. And it created a panic among those who believed in what has been called "hush and pretend." He was attacked by ministers, politicians, philosophers and feds (even J. Edgar Hoover considered Kinsey a public enemy). The attacks have continued for 50 years.

The battle is far from over. James H. Jones, a historian who spent the past 20 years collecting material for a biography called *Alfred C. Kinsey: A Public/Private Life*, has written a book that has reignited the controversy surrounding America's most famous sex researcher.

Prior to Kinsey, the party line held that all Americans aspired to be Christian gentlemen or virtuous women. There was little sex education, none of it based on fact. A best-selling book of the day claimed that for men sex was as simple as falling off a log. For women, it was "as simple as being the log." Masturbation was viewed as a symptom of mental illness. Homosexuality was not a topic to be discussed, period.

Kinsey's data destroyed such myths. He found that 92 percent of men masturbated to orgasm, that 85 percent had premarital intercourse, that 69 percent had sex with prostitutes, that almost half had extramarital sex and that 37 percent had at least one homosexual experience leading to orgasm. He found that nearly half the married women he surveyed had premarital sex, that almost a third of unmarried women had lost their virginity by the age of 23 and that about one quarter of the wives had extramarital affairs by the age of 40.

Kinsey's data shattered the notion that there was a single sexual blueprint—the puritan model of chastity before marriage, virtuous restraint after. He revealed the sexual rainbow.

Here is a parlor game that shows the power certain individuals have held over the course of sexual history: If you wanted to change the quality of sex for all Americans, whom would you eliminate? Liberals would probably opt for Saint Augustine, who managed to lay his guilt trip on

generations of Christians. However, as we near the end of this century, a surprising number of fundamentalist types would point to Kinsey.

According to one typical critic, Kinsey brought on "the pill, free love, open marriages, swingers' clubs, gay liberation and generations of increasingly radical feminist authors and groups—Gloria Steinem, Germaine Greer, lipstick lesbians—all of whom chorused Kinsey's buzzword 'freedom' and chanted his mantra: 'If it feels good, do it.' It is advice that, of course, far from bringing about happiness, has wrecked millions of lives, especially those of women. What Kinsey neglected to mention was that 'feeling good' has consequences, like rocketing divorce rates, teenage pregnancies and the AIDS epidemic."

Many people who want to burn Kinsey at the stake have never read his work. He never, for example, said, "If it feels good, do it." His message was more subtle: If it feels good, chances are somebody is already doing it. He celebrated diversity, and in doing so validated those on the fringe.

A subversive act? You bet. Kinsey forced Americans to confront a hypocrisy that punished the different. In the era ushered in by his work, many states moved to decriminalize fornication, sodomy and adultery. Psychologists began to remove diagnoses that branded gay sex as "pathological."

Biographer Jones has claimed that Kinsey was a sexual outsider. "Kinsey was both a homosexual and, from childhood on, a masochist who, as he grew older, pursued an interest in extreme sexuality with increasing compulsiveness," Jones wrote in a *New Yorker* piece that was drawn from material in his book. "His secret life was shared with a small circle of intimates, a few of whom became his sexual partners, sometimes in the name of 'research.'"

Jones says Kinsey's secret life must be taken into account when we consider his research and conclusions about sex. "Remarkably, his activities did not prevent him from being a devoted husband and a caring, successful father. But they almost certainly did affect the objectivity and detachment of his work as a scientist: His celebrated findings, I now believe, may well have been skewed. From the very beginnings of his research into sexual behavior, the Americans who most persistently engaged Kinsey's attention were people who were either on the margins or beyond the pale: homosexuals, sadomasochists, voyeurs, exhibitionists, pedophiles, transsexuals, transvestites, fetishists."

Jones charges that Kinsey "placed a thumb on the scale—that his methodology and his sampling technique virtually guaranteed that he would find what he was looking for."

When Jones' article appeared in *The New Yorker*, it sparked outrage among the self-proclaimed virtuous. KINSEY REPORT HID AUTHOR'S KINKINESS read the headline on an editorial in the *Rocky Mountain News*.

For the past decade, professional blowhard Patrick Buchanan and former *Captain Kangaroo* songwriter Judith Reisman have attacked the Kinsey statistic that ten percent of American men are homosexual. Both Buchanan and Reisman believe the true figure is closer to one percent—which, to a bully, justifies persecution.

The "say it isn't so" crowd flatly states that Kinsey lied, that he cooked the books, that he talked to the wrong people (i.e., People Not Like Us). But the behavior Kinsey recorded existed before he started his interviews, and later surveys have produced similar figures (or ones more telling). For example, in 1983 the *Playboy Readers' Sex Survey* tabulated responses from 65,000 men. Approximately 35 percent reported having had at least one homosexual experience during adolescence, and about 10 percent said they had engaged in such activity as adults, though barely one percent labeled themselves "gay."

The attempts to kill the messenger have varied. Reisman wrote a scurrilous little broadside called *Kinsey, Sex and Fraud* in which she suggests Kinsey was party to the sexual abuse of children for his research. In 1995 Representative Steve Stockman (R.–Tex.) introduced legislation that called for an investigation of Reisman's charges and would have denied funds to sex education based on Kinsey's research. There is no evidence to support the charges of child abuse.

James Jones launches a more circuitous attack. He does not shed any new light on Kinsey's research or methodology. Instead, he attacks Kinsey's private life, or, rather, what he imagines that life to have been.

You have probably heard the most salacious charges. During a year in which we have learned the sexual preferences of broadcasters, sports heroes, politicians and actors, these are the alleged distinguishing marks on Kinsey's record.

- Kinsey was an exhibitionist who walked around campsites buck naked on field trips collecting gall wasps. Around the house, he shaved in the nude in view of his children. On vacations, the family went skinny-dipping together.
- Trying to create his own sexual utopia, Kinsey encouraged or at least condoned extramarital affairs among members of his staff and their spouses. His own wife slept with others, with Kinsey's consent.
- Kinsey filmed friends, his wife and fellow members of the institute having sex or masturbating in an attic studio. He invited homosexuals and sadomasochists to perform. His staff once filmed men ejaculating (one at a time) to determine if males spurt or dribble. (The answer: More than 70 percent dribble. Medical literature at the time

claimed the force of ejaculation was responsible for impregnation.)

By the time conservative columnists got hold of these nuggets, Kinsey's home was a "personal porn studio" and his project a "sexual playground." Obsessed with sex, he "pressured" his coworkers into adulterous behavior. Are we to assume that members of an English department never slept with one another?

Much of the sexual gossip in Jones' book rests on the recollections of unnamed sources—those he cites as Anonymous A and Anonymous B.

More than 30 years after Kinsey's death, these supposed friends of the researcher divulged an array of sordid tales. Anon B (dubbed Mr. Y in later parts of the text, perhaps to give the illusion of a new source) said he copulated with Mrs. Kinsey and the wife of one of Kinsey's co-workers. He said he had sex with their husbands, too, claiming, "We all sucked one another." Anon A claimed that Kinsey had once tied a rope around his own scrotum and, throwing the end over a pipe, had jumped off a chair to hang by his testicles in midair.

Anon B is the source of an unusual anecdote that attributes major significance to a wooden brush back found in Kinsey's childhood home—it is the masturbatory "Rosebud" to Citizen Kinsey.

Anon A crowed that Kinsey had "very large genitalia, and that means both penis and balls." Anon B volunteered that Kinsey got "a long-suffering look on his face when he was having sex" that looked "gross."

"He was kind of a punk when it came to S&M," complained Anon B. "He liked me to beat him with a cat-o'-nine-tails, but not very hard."

Kinsey, he noted, "didn't dress up in clothes and he didn't establish scenes, you know."

When Jones has little direct evidence, he resorts to dubious logic. He cites an obscure book on the Fifties that describes circle jerks at summer camp, then postulates that since Kinsey went to summer camp, he must have seen or been aware of "overt sexual behavior."

He relates that Kinsey was chaste until his wedding night, and that he most likely did not try to have sex with his fiancée, Clara, for their entire courtship. "Recent studies show that gay men who become engaged often fail to make any efforts at seduction. This is especially true of men with little or no prior experience with women."

Jones then makes this leap: "Because of his lack of experience with women, his intense moral inhibitions and his confusion about his sexual identity, he probably shared the ambivalence many homosexuals feel about having intercourse with their fiancées."

Run that past us again. Because Kinsey did not have premarital sex, he was gay? You can't have it both ways. Kinsey was a Boy Scout. He came from a repressive home, with a father who refused to allow his children to dance or date. Should he have forced his fiancée to have sex in the name of good, old-fashioned heterosexuality?

Kinsey did immerse himself in gay culture. And he was a topic of much conversation. Jones recounts the recollections of Samuel Steward, an English professor at a university in Chicago who was one of Kinsey's friends and subjects. "Many of Steward's friends asked point-blank if Kinsey was queer. When Kinsey learned about this, he asked Steward what he told them. Steward replied that he always said, 'Yes he is—but not in the same way we are. He is a voyeur and an *auditeur*. He likes to look and listen.'"

Kinsey was an observer, in a period when the great scientists were describers of nature. His effect on the gay community was profound: He validated its existence, took confessions without condemnation—exactly as he did with people who masturbated or had premarital sex or extramarital sex.

The Kinsey findings inspired gay liberation and sparked a major panic over homosexuality in the Fifties. For years, people have speculated that Kinsey was gay, but the evidence was lacking. Members of the institute, who took one another's sexual histories, know the answer but have never told. They pledged confidentiality to all subjects, even themselves. That Jones was frustrated by this silence is obvious.

Not one of the hundreds of gay men Kinsey interviewed has publicly admitted to sleeping with him. That news would have traveled through the community immediately. How does Jones get around this fact? He speculates that Kinsey would go from the company of the men he interviewed to anonymous encounters in public toilets where he would not be recognized.

Paul Gebhard, a Kinsey colleague, told Jones that "the only homosexual thing Kinsey ever mentioned from the early part of his life was that in his childhood there was preadolescent sex play with a neighborhood group. There was a somewhat older girl and there was Kinsey, and I got the impression there were about six kids, and they would go into the basement and look at one another, poke straws in various apertures." So playing doctor means you're gay?

In the end, what does it matter? Jones simply presents a prejudice that a gay man cannot be an effective social scientist. Kinsey labored mightily to do away with such simpleminded bias. He knew the power of labels to destroy lives.

Jones' book is a memorable effort to pigeonhole Kinsey, one that completely misses the point of Kinsey's life.

Kinsey was a pioneer in his public life, a true rebel who changed the way we view sex. And he was a pioneer in his private life, a scientist who experimented on himself.

Citizen Kinsey had balls. Big ones. That much we know is true.

READER

CAMPUS LUST

What a relief to read Jan Breslauer's "Student Affairs" (*The Playboy Forum*, October). As a recently divorced, longtime professor at California State University–Chico, I was encouraged to learn that it would not be unethical to let myself be seduced by some of our charming coeds. It is distressing to think that I may have already wasted some wonderful opportunities for unbridled, self-indulgent passion because of the fallacious premise that I am some sort of ethical standard-bearer for my profession. Furthermore, I can now receive credit for any future assignations as examples of student-centered learning! Since I am no longer burdened with that weight, send on the coeds of Chico State.

Roland Lamarine
Chico, California

Educational institutions must ban all student-teacher affairs, not because of moral indignation but as legal and economic necessities. If the affair degenerates into a sexual harassment suit, or if the student becomes pregnant or contracts a sexually transmitted disease, the plaintiff's attorney isn't going to target the professor. But the attorney will go after the institution that hired him and put him in an authoritative position over such vulnerable young minds in the first place. Universities cannot even afford to give tenure anymore, much less pay for such legal minefields. Unless they distance themselves legally, the universities could lose everything. That's not to say that it won't keep happening, but a ban will set the precedent necessary to protect the endowment.

Robert Schreib Jr.
Toms River, New Jersey

In the early Nineties when I was teaching at a university, I dated a student I had met in a foreign-language club, found him to be hotter than chili and wound up marrying him. Despite the administration policy that faculty couldn't date students, I discovered that almost half of my department had married their former students. As long as profs attend clubs and social events where 98 percent of the participants are students, it's inevitable that at some point romantic liaisons will occur.

Breslauer was more sophisticated than many students, and she's right to indicate that love lives are inherently complicated. Evaluating the long-term effects of the consensual love experience depends on the intelligence of the interpreter. I take issue with schools influenced by simple-minded feminists who insist that women support one another and yet try to limit students by dictating their responses. Rather, we need to have the more intelligent feminists keeping our universities humane.

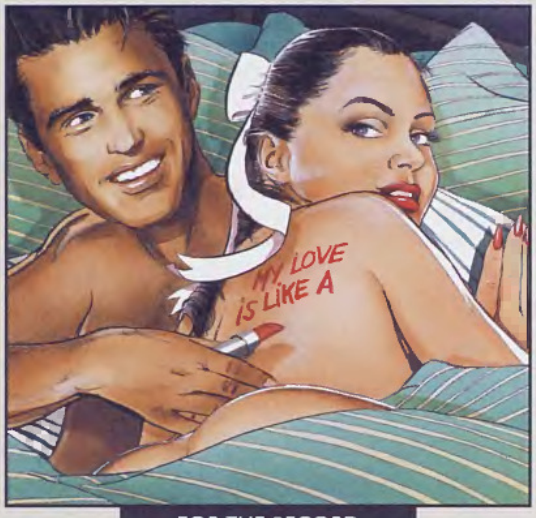
S. Wood
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Bravo to Jan Breslauer for transforming the willing coed from naive sexual prey to mature sexual being. College men and women are certainly capable of making their own decisions about relationships. If the major objection to these liaisons is an issue of fairness in judging a student's work, that objection is nullified once the term is over. More to the point, if a student dates her instructor, it only stands to reason that her grade would be better. After all, she's spending more time going over the material. Don't hesitate to sexualize the syllabus!

Todd Moore
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

While I was tickled to see myself referred to as "Professor Lust" (*The Playboy Forum*, October) and pleased with the flattering artwork accompanying the article, I was nonetheless dismayed that Ted Fishman seemed so completely to misunderstand my point in my book *Feminist Accused of Sexual Harassment*. I was not trying to argue that women should be allowed behavior prohibited to men, nor do I believe that women are morally superior to men. I was trying to argue against the current return to puritanism that masquerades as feminism.

Fishman complains I said things that, in the present climate, a man couldn't get away with. That is precisely why I did it—someone needs to counter the reigning opinion that confuses being against sex with being for women, and I hoped that as a woman and a feminist I could get people to listen to me. Since the new suspicion of sex is being pushed on us (yet again) as "for the sake of women," I wanted to



FOR THE RECORD

Poet's Corner

"I want to lead you to think about a certain night in your life lately, when you were having unbelievably hot sex with somebody, and you're in the throes of total bliss. There's a light, or a sloppy, sweat all over your body. You are either with the person you love, or with a complete stranger who you had no idea would put you in a place of total desire. Or, the same stranger you meet on a regular basis for this explicit purpose. You are hornier, and higher, and dirtier, and more fucked-up with desire than you've ever been in your life. You're on the edge; you're just twittering. You hardly know who or what you are. And at that moment, somebody says the dirtiest, the most fucked-up thing you have ever heard: That person is a poet. What poets are really good for is talking dirty."

—OPENING COMMENTS OF AUTHOR EILEEN MYLES BEFORE SHE ANNOUNCED THE POETRY CATEGORY WINNER OF THE 1997 FIRECRACKER ALTERNATIVE BOOK AWARDS

RESPONSE

argue that the attempt to desexualize the workplace was in fact harmful to women.

The current debate allows only two positions on sexual harassment: against sex and for women, or for sex and against women. I felt someone had to speak for the large number of us who want a workplace where women can be respected colleagues and where we can flirt, a workplace where we are human. I tried to introduce a third position into this debate but have nonetheless found myself consistently relegated to one of the two preexisting positions: I am attacked as either an immoral creep (as bad as the men) or as a feminist creep (as bad as the anti-male puritans).

I read Fishman's article to one of my students (male, for the record) and bemoaned the fact that Fishman had so radically misunderstood me. My student reminded me that in class I often talk about how few people can read what is actually in a book, how most reading is in fact projecting. I try to teach students to read what's really there rather than what we think is there. I only wish Fishman had been my student.

Jane Gallop
Distinguished Professor of English
University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee

Fishman responds: I suppose I could bear a class or two taught by Professor Gallop, but I'm not sure what lesson I'd walk away with. Gallop seems to have made a career of being misunderstood. When she kissed a student in a bar, the woman misunderstood and Gallop wrote "Feminist Accused of Sexual Harassment" to explain herself. Now she complains her explanation is misunderstood. Perhaps the problem is that Gallop doesn't know what she means. In her book—but not in her letter—she goes to great lengths to explain why only men can be considered sexual harassers, trotting out the tired and specious argument that men alone hold enough power to exploit women. She uses the argument to exonerate herself from the harassment charge. Now she says that her aim all along was to put men and women on equal footing and equal bedding. How she gets from one claim to the other is, well, ticklish. Gallop further complains that I projected myself into her book, and I am sure she is right. She is wrong about my prejudices, however. One who publicizes her sexual appetites to clear a surrounding cloud and claims at the same time to advance scholarship and human rights crosses into the absurd. I would think the same of a man who had acted likewise.

HIV RISKS

In October's *Playboy Forum* you printed a chart called "HIV Risks and Routes of Exposure." As a sexually active male, I'd like to know the other factors behind these figures. Are these the approximate odds when a condom is used? Is sexual intercourse assumed to be with an infected partner, or do these odds pertain to intercourse with a random partner who may or may not be infected? Are there any data regarding the relative probabilities of transmission from other sexual contact? I have long believed that the risk of HIV transmission during heterosexual intercourse is extremely small, and these figures bear out that supposition.

Blanton Ray
Bay City, Texas

The chart came from "The New England Journal of Medicine" and was (as stated in the text) based on a review of many studies. For specific data, contact the "Journal" at 800-843-6356 or the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention at 404-639-3311.

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

FORUM F.Y.I.

BLOW POPS

Montreal's Taxi Advertising agency designed a campaign for Manager blue jeans that would get people talking. What they wound up talking about was how to get rid of the billboards. Creative director Martin Baauvais's solution? Stick a wad smack in tha middle of community decorum.

WEB SITES of the WEIRD

Part Two

the silliness continues

Born-Again Virgins of America

http://www.sexless.com

Is that a scary domain name, or what? If you've had sex but regret it, then declare yourself a born-again virgin. It's just that easy! BAVAM was founded by "recovering slut" Laura Kate Van Hollebeke, a 20-something who decided the bothersome emotional void she was feeling was a result of her penchant for valueless sex. So she declared herself a virgin again until marriage, which left her feeling like "nobility" in a sex-crazed society. At this point, most surfers might be thinking, That's great, Laura, but which vibrator did you buy? Like any zealot, Laura has a larger agenda. She doesn't like other people having sex outside marriage, either. It threatens "the moral fiber America was built upon." So she tells teenagers that sex can kill them even if they use condoms. The condom might break, or the AIDS virus might slip through, which makes using a condom "suicidal" and the equivalent of "Russian roulette." Instead, teenagers should join Laura as she rides into the sunset of the "germ-free, accident-proof and emotion-safe sexual revolution." Don't forget BAVAM's official SEXLESS IN SEATTLE T-shirt, or the one that says I LOVE YOU, MAN on the front and BUT I WON'T SLEEP WITH YOU on the back (harsh!). Laura also offers a certificate of virginity for two bucks. If that's all it's worth, what's the big deal about losing it?

Christian Answers Net

http://christiananswers.net

It's often difficult to determine the veracity of the information you uncover on the Web. Thank goodness for Christian Answers, which provides authoritative replies downloaded direct from God. For example, a white girl who would like to date a black boy can learn that her reputation will surely suffer, and that the Bible "tells us to look out for our reputations." Christian teens should date other Christians only (though nonbelievers are OK as friends). Christian children develop their "weakened moral ideas" from television. Sex outside marriage causes "serious damage," "lifelong embarrassment," "loss of self-respect" and "plaguing memories and flashbacks." Women's lib is OK, as long as women play second fiddle to men at home and in the church. Even kids toss in a few questions, such as "What do you do when your teacher is an evolutionist?" Answer: Loan the teacher a good book about creationism. Follow-up question: Are there any?

Concerned Women for America

http://www.cwfa.org

CWA, "the nation's largest profamily women's organization" (as opposed to all those smaller, antifamily women's groups), throws stones at sinful companies such as Disney, which not only produces gay entertainment but "sexualizes" its animated characters. The highlight of the site is the free-for-all "Speak Out!" discussion area, where gays, feminists and intolerant Christians duke it out over same-sex marriage, abortion, the UN and the "homosexual agenda." Before you drift out, stop by the storefront of riveting CWA propaganda. It includes videos such as *After the Choice* ("hear the heartbreaking stories of real women who have suffered the devastation of abortion"), *Wait for Me* (a drama that "dynamically illustrates the importance of choosing sexual purity") and *We the People* (in which CWA founder Beverly LaHaye visits Washington, D.C. and "talks about America's godly heritage"). Wake us when it's over.

Enough Is Enough

http://www.enough.org

Donna Rice-Hughes, the woman who fit comfortably onto the lap of then–presidential candidate Gary Hart aboard the yacht *Monkey Business*, has taken up the antiporn crusade as a spokesperson for Enough Is Enough. Apparently without irony, the site has a maritime theme. Like many others, it discusses what it calls "prosecutable" pornography—in layman's terms, that's anything that a prosecutor decides he wants to prosecute. In some cases, all it takes is a politically ambitious elected lawyer willing to drag a bookstore or video shack owner before a judge. The owner almost always wins, but not before legal costs have forced bankruptcy. Enough Is Enough is as frightened of technology as it is of sex. As president Dee Jepsen told the Senate Judiciary Committee, "Bringing a computer into your home for your child's use is like bringing home a rabid dog for the kids to play with, then having to watch them constantly so the dog won't bite." Jepsen's solution, of course, is to have the government watch her dog—and yours.

—By CHIP ROWE—

Morality in Media

http://pw2.netcom.com/~mimnyc

Led by fresh-faced Bob Peters, MIM battles to "combat the pornography industry and the entertainment media's assault on decency and civility." To that end, MIM offers "scientific" evidence about the dangers of porn from a ubiquitous psychologist named Victor Cline. Cline defines sexual illness to include child molestation and rape (a crime of violence, actually), as well as "group sex," "frequenting massage parlors" and "compulsive promiscuity." He cites a study that found that 91 percent of teenage boys have seen pornography, that two thirds wanted to try sex because of it (no way!) and that a third "admitted doing some of the things sexually they had seen in the pornography within a few days after exposure." He drags out serial killers Gary Bishop and Ted Bundy, who were all too happy to say porn made them do it. Of course, anyone who attacks such messy, anecdotal evidence is a "sex addict with a hidden agenda." And whatever you do, don't call MIM's tactics "censorship." "We don't play that game here," the group scolds visitors. "It's a lie, a buzzword used to discredit, distract and distort." Sort of like "pornography" and "obscenity," right? After explaining why only the government can censor material, while private citizens' attempts to stuff their morals down your throat is "activism," MIM avers confidently, "We hope this explanation sets your mind straight." That about says it all.

National Coalition for the Protection of Children & Families

http://www.nationalcoalition.org

The coalition's site looks and navigates better than most, and there are

fewer misspelled words. It also leaves no stone unturned. The "environmental pollution" of porn causes not only rape, sexual harassment, child abuse, etc. but also "damage to marriage relationships," "the loss of childhood innocence" and "the shaping of corrosive attitudes toward women and children." There are numerous unsupported "most people believe" statements such as "Most people believe there is a right to privacy in the bedroom, including the sense that intimacy which is beautiful in the bedroom doesn't necessarily belong on the street." In other words, keep sex in the dark—where it belongs.

Oklahomans for Children and Families

http://www.ocaf.org

OCAF, which pats itself on the backside as "the national leader in the fight against Internet porn," has been stirring up dust as it propagates the myth that pornography leads to "destructive attitudes." Led by a board that includes retired Air Force officers, homemakers, ministers and onetime NFL great Steve Largent (now a congressman), its latest online bullying technique is ominous, quasilegal letters to the owners of adult sites. Nowhere on its own site does it explain that obscenity is a tough legal standard that only in rare cases might apply to the material you find online. The strangest thing about the OCAF Web space is its use of "Hot!" buttons often seen on sex sites to highlight new areas. There is also information about an odd comic strip that features an androgynous librarian named Aquarian who battles the evil American Library Association. "Because of the sexually explicit conversations Aquarian will be having with minors, we thought it would be highly inappropriate if the character were clearly male or female," OCAF explains. Finally, don't miss the page of censored hate mail from freedom lovers telling OCAF where to put its moral posturing. OCAF's response? "Pornography in all forms is addictive. The more porn we take away, the louder the screams." Ahhh!

Santa Barbara County Citizens Against Pornography

http://www.rain.org/~sbc-cap

Here's how this group outlines the cycle of porn: "After repeated exposure to porn, a consumer's needs escalate for more explicit, deviant and shocking material in order to achieve that same level of stimulation. Eventually, the addict is desensitized to initially disgusting material, so that violent and degrading sex is no longer a problem. The final step in addiction is the increased tendency to act out what is learned from pornography, with a willing or unwilling partner." Hang on—it's wrong even if your partner is willing?

Talkin' Trash

http://www.talkintrash.com

Designed by Nikki Craft (who also brought the world the Andrea Dworkin home page), this aptly named site is devoted to the rantings of psychiatrist Linnea Smith, an antiporn zealot who happens to be married to retired University of North Carolina basketball coach Dean Smith. Who knew? Relying heavily on the research of Judith "I Read It for the Cartoons" Reisman and Victor "Sex Is a Sickness" Cline, the site offers Smith's take on PLAYBOY and pop culture. In "Drug Coverage in PLAYBOY," Smith concludes that we "favorably pair sex with drugs and alcohol." In "As Sex Education, Men's Magazines Are Foul Play, Boys" she claims we "sexualize inequality," put women at greater risk of sexual harassment, devalue relationships and talk too much about the First Amendment. In "It's Not Child's Play," she makes the ludicrous charge that PLAYBOY "sexualizes small children and presents them as sexual targets for adult males." She reprints dozens of our cartoons with giant Xs through them, claiming the drawings and our *Party Jokes* make light of "sexual harassment, abuse, manipulation, dehumanization and avoidance of intimacy by men, callousness toward women and the promotion of sexual conquest instead of sexual intimacy." Finally, predictably, Smith dismisses our college sports coverage and lobbies the NCAA to end athlete participation because we don't base our All-America selections on any scientific method. (It's true—we're fans, not mathematicians.) When it comes to bad science, Linnea Smith would know.

The Timothy Plan

http://www.timothyplan.com

The plan claims to be the first mutual fund to base its investments on "Christian moral principles." No, that doesn't mean its managers just pray for profits. Instead, the Timothy Plan refuses to invest in companies "that are contributing to America's moral decline." Administered by a former director of the Florida chapter of the Christian Coalition, the fund does not buy stock in companies involved in the sins of abortion, pornography, gambling, tobacco and alcohol. That includes insurance companies that cover abortion, any "sponsors of filth and violence on television" and "prohomosexual corporations." The fund began after CPA Arthur Ally took a close look at other ethical mutual funds and found that most were fronts for "a New Age agenda." The plan relies on the American Family Association to screen companies for porn, another organization to screen for Planned Parenthood contributors and a third to expose companies involved in abortion. We're sure there are screwier investment plans, but we're not sure what they might be.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

PORNO POSSE

PHOENIX—*Undercover vice squad officers hid their faces with black ski masks and seized 15 sidewalk vending machines in Phoenix and two nearby cities that contained copies of an adult newspaper called "The Beat." The Maricopa County Attorney said he ordered the raid because a new state law makes it a felony to sell sexual material through vending machines that are accessible to minors. "The Beat," which includes photos of topless women and advertisements for adult services, sells for 50 cents. Three weeks after the police loaded the newspaper boxes into trucks and carted them away, publisher Jerry Evenson was arraigned on 15 counts of selling or distributing material harmful to minors. Immediately following the raid, Evenson began using typewriter correction fluid to draw underwear on the newspaper's nude images, but the prosecutor says it's not enough.*

SENTENCING FOLLIES

TULSA, OKLAHOMA—*Two men who raped a female motorist in 1993 demanded a retrial after they received prison sentences totaling 6475 years on rape, kidnapping, forcible sodomy, assault with a deadly weapon, robbery, larceny and burglary charges. The second time around they received a total of 31,500 years. An appeals court later upheld the sentences but overturned the larceny charges, knocking 500 years from each. The rapists had appealed their original convictions on a technicality: The judge had instructed the jury that defendants should be "presumed not guilty" when he was supposed to say "presumed innocent."*

DOTHAN, ALABAMA—*When the judge who had sentenced Jerrick Snell for possession of cocaine walked by Snell's holding cell, the prisoner did what you might expect: He mouthed off. Specifically, he shouted, "Judge, you can suck my dick!" Judge Lawson Little ordered the guards to gag Snell (they used duct tape) and return him to the courtroom, where the judge increased Snell's sentence from 20 years to life.*

SENSITIVE YOUTH

MONTEVIDEO, URUGUAY—*The Universidad de la Republica suspended a respected literature professor for six months after he mentioned* PLAYBOY *and the movie "Deep Throat" in class. The professor, N.N. Argañaraz, says he was discussing a short story by Juan Onetti ("the Faulkner of Uruguay") that deals with erotic photography and includes a horse named Playboy. In another class, Argañaraz drew a vulva on the blackboard as part of a "visual poem." Several offended students complained to university officials that their professor had referenced pornography. The university compiled a 600-page report but found no legal basis for the complaint. However, the case is not over. A committee of students and faculty will decide Argañaraz' future this spring.*

COMIC FARCE

OKLAHOMA CITY—*Two men charged with selling obscene comic books pleaded guilty three days before their trial was scheduled to begin (see "Comics Under Fire," "The Playboy Forum," September 1996). The owners of Planet Comics accepted three years on probation and a fine of $1500 each. In 1995 police raided their shop, which has since closed, after a complaint from a group called Oklahomans for Children and Families. The men pleaded guilty to two felony charges for selling "Verotika," an adult comic that depicts the rape and murder of a high school cheerleader. Meanwhile, the U.S. Supreme Court refused to hear an appeal from Mike Diana, who was convicted in Florida in 1994 for creating and distributing obscene drawings (see "Loony Toons," "The Playboy Forum," August 1994). He must now serve out his original sentence, which includes 1248 hours of community service. Diana is donating his time to the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund.*

IRS APOLOGY

GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA—*The IRS apologized to a support group for gay teenagers after an agent denied its application for tax-exempt status. The agent wrote a letter asking the Gay and Lesbian Adolescent Support System to "detail the procedures and safeguards in place to assure that counselors do not encourage or facilitate homosexual practices or encourage the development of homosexual attitudes" among minors. After a national gay rights organization protested, the IRS reopened the case and assigned a new agent. Six weeks later, the agency approved the application.*

TRAIN BRAS

LONDON—*A private rail company has ruled that its employees may wear only white or flesh-toned bras, for fear that other colors, such as black, might show through the standard yellow-and-blue uniforms. Connex South Central, which operates trains between London and the south of the country, also banned unnatural hair coloring and bright nail polish. A spokesman for the railroad insists that the underdress code applies to both male and female employees.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

RECIPES FOR GOOD DRINKS... AND DRINKERS.
In a Scottish town, one of the most respected citizens is the Master Blender of whiskies.
These skilled craftspeople are responsible for assembling the delicious blends of whiskies from
always blend a jigger of restraint in with the malts to fully enjoy your Scotch
the roughly 100 single malt distilleries that the world has come to know simply as Scotch.
To fully appreciate their skill and talent, you must know how to taste Scotch whisky well.
The first thing to do with Scotch, either neat, over ice, or in a cocktail, is to look at it. Consider its appearance. The amber of Scotch ranges from very pale to very dark. Which do you prefer?
Next take a whiff and think about the aroma. What do you smell? Many of the same elements that occur in wine can be sensed in Scotch.
Now have a sip. What's your first impression? Was it what you expected? Was it truly appealing? Was it tasty and satisfying?
Did you like it? If so, raise your glass, "To the Peat in the hills of the Highlands."
And most importantly, always blend a jigger of restraint in with the malts to fully enjoy your Scotch. It's not possible to appreciate what the blenders blend when you've had too much of their work.
Slainte!
Seagram
©1997 Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc., NY, NY
In Scotland, a man is respected by how well he can taste, not by how much.
Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

Basic
FILTERS
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
Keep it Basic
Tastes Good. Costs Less.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
© Philip Morris Inc. 1997
15 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.
OFF/ON
AUX
CABLE

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GRANT HILL

a candid conversation with the basketball sensation about trash talk, bar fights, the burden of being a good guy and, of course, his life as the "air apparent"

Who will succeed Michael Jordan as the king of America's number one sport? The candidates include Shaquille O'Neal, the Los Angeles Lakers' tower of marketing power, the Orlando Magic's Anfernee Hardaway and Kevin Garnett, the Minnesota Timberwolves' $120 million man. But the leading contender for Jordan's throne is the all-world forward from Detroit. Grant Henry Hill, 25, stands 6'8", weighs 225 pounds and is said to be the cure for what ails American sports.

Hill hails from the suburbs of Washington, D.C. His father, Calvin, was a Yale football hero who later starred for the Dallas Cowboys and Washington Redskins. Calvin's wife, Janet, a roommate of Hillary Rodham Clinton's at Wellesley, was special assistant to the secretary of the Army. How comfy and exemplary were the Hills? Grant's friends called them "the Huxtables."

Grant Hill was the first freshman to play varsity basketball at South Lakes High School in Reston, Virginia. He led the team to two state finals and won the Northern Virginia Player of the Year award three times. From 1990–1994 he starred at Duke University. Along with Christian Laettner and Bobby Hurley, he led coach Mike Krzyzewski's team to back-to-back NCAA titles in 1991 and 1992. Hill was a unanimous first-team All-American in 1993, when the Blue Devils barely missed another national title. He had already played more hoops on national TV than many pros.

Soon the smooth, affable Hill was an NBA hero. As the first rookie to lead the voting for the NBA All-Star team, he earned more votes than Jordan in 1995. Yet his Detroit Pistons were terrible. They were 28–54, an NBA doormat. In three years of what he calls the league's "82-game sprint to exhaustion," he led a complete turnaround: Last season Detroit was 54–28, among the league's elite. Hill averaged 21.4 points, nine rebounds and 7.3 assists, his best stats yet, while leading the Pistons in scoring, rebounds, assists, steals and souvenir sales. His 13 triple-doubles led the league.

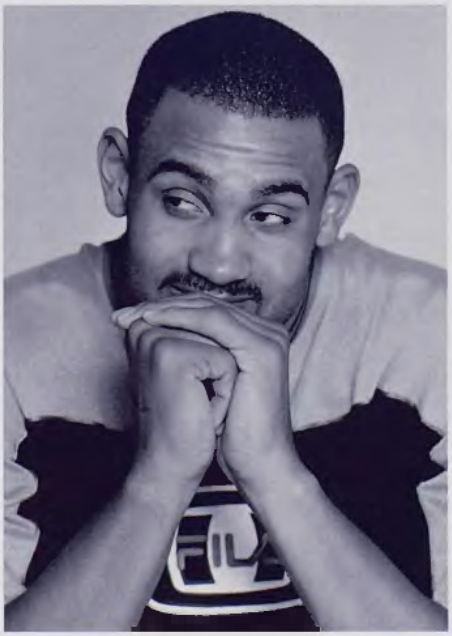
Now the Pistons are expected to challenge Chicago for league supremacy. And Hill, whom every sportswriter on earth has called Jordan's "air apparent," must either step up or shut up. "It's time to make my potential happen," he says.

He is already a champion in the business world. Indeed, much of Hill's achievement lies in his ability to move from the sports pages to the business section. When he chose Fila as his shoe company, the Italian firm's wares trailed so far behind Nike's and Reebok's that many stores didn't carry Fila shoes. Using his nice-guy image to fuel its growth, Fila improved from annual sales of $188 million to $1.3 billion in five years. Fila's stock price went from $15 in 1994 to $106 in September 1996. Those gains have since faltered, but not Hill's market value. Today his line of $100 shoes accounts for $135 million per year in sales, trailing Air Jordans by only ten percent. "Grant Hill could determine the destiny of our company," says a Fila executive.

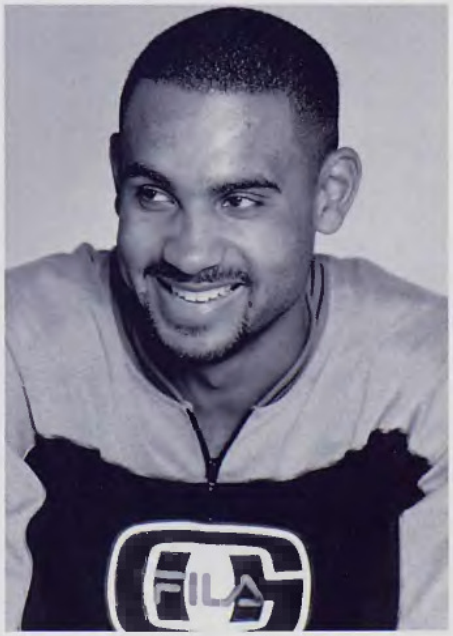
As a thoroughly modern jock, Hill is at least as famous for his commercials as he is for his game. His best-known campaign coined his slogan: Change the Game. Coming from anyone else that phrase might sound cocky. Some fourth-year hotshot is going to change a 100-year-old game? Yet from Hill it sounded bold and confident and pure.

He had the good grace to poke fun at his niceness with an ad that showed him calling for "world peace and a quadruple-double." He appeared at a "tough guy camp" run by ex-Piston thug Bill Laimbeer, and grinned at the camera wearing a Rodmanesque nose ring. It was funny because everyone knew that the squeaky-clean Grant would soon remove the nose ring and help an old lady

"I have to win. Even playing Ping-Pong with my girlfriend, Tamia—something comes over me and I have to win. I'll even cheat if I have to. I don't want to be labeled a cheater, but I have cheated."



"I have seen a lot of ugly guys in the league with beautiful women. It makes you think. If a beautiful girl in the hotel bar says that she is dying to get to know you, it may not be smart to take her upstairs."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"Believe me, a dunk is the best feeling in the world. I got my first dunk when I was 14. I wanted to do it again and again. When you dunk on a guy, it embarrasses him totally. You completely erase his ego."

cross the street.

Such a rep can mean millions. That fact was clear last summer when Philadelphia's brilliant young guard Allen Iverson was arrested for drug and firearms possession. For while countless jocks terrify corporate clients with their scary private lives, ad execs know Grant Hill will never be caught with a hooker, a pusher and a .44 Magnum. For his many corporate sponsors, Hill's reliability is money in the bank.

Still, while no one doubts his virtue, a few NBA watchers have begun to question his cojones. Is Hill man enough to take Jordan's crown? they ask. Is he perhaps a bit soft? Doesn't his mother still tell him what to do? Can a mild-mannered superstar win the NBA wars?

We sent Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook** *to ask. Cook reports: "Hill lives in a relatively modest home outside Detroit—plus a house in Malibu, hotel rooms in two dozen NBA cities and corporate suites throughout America. He squeezed our talks into two days when he was shooting commercials in Los Angeles as well as holding meetings with the bosses of General Motors and Northwest Airlines. He mentioned that one chief executive was a Duke grad like himself, while the other was a Yale man like his dad. Hill is an all-star networker.*

"He has great manners. When he first spotted me he clicked off his cellular phone, stuck out his hand and smiled like I was an old friend. He apologized for being five minutes late.

"During our conversations there was never a moment of sports-star hauteur from him. That's rare. Even good-guy sports heroes such as Michael Jordan and Brett Favre can seem impatient when they sit down for interviews. They have a million things to do. They can't wait to check you off and go film a Nike commercial.

"If manners were stats Hill would already be in the Hall of Fame. I once risked my life on a Los Angeles freeway driving Shaq, who responded by grunting, 'See ya.' Hill thanked me twice for buying him a club sandwich.

"But being a good guy can take you only so far in pro sports. Winning matters more, and that is the one goal that has eluded him. Hill won't feel complete until he wears an NBA championship ring."

PLAYBOY: What do NBA trash talkers really say?

HILL: Trash talk is misunderstood. It's not vulgar. Nobody says he's going to beat you up after the game. It's more interesting. Guys who talk are trying to get inside your head, to make you doubt yourself. Reggie Miller does it. Gary Payton does it.

PLAYBOY: Payton is supposed to have a foul mouth.

HILL: Our mothers are close friends. They met at a game and now they hang out together. That makes Gary's talk a little harder to take seriously.

PLAYBOY: Does Jordan talk?

HILL: All the time. Michael has his own style. He'll score on us, then we'll be running down the floor and he'll say, casually, "This could go on all night." And of course it does. Late in the game he's got 50 and he's asking if you've had enough. All you can do is laugh.

PLAYBOY: Do you talk back?

HILL: I might tell him that he made a nice move.

PLAYBOY: "Nice move"—that's your idea of trash talk?

HILL: I would rather have a real conversation. Here's an example: Glenn Robinson and I are supposed to be rivals. He got drafted ahead of me and demanded $100 million plus from Milwaukee. That made people mad. I signed for a lot less and people liked me for it. Big Dog and I are supposed to dislike each other, but we get along. We'll be waiting for somebody to shoot a free throw and it's, "How are you?" "Hey, how's everything?"

Now, there is needling when we play Chicago. Scottie Pippin and I have a running conversation. I keep saying the refs are protecting him. One night the ref called me for fouling him. I said,

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When we play I can afford to be polite. I won't say a word. I'll just quietly beat him all night long.

"Must be nice to be an All-Star." Scottie was at the line, dribbling the ball, when he stopped and said, "Wait a minute, you're an All-Star too."

PLAYBOY: Who is the worst trash talker?

HILL: Xavier McDaniel tries to get himself up by talking trash. He thinks he can intimidate me, but it doesn't work. I beat him every time. So when we play I can afford to be polite. I won't say a word. I'll just quietly beat him all night long.

PLAYBOY: Which defenders can stop you?

HILL: I've had success against Kevin Garnett so far, but he worries me. Kevin is a freak of nature, a seven-footer with guard skills. He's where the game is going: big men with finesse. Someday you'll see a seven-foot point guard.

PLAYBOY: Do any other young players impress you?

HILL: Penny Hardaway. He and I will continue to get better. Shaq, too, even though he's the oldest. Allen Iverson. Chris Webber. All of us will be maturing as Jordan and Pippen and Malone and Stockton and David Robinson and Barkley retire.

PLAYBOY: What's your view of Dennis Rodman?

HILL: I think he found a way to make money.

PLAYBOY: And it worked.

HILL: But do you remember when Rodman was with Detroit? He was just a great rebounder who did his job every night. Later he met Madonna and discovered he could make more money dyeing his hair and dressing up like a woman. But he was a better player in the Detroit days. Rodman is in great shape for his age. He can still rebound. He pushes, shoves and torments you and tries to play the mental game. He talks. I don't pay much attention.

PLAYBOY: Is Rodman wacky or is he just pretending?

HILL: He is a genius entertainer. As for pretending, it's like Ozzy Osbourne biting the head off a bat. It's for show. You don't think he does that at home, do you?

PLAYBOY: Do you try harder when you play the Bulls?

HILL: Nothing against New Jersey, but the Nets don't get me up the same way as a game with Chicago does. Playing New Jersey, that's when you remind yourself that you get paid a lot of money for this, and that you should go out and earn it. But Chicago, the Lakers, the Knicks—you circle those games on your calendar. Chicago toys with you. They'll let you stay close the first half, then turn the screws at the beginning of the third quarter and—goodnight, you're done. I can't wait to beat them.

PLAYBOY: Does it get personal? Do you keep track of Michael's or Shaq's stats during a game and try to top them?

HILL: The team comes first. The only number that really matters is the score. At the same time, you and I know that if Shaq has a good game and I don't, the Lakers are going to beat the Pistons. I have to play great for us to beat Chicago or the Lakers. If I get better numbers than their main guys, we probably win. If that's ego, fine. I'll be an egotist if it helps us beat Chicago.

PLAYBOY: In hoops that's called being the man. It took you years to accept that role.

HILL: It was different at Duke. In college my job was to score 13 or 14 points and play good defense. Christian Laettner was the man. We won two championships. We went to three NCAA Finals in four years. I was called the unassuming star. Then Christian went to the NBA and it was more my team. I kept hearing that I wasn't stepping up enough, wasn't taking over the game in the last three minutes, and that maybe I didn't have the talent to be the man. But it wasn't about talent. I just wasn't ready. I was afraid to step up, didn't want to step on anybody's shoes.

PLAYBOY: Fans doubted your courage. Did that sting?

HILL: It ticked me off. People think I'm soft because I try to be a nice guy. But

I'm here to compete and I will fight you to win. I may even cheat if I have to. I hate it when guys on opposing teams shake hands or pat each other on the back. Magic Johnson and Isiah Thomas kissed before their games, but that stuff is not for me. If you and I are competing, whether it's in basketball, pool or in Ping-Pong, I don't like you during the game. That's why I don't like shows of friendship. We can be friends afterward. During the game I'm out to embarrass you.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you endangering your nice-guy image?

HILL: I am a nice guy. But that reputation can be a burden. When you are thought of as a perfect, angelic person, you know one mistake could tarnish you. I worry about making a mistake that could scar me for life.

Let me tell you a story: As a rising senior at Duke I worked at Michael Jordan's basketball camp in Chicago. One night a bunch of us counselors were driving home when a police car stopped us. Suddenly we were all facedown on the ground, surrounded by police, guns to our heads. I thought, If there are drugs in that car, I'm doomed. I could see the headline: GRANT HILL INVOLVED IN DRUG BUST. That scared me almost as much as being shot. It turned out to be nothing. The car we were in happened to match a getaway car. But it made me rethink my habits. Now when I go out with friends, I drive them in my car. That way I know exactly what's in the car. No surprises.

PLAYBOY: You're cautious.

HILL: I was in a sports bar drinking my orange juice with two old friends. One of them started dancing with a girl. Suddenly this girl's boyfriend comes out of the crowd and—*bam*—punches my friend. Knocks him straight to the floor. Now there's a big fight and I'm thinking, I do not want to be here. I cannot afford to be here. So I went outside and sat in my car.

PLAYBOY: You didn't try to help?

HILL: Look, if your friend is in a bar fight, naturally you want to help him. But I can't. Forget the bad press—stories about Grant Hill in a bar fight. Suppose I jump in to help my friend and the other guy files a lawsuit. Who does he sue? Me. I have the deep pockets. So he sues me for a million dollars, the media have a field day and I get tarnished.

PLAYBOY: You are being unfair to the media.

HILL: Really? Do you know what happened after that bar fight? The next day a local news team showed up at practice. They said I had been jumped in a bar by four white guys who wanted to steal my shoes.

PLAYBOY: How do you cope?

HILL: By telling my friends that if we're in public and there's a fight, I can't fight. "If you're with me and somebody punches you, you have to walk away. Why? First, because they'll come after me financially. Second, because I have this nice-guy image and people eat it up."

PLAYBOY: What do your friends think about that?

HILL: They understand. They have to understand, or we can't hang out.

PLAYBOY: How much are you worth?

HILL: I don't know, exactly. A lot more than I was worth three years ago.

PLAYBOY: Your next NBA contract should top $100 million. Your Fila deal pays $80 million. Will you be the first jock billionaire?

HILL: What matters to me is working with good companies—with McDonald's, Coca-Cola, General Motors, Kellogg's, Fila—and enhancing my corporate relationships.

PLAYBOY: You recently held a summit meeting of your sponsors. It even had a name.

HILL: Yes, the Charette. It means group effort. It wasn't just about cross-promotion. The idea is to have everybody working together to keep my image strong and consistent.

PLAYBOY: What's your best television commercial?

HILL: My favorite is the black-and-white GMC truck commercial. There's gospel music playing and I talk about things my father taught me: strength, experience and hard work. My funniest is the Sprite commercial where I sing, "I'm a cowboy." I'm a guy who won't even sing at parties. I was scared to death. Then the lights went on and I said, "What the hell. Let's do it," and totally hammed it up. Now when I teach at basketball camps the kids don't ask about basketball; they just want me to sing. In Korea, where my picture is on Sprite cans, people crowd around and say, "Cowboy, cowboy!" They may have no idea that I play basketball. To them I'm Sprite Man, that silly guy on TV.

PLAYBOY: What do you like on TV?

HILL: The commercials. My generation was raised on commercials. They're our art form. Looking back on years of TV, it's the commercials we remember. I can still hear that lady saying, "Where's the beef?" The Life cereal ad with Mikey—"Mikey likes it!" The lady saying, "I've fallen and I can't get up." Michael Jordan and Larry Bird playing horse in their McDonald's commercial. That stuff sticks with you forever. In 20 years people will still be talking about Jordan's commercials.

PLAYBOY: Your "Change the Game" spots show you discussing sports, life and philosophy. How many admen did it take to write your soliloquies?

HILL: I made them up myself. I believe your image has to reflect who you really are. That's the only way to build a strong, consistent, lasting image. So that guy on TV is me—a basketball player who has a serious side and a goofy side. And people respond to my sincerity. At

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least I hope they do. If not, I've been making a fool of myself for no reason.

PLAYBOY: David Letterman was amazed when you played piano with Paul Shaffer's band on his show. How much did you rehearse?

HILL: Not at all. Before the show I was fooling around on the piano. They heard me and kept after me to sit in with them. I was totally nervous. I just hoped people would like me for trying.

PLAYBOY: You seem disturbingly modest for an All-Star.

HILL: I was never overly confident. Always nervous. Maybe I was too sheltered at home. I was an only child and my parents were strict. It made me shy. I never raised my hand in school. I was too embarrassed to tell a girl that I had a crush on her.

PLAYBOY: What was it that brought you out of your shell?

HILL: Basketball. Finally I learned to express myself through my game.

PLAYBOY: Why are NBA games so popular now?

HILL: We are better marketed than other sports. We're more international. People in Europe and Japan know all about us. We're big in China. We owe some of that to [NBA commissioner] David Stern, who is the best marketer in sports. But it's more than marketing. Our game is better. I mean, I hate watching football and baseball. They're too slow. Our game is constant action, and you don't have to be an expert on Xs and Os to enjoy it. Our popularity is scary. My grandmother got a satellite dish so she could watch me play, but it got out of hand. Now she watches the whole league every night. She goes around quoting Shaq's rap songs.

PLAYBOY: Aside from smelly gyms and two-fisted saloons, where do you hang out?

HILL: I used to love the mall. I'd play video games at the arcade for hours. Then the local kids found out. They all wanted autographs. I learned to go on weekdays during school hours; that way there weren't so many autograph seekers. But people found out and that got impossible, too. So I bought some of the machines from the arcade and put them in my house. That was a few years ago, and now I'm behind the times, still playing Pac-Man and Galaga while everybody else plays the new games.

PLAYBOY: Do you play NBA Hangtime?

HILL: My friends and I love it. We hold tournaments. You can choose your character in NBA Hangtime. You can be me if you want. Sometimes I'll be me, but usually I make up characters, great jumpers or great shooters who might do better than the Grant Hill character, and I'll name them after my parents and friends. That way my mom or my girlfriend can dunk on the superstars, even dunk on Grant.

PLAYBOY: Are you a good sport when you play video games?

HILL: No. I have to win. Even playing Ping-Pong with my girlfriend, Tamia—something comes over me and I have to win. I'll even cheat if I have to. I don't want to be labeled a cheater, but I have cheated.

PLAYBOY: How can you cheat at Ping-Pong?

HILL: I like to confuse her about the score. I'll do a lot of yelling. I'll trash-talk her. Tamia can play, but I know how to get under her skin. I'll say, "I'm a world-class athlete—don't you ever think you can beat me!" And she'll cry.

PLAYBOY: And we thought you were America's dream date.

HILL: [*Shrugs*] I want to win, that's all. Ping-Pong or video games, it doesn't matter. If we're playing basketball, I want to dunk on you and embarrass you.

PLAYBOY: A dunk is a statement, isn't it?

HILL: It's the best feeling in the world. I got my first dunk when I was 14. I wanted to do it again and again. When you dunk on a guy, it embarrasses him totally. You completely erase his ego.

PLAYBOY: What if you're the dunkee?

HILL: I can count on one hand the times I've been dunked on. The worst was on my first day at Duke. Here I was, a freshman, just trying to blend in, when Laettner comes bombing down the lane and—*bang*—dunks right on my head. I didn't know he could jump that high. I never let him do it again, but Christian will not let me forget that dunk. I'm sure I'll hear about it again this year.

PLAYBOY: What else do you hear during your games?

HILL: Not much. During warm-ups and player introductions you might hear the crowd, but once the ball is in the air it's like playing five-on-five with nobody around. The sound doesn't come back on until after the game. That's when I might hear people again, yelling, "Good game, Grant," or, "Work on your free throw!"

PLAYBOY: So you don't know how fans experience a game?

HILL: One night I found out. Last year I hurt my wrist and had to miss a game. I sat at the end of the bench and thought, Wow, there are 20,000 people in here. Once the game started I almost marveled at what the guys were doing, at how good they were. It was hard to believe I was that good.

PLAYBOY: What are you bad at?

HILL: I can't shoot. [*Smiling.*] But I can read the court. In a split second I can see and react to nine other guys on the court. Does Joe Dumars have a step on his defender? Where is Pat Ewing? I don't want to go where Pat is. Can I fake and slip through that little gap behind Brian Williams? As a point forward I'm like a quarterback, constantly reading the defense. It's read and react. Read, react, do your utmost all game and then forget the game. Afterward, take a shower and let the game go down the drain.

PLAYBOY: You were a thinker even as a kid.

HILL: I was always skeptical. I doubted myself. Didn't want to play high school varsity, didn't want to come on like a star at Duke, stepping on the upperclassmen's toes. And maybe I was reluctant to take on a leadership role with the Pistons.

PLAYBOY: Why so much doubt?

HILL: When I was growing up there was a feeling in our house that I was being groomed for something. That I would grow up to run for president, or at least be somebody important. And I resented it. It made me nervous. My parents were doing their best, but I resented their plans for me and even their success.

PLAYBOY: Your mother, Janet Hill, was in those days special assistant to the secretary of the Army. Your father, Calvin Hill, was the great Dallas Cowboys running back. A Yale grad, he was thought to be the smartest NFL player.

HILL: He gave a speech at my eighth grade graduation. I got sick. Actually, I faked getting sick so I wouldn't have to be there. I hid in the infirmary. The principal kept calling out my name—he wanted a picture with my father and me. But I was nowhere to be found. I just wanted to be liked for myself, not because my dad was Calvin Hill the football player. So all through high school I was embarrassed. He was Calvin Hill, scholar at Yale, Super Bowl champion. It's hard to compete with that, you know? You can't be famous as a kid.

PLAYBOY: Did your father speak at your high school commencement?

HILL: No. They got my mother.

PLAYBOY: She roomed at Wellesley with Hillary Rodham. Are you tight with the first family?

HILL: We aren't close, but we are acquainted. The Clintons were people my parents had known and liked for years. I met Governor Clinton when I was ten or 11. Once we went to an amusement park with them. I think Chelsea and I rode the water slide while the adults talked. My mother said Bill Clinton was going to be president. I didn't pay much attention, since she also said rap music was just a fad.

PLAYBOY: Your mother studied math at the University of Chicago, then worked for years at the Pentagon.

HILL: And she was strict. When I was playing varsity as a high school freshman, almost a man, I had to go home with my parents while the other guys went out to a club. I wanted to be a DJ in those days. I was the only DJ who had to be in by 11. All I could do was stay home and make tapes for everyone else to dance to. And I was allowed only 15 minutes a day to talk on the phone. If I talked to a girl for 16 minutes my mother came on the line and said, "Grant, get off the phone."

In a past life I was a mermaid who fell in love with an ancient mariner. I pulled him into the sea to be my husband. I didn't know he couldn't breathe underwater.

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PLAYBOY: Your mother sounds like Bob Knight.

HILL: My friends called her the General.

PLAYBOY: How does she feel about your success?

HILL: [*Laughs*] My mom is an NBA groupie. She is totally starstruck. My mother likes Michael and Shaq and Penny. She flies in when we play Chicago, the Lakers or the Magic, but she never comes to see me get 30 against Vancouver.

PLAYBOY: You are devoted to your parents. Of all the superstar jocks in the world, you may be the most dutiful son.

HILL: Look, I truly love my parents. But what did they know about raising kids? Neither of them had any brothers or sisters. I was the only child of two only children—sort of a guinea pig. My childhood was full of great stuff too. When my father got traded to the Washington Redskins we lived in Reston, Virginia. We went to dinner parties. My mom worked for the secretary of the Army; by the age of four I was roaming the halls of the Pentagon. I remember poking around the secretary of the Army's office, looking at all the flags and war paraphernalia. It was like *Star Wars*. My mom took me with her to London, Rome, Paris and Cairo. I remember using the U.S. embassy in London as a playground, doing handstands up and down the halls. She took me to see the pyramids, though I was more interested in playing soccer with the Egyptian kids.

But it could be lonely at home. My parents were busy. Mom was busy all day with the secretary or Senator Bradley, whoever. Dad had football and traveling. I spent a lot of time at friends' houses or with babysitters or alone.

PLAYBOY: Being prepped for success.

HILL: I don't mean to sound arrogant. It's hard to put into words—nobody ever said, "Here's the plan: We're exposing you to the world because we expect you to play a role in it." It was unspoken.

PLAYBOY: You felt it, though.

HILL: Don't do something you'll regret later. Because you're going places. If not president, something important.

PLAYBOY: While your mom worked at the Pentagon, your dad was starring at RFK Stadium.

HILL: He wasn't such a star by the time I really knew about his career. He was past his prime by then. My football memories aren't positive. He would be practicing all week, getting psyched, preparing for battle. He might be in the house, but his mind was on the game. Sunday after the game, that was my time with him. He could finally relax and be with me. But when we left the locker room he would be swarmed by fans. "Calvin! Calvin!" You're just a little kid and these people are pushing past you to get his autograph. All those autographs taking up my time with my dad. To this day I do not like autographs. Never asked for one, don't want to sign them.

PLAYBOY: But we have seen you signing autographs.

HILL: Sometimes I do it because it's part of the job. But I hate it. Sometimes I refuse and people get pissed off, but you can't please everybody.

PLAYBOY: Were you in awe of your dad's career?

HILL: Not to dis my dad, but I didn't think he was all that great until a few years ago when he brought home a tape of the old 1970–1975 Cowboys. And he forced me to watch it. An old black-and-white film he put in the Betamax—yes, my dad is so cheap that he still uses an old Betamax. But seeing him in his prime, running and jumping, I could see his athleticism. I could see where I got mine.

PLAYBOY: Your father never mentioned he was a Super Bowl star?

HILL: He had two Super Bowl rings but never wore them. He kept them in a safe-deposit box. Sometimes we went to the bank and looked at them. He let me try them on. They always slipped off my fingers.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that Cowboys quarterback Roger Staubach gave you your name?

HILL: He didn't think it up out of the blue, but he made it official. The name Grant goes way back in my father's family, back to when his ancestors were freed slaves and took Ulysses S. Grant's name. So after I was Baby Hill for a while and my parents still couldn't pick a name, Roger Staubach said, "Enough indecision; you're calling him Grant."

PLAYBOY: You were a Staubach audible.

HILL: And always a Cowboys fan. I hate the Redskins. That's another way I was a loner growing up in Virginia.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you play football?

HILL: My dad wouldn't allow it. Football was too dangerous. I was a soccer player growing up. Dad didn't play that, but we played one-on-one basketball. Those games got physical. He was bigger and stronger and he used his strength, pushing me. Maybe that helped me develop my slashing style—I had to use finesse against his size and strength. I remember the first time I beat him. I was 13 years old, already 6′2″ and getting better fast, and when it finally happened it was a blowout. Twenty to six, I think it was. He was upset, but he wouldn't show it.

PLAYBOY: So how did you know that he was upset?

HILL: Because we never played basketball again.

PLAYBOY: As you made headlines in high school, Calvin Hill became your number one fan.

HILL: He was the one who told me I had to develop guard skills. Here I was, a 6′2″ eighth grader—naturally the coaches always put me at center. And of course it's the guards, who often happen to be the coaches' sons, who get to shoot the ball. My dad watched this. He said, "You'll have to get the rebound and bring the ball up yourself." This pissed off the coaches, but we won almost every game. I could handle the ball, pass it over the press, run the offense.

PLAYBOY: You had changed the game.

HILL: Yeah. If I could only shoot, I might be really good.

PLAYBOY: What does your father think of you now?

HILL: He is amazed. He says, "I remember when you were little and I threw you up in the air. Now you're jumping in the air, doing your magnificent things." He loves it. He probably gets more joy out of my career than he got from his own.

PLAYBOY: Any rivalry?

HILL: Constant one-upmanship. I'll say, "Hey, Dad, did you win any championships at Yale? I got two NCAAs." He comes back with his Super Bowls. I say, "Well, I got a gold medal."

PLAYBOY: What of your golden reputation? Is it true that your lips have never touched alcohol?

HILL: My parents taught me that you make decisions with your brain, not your heart. Avoiding alcohol was one of those decisions. Back in high school I decided not to drink. Part of that decision was being scared of my parents. Another part was based on observation. My dad did charity work at rehab centers. I went with him and saw people whose lives were ruined by alcohol and it worried me. Those people never planned to be alcoholics when they took their first sip, did they? It was a long road that took them there, but it started with one sip. That's what scared me—not that one drink was so terrible, but that it could escalate. What if I tasted it and enjoyed it? What then?

PLAYBOY: Duke University has hosted a party or two. How did you stay pure?

HILL: I'm good at blending in. Whether it's keggers, faculty meetings, foreign students' groups or African American groups, parties in the D.C. projects or in Bel Air, I have my liter bottle of orange juice and I blend in.

PLAYBOY: How did you choose Duke as your college?

HILL: Growing up in Washington I was a huge Georgetown fan. That was always the plan, Georgetown. Then I went to the campus and met an academic advisor. She handed me a book and asked me to read it. I started reading. "No, out loud," she said. She wanted to see if I could read. I was insulted. That was it for Georgetown.

I was a Carolina fan, too. When my father and I met with coach Dean Smith and he described their offense to us, I already knew it. I was a video junkie. I watched the 1982 Georgetown–North Carolina final—the Michael Jordan game—so many times that I could describe every play frame by frame. Carolina and Duke are seven miles apart, but it

(continued on page 196)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man who greets the change of seasons head-on. Sure, he could bask in the balmy Caribbean, but he likes the challenges of a brisk climate and cold-weather sports. More than 3 million PLAYBOY men took winter vacations during the past 12 months. More PLAYBOY men participate every year in winter sports than the readers of *Ski*, *Skiing* and *Outside* combined. PLAYBOY—when the temperature plummets, the excitement starts. (Source: Spring 1997 MRI.)

West coast

RAP AT THE CROSSROADS

DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE. GANGSTERS CAN'T RUIN THE MUSIC

"I thought Tupac's death was going to be the end of it, but the psychodrama keeps going. The murder of Christopher Wallace is the latest in what is becoming a pathetic string of deaths. And the speed with which the media turned this unnecessary tragedy into evidence of a 'Rap War,' a 'Slay Revenge,' makes me worry that we haven't heard the last shots ring out yet."

—QUINCY JONES IN *Vibe*, MAY 1997

Sean "Puffy" Combs, founder and chief executive of Bad Boy Entertainment, had an announcement to make. It was late August 1997 and he was in his role as one of the shrewdest marketers of music in the Nineties, addressing a symposium of journalists in New York City. Combs' ability to switch gears from record executive to producer to performer had already earned him the nickname the Cipher. Shortly after the murder of Christopher Wallace, he explained, he had declared he was donating a portion of the profits from the Notorious B.I.G.'s posthumous album, *Life After Death*, to a Bad Boy–affiliated charity. He had decided to rethink the message his label was sending to rap fans. "My goal is to live long enough to see my son graduate from school," he said. That goal might be a difficult one to reach. Combs' hopes are similar to sentiments expressed by his best friend, the Notorious B.I.G. "I want to go to my daughter's wedding

ARTICLE BY ALEC FOEGE

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID SCOTT SINCLAIR

and my son's wedding," Biggie Smalls said last March. He died the next night.

Damn, it feels good to be a gangsta.
A real gangsta-ass nigger plays his cards right.
A real gangsta-ass nigger never runs his fucking mouth.
'Cause real gangsta-ass niggers don't start fights.
—GETO BOYS, *Damn, It Feels Good to Be a Gangsta* (1992)

Rappers are griots, American storytellers. Biggie and Tupac Shakur were overtaken by the violence they rapped about. While that fact may provide some poetic irony, it does not indict rap. Nor do their deaths signal an end to the gangsters who control entire neighborhoods. But media reports on the deaths of Smalls and Shakur often misinterpret or overstate the importance of violence in rap music.

The key to these two rappers' popularity had as much to do with their songs' innovative beats and music as with their agile use of words. Musically and lyrically, their presence will continue to be felt. Rap, after all, is the only form of popular music today with any real meaning or connection to real life.

Rap music has also been a real moneymaker for the major record labels. In 1996 rap music accounted for 56 million albums sold and more than $1 billion in sales in the U.S., constituting nine percent of all domestic record sales. While sales of other forms of music are flat or shrinking, sales of rap rose five percent during the first six months of 1997 (the second-biggest jump, after R&B). And, on the strength of new hot-selling releases by Puff Daddy, Wu-Tang Clan, Bone Thugs-n-Harmony and Missy "Misdemeanor" Elliott, the year-end results should be even better. Wu-Tang Clan outsold the likes of U2 and the Rolling Stones.

Meanwhile, rap is also succeeding internationally, to the surprise of record execs who thought it wouldn't sell beyond North America. Combs is the man who's making it global. He's responsible for 1997's *Macarena* (*I'll Be Missing You* has sold more than 7 million copies worldwide). Yet he spent much of 1997 watching his back. His career has been shaped by two driving forces of the genre: the emergence of rap as a financial powerhouse and the black-on-black violence that is the leading cause of death among young black men in America.

To refresh your memory: Last March 9, Christopher Wallace, the 24-year-old, 300-pound rapper known professionally both as the Notorious B.I.G. and Biggie Smalls, was killed at a stoplight outside the Petersen Automotive Museum in Los Angeles' mid-Wilshire district. He had just attended a party the night after the Soul Train Music Awards. Sitting in the front seat of a GMC Suburban, Wallace took several bullets in the chest from a nine-millimeter handgun wielded by an unidentified black male wearing a suit and bow tie. Combs, Biggie's friend and producer, was in the car in front of B.I.G.'s.

On September 7, 1996 the 25-year-old platinum record–selling rapper Tupac Shakur was shot in a similar situation. That time the town was Las Vegas, where Shakur had just watched the Mike Tyson–Bruce Seldon fight. He was riding in a black BMW 750 driven by Marion "Suge" Knight, chief executive of Shakur's label, Death Row Records. A late-model white Cadillac pulled up to the passenger side of the car and someone inside started shooting. Knight was grazed in the head by one bullet. Shakur wasn't so lucky. After six days in the University Medical Center, during which time doctors tended to massive chest wounds and removed his perforated right lung, Shakur died.

Then there's the troubled state of Death Row Records. The label was hatched in 1992 by Knight (once a star defensive lineman at the University of Nevada–Las Vegas) and Andre "Dr. Dre" Young. Together with rappers Ice Cube and Eazy-E, Dre was a member of the protogangsta rap group N.W.A. His first solo release, *The Chronic*, sold 4 million copies and made Death Row an instant player. But on February 28, 1997 Los Angeles Superior Court Judge J. Stephen Czuleger ordered Knight, 32, to serve out a nine-year sentence in San Luis Obispo state prison. The night of Tupac's murder, security cameras in the lobby of the MGM Grand Hotel caught Knight—who was on probation for a 1992 assault—participating in the beating of Orlando Anderson, a reputed member of Los Angeles' Southside Crips. At the time, Knight was head of the most successful rap label in history, with $100 million in annual sales. With his absence, the future of Death Row is in jeopardy.

•

You claim to be a player but I fucked your wife.
We bust on Bad Boy niggers fucked for life.
Plus Puffy trying to see me—weak hearts I rip.
Biggie Smalls and Junior Mafia some marked-ass bitches.
Lil' Kim, don't fuck around with real Gs
Quick to snatch your ugly ass off the street.
So fuck peace.
Biggie Smalls just got dropped.
Little Moos, pass the Mac, and let me hit him in his back.
—TUPAC SHAKUR, *Hit 'Em Up* (1996)

Imagine what their stash is like.
Make you a classic like my first LP.
Beef with me is unhealthy.
Fuck around and get an ulcer.
Lose your pulse or collapsed lung.
Look how many gats I brung.
—THE NOTORIOUS B.I.G., *Last Day* (1997)

Biggie and Tupac were pictured in the media (and occasionally in PR hype) as heads of two warring street armies: East Coast versus West Coast, Bloods versus Crips, Bad Boy versus Death Row. Now that they appear to have been the victims of separate beefs with members of the Southside Crips, the image seems less realistic. The government nevertheless seems bent on getting rid of the problem by getting rid of rap. Gangsta rap may have been marketed too hard and too far.

"I'm sure Tupac could have prevented what happened to him," says Heavy D, rapper, producer and senior vice president at Universal Records. "I believe the whole thing would have been resolved. Tupac and Biggie would have made records together. It got so out of hand, and then the public got involved. It became another example of what is really going on in urban black America. I spent a lot of time with both these brothers. It may be hard for someone who didn't know them to understand how nice these guys were. Their lyrics came from what they saw in a certain environment. Hip-hop is based on the essence of it all, but you get these kids looking at it like it's real. When you talk about killing people and shooting people, they take it like, 'Oh yeah, that's the new flava,' like they're talking about a pair of sneakers. That's the thing that really scares me."

"Isn't that tripped out that they still haven't found the killers in either case?" asks Chuck D, leader of Public Enemy and rap's preeminent elder statesman. "If somebody had killed the CEO of a major label, they would have found the killer within a week. See, the black community is not in control of its reality—its education, its law enforcement, its economics or its environment. That's why a gangster fantasy can take root. No matter how much somebody says 'Keep it real, keep it real,' real can be a projected image because corporations make a killing off black death. Tupac and Biggie sell more than ever—and the beneficiaries are Clive Davis and Arista Records, Jimmy Iovine and Interscope and other companies. I believe in letting artists speak their

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"My God, Raul, your approach to Christmas is almost biblical!"

Love, Shannon Tweed

BOSS TWEED

the star of page, screen and thousands of web sites is one of our favorite blondes

A mink farmer's daughter from Newfoundland, Shannon Tweed was new to America when we found her 17 years ago. Since then the stellar six-footer has personified elegance in movies, television and some of PLAYBOY's most popular pictorials. Now she's back—kicking off the new year in TV's *The Tom Show* with Tom Arnold and here on our pages with us. "Every so often I pose like this to reassure myself that I look OK," she says. How can such a woman be insecure about her looks? "Isn't every girl insecure?" she asks. Few have less reason to be. As a star of TV's *Falcon Crest* and more than 30 films, our 1982 Playmate of the Year gained notice as one of the world's great blondes. How popular is she? Tweed facts and photos are now seen on an estimated 20,000 Web sites, making her one of the top half-dozen cybercelebrities. "That only proves there are a lot more young men on the Net than young women," says Shannon. Of course her fans—some of whom can recite her lines in such films as *Lethal Woman* and *Cannibal Women in the Avocado Jungle of Death*—beg to differ. To them she is an icon.

After two years as Hugh Hefner's consort, Shannon set up house with Gene Simmons of Kiss in 1984. She and Gene

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY AND STEPHEN WAYDA

She plays a weapons expert in *Assault on Devil's Island* (below, with Carl Weathers and Hulk Hogan), but Shannon is adept at comedy, too. See her as Tom Arnold's ex-wife in *The Tom Show* (bottom left). She plays—what else?—a gorgeous celebrity.

now have two kids, a custom-made bed twice the size of a king-size bed and some unusual bedroom accessories: her collection of Disney figurines. "I am a bundle of contradictions," she told us recently, breezing into a Beverly Hills eatery, ordering a cappuccino and squash soup. Simmons, his famous tongue for once in cheek, calls Shannon his "ice woman from the North." Then Gene turns serious. "In the patois of the street, she's the strongest broad I've ever met. All other women fall short," he says. These days Shannon carpools their kids to school and commutes to various studios. She may soon have her own sitcom. "But whatever happens, happens," she says, shrugging. "Meanwhile I am grateful to my PLAYBOY fans for sticking with such an old dinosaur. I have stayed in shape all these years to keep my end of the bargain."

How elegant is life as the star of such action flicks as *Code Name: Vengeance*? "So elegant it hurts. My nose was broken when a 'fake' Hollywood punch actually landed," says Shannon, an expert kick-boxer. Sitcoms such as *Frasier* (she was the delicious Dr. Honey) are more of a kick.

Sex object? "Why not?" Shannon has never refused that role. "I think it's fine as long as that's not all you are," she said when we first *met* her. Since then she has made a career that stands tall on its own. "I never felt I was that sexy. It's the poses you keep putting *me* in," she says.

THE WIRE CONTINUUM

what if being beamed up—
or down—were really possible?
the recent history of our world
would be very different

fiction by
Stephen Baxter
and
Arthur C. Clarke

IN THE imaginative mapping and mensuration of the future, [Clarke's] record is mixed but intriguing. . . . In one of his first published stories, *Travel by Wire!* (in *Amateur Science Fiction Stories*, December 1937), he remarkably predicted the launch of a British radio-transporter system—in 1962! [Clarke] used a similar idea in his first professionally published story, *Loophole* (*Astounding Science Fiction*, May 1946).
—*Martian Times*, DECEMBER 1997

1947: Hatfield, North London, England

The engineers gave Henry Forbes a thumbs-up, and he let the Vampire roll down the runway. The roaring jets gave him that familiar smooth push in the back, and when he pulled on his stick the Vampire tipped up and threw him into the sky.

It was a cloudless June morning.

PAINTING BY DONATO GIANCOLA

The English sky was a powder-blue uncluttered dome above him, and the duck's egg–green hull of the Vampire shone in the sunlight. He pulled the kite through a couple of circuits over London. The capital was a gray-brown cluttered mass beneath him, with smoke columns threading up through a thin haze of smog. Beautiful sight, of course. He could still make out some of the bigger bomb sites, in the East End and the docks, discs of rubble like craters on the Moon.

He remembered Hatfield at the height of the show: dirty, patched-up Spits and Hurricanes and B-24 bombers, taxiing between piles of rubble; kites bogged in the mud on days so foul that even the sparrows were walking; flight crew in overalls and silk scarves cranking engines, their faces drawn with exhaustion.

That was then. Now the planes were like visitors from the future, gleaming metal monocoque jets with names such as Vampire, Meteor, Canberra, Hunter, Lightning. And Henry Forbes, 30, was no longer a squadron leader in blue RAF braid with a career spanning the fall of France, the Battle of Britain and D day; now he was nothing more exotic than a test pilot for de Havilland, and not even the most senior at that.

Still, there were compensations. He was testing an engine for the new M-52, which should be capable of flying at 1000 mph, thereby knocking the socks off the Americans in California with their X-1.

Forbes settled in his cockpit. The single-seater fighter was a tight squeeze, like the Spits used to be, even though he was wearing no more than a battered sport suit, a Mae West and a carnation in his buttonhole. Cocooned in his cockpit, alone in the empty sky, he felt an extraordinary peace. He wished Max could be up here with him, or, at least, that he could communicate to her some of what he felt about this business of flying. But he never could. And besides, she was much too busy with her own projects.

Susan Maxton was a couple of years younger than Forbes. When he'd met her during the war she'd been an intense young Oxford graduate, drafted into the Royal Signals, making rather hazardous trips to V2 impact sites across the scarred countryside of southern England. She had been seeking surviving bits of the sophisticated guidance systems that had delivered the Third Reich's missiles—advanced far beyond anything the Allies had, she said—and since the war she'd traveled to Germany, to Peenemünde and the Ruhr and elsewhere, delving into more Nazi secrets.

It was all supposed to be classified, of course. He didn't believe half of what she hinted to him so excitedly, lurid stuff of secret Nazi labs that had come within a hair of developing an A-bomb for Hitler—or even a way of transporting people by telephone wires, so Hitler could mount a new electronic blitzkrieg even from the heart of his collapsing Reich.

After the war, they had agreed, Forbes and Max were going to marry. But it hadn't happened yet. Like so many women during the war, Max had developed what Forbes had been brought up to regard as an altogether unhealthy liking for her work. No doubt it would all pan out. In the meantime, as his ground crew at Hatfield pointedly reminded him by radio, it was time to stop wool-gathering and get on with his day's work.

He took a couple of plugs of cotton wool and stuffed them into his ears. Then he tipped up the nose of the Vampire once more and, pouring on the coals, launched the kite at the sky.

The blue was marvelous, and it deepened as he rose.

He throttled back on the jet as the air grew thinner. The Vampire arced toward the top of its climb, 60,000 feet up. The earth was spread out beneath him, curving gently, landscape painted green and brown and gray, and the sky was so blue it was almost black. From an English suburb to the edge of space, in a few minutes. Ruddy peculiar.

Of course, the hairy stuff was still to come, as he went into a high-speed compressibility dive on the way home. He'd expect to lose control around 24 thou, saying a few prayers as per, until he reached the denser air at 15 thou or so and his controls came back.

Still, if he did the right things, he would be home in time for lunch.

He stuffed the nose down and began his long fall back into the atmosphere.

•

1957: Preston, England

Susan Maxton Forbes watched, amused, as her husband made his slow ceremonial walk through the English Electric design offices. Even as the electrifying countdown to the latest Blue Streak launch played over a crackling radio line from Woomera, the young aerodynamicists clustered around Henry. She had to admit he carried it off well.

"Impressive place," he said for the fifth time.

"Well, you should have seen us just after the war," said one grizzled old-timer (perhaps 34). "All we had was a disused garage over on Corporation Street. But it was there that we hatched the Canberra."

"Ah! I tested her, you know. 'The plane that makes time stand still.'"

"Yes," said a breathy young thing. "It must have been exciting."

"Not really. Journalists can get jolly good stories out of test pilots. But the work is methodical, progressive, technical."

"Will you feel like that when you take up our Mustard, Henry?"

"I should ruddy hope so, or I won't get paid!"

There was general laughter. They walked on to another part of the office, and Max took the chance to slip an arm through her husband's and steer him away from the breathy young thing.

"Don't tell me you don't enjoy all this attention," she whispered to him.

"Of course I do. You know me. All this bushy-tailed enthusiasm makes me feel a bit less of an old duffer——"

They exchanged a glance, and he shut up. It was just such exchanges about age that usually led to their gloomy arguments about whether they should have a sprog and, if so, when, or even if they should have already.

She squeezed his arm. "I wish people got so excited about my work," she said.

He grunted. "There was enough ballyhoo when you sent through that wooden cube. Nothing else in the *Daily Mirror* for weeks, even forced Suez off the front page."

"But it didn't work. The cube came through in little spheres, and——"

"But they put it in the ruddy Science Museum even so! What more do you want? Not to mention the poor hamster that died of shock and that you had stuffed."

She giggled. "I suppose it was all a little cruel. But I don't mean that, the stunts for the press. It's the intellectual adventure——"

He pulled a face and momentarily sniffed the flower in his buttonhole. "Ah. Intellectual."

"The way we're settling the problems that baffled the Germans—how to get around the wretched Uncertainty Principle."

She tried to explain the latest progress at the Plessey labs in their research into the principles of radio-transportation. In fact, matter wouldn't be transported, but rather the information that encoded, say, a human being. It had been thought radio-transporters were impossible, because you'd need to map the position and velocity of every particle of a person, and that would violate the Uncertainty Principle. But there was a loophole.

It had been a real drama: the struggles, the dead ends, the race with the

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"I made a list and checked it twice, and I think there are a couple of positions we haven't tried yet."

GRILLIN' & CHILLIN'

one of america's hottest young chefs shows you how to celebrate the day after the night before

Food By BOBBY FLAY

NEW YEAR'S EVE is a decadent night," says chef Bobby Flay. "New Year's Day should be decadent too." New Year's Day requires a celebration. The thing is, nobody is in shape to put one together. We're a cultural revolution away from the time when you tried to ignore your headache long enough to choke down Grandma's glazed ham. Thankfully, chef Flay has a solution. Every January 1 he hosts a Martha Stewart–free party that we've been dying to crash for years. Designed as a brunch, it moves lazily through the afternoon and early evening. Flay serves extravagant treats that require little more than the ability to use an ATM. He even likes to assemble the menu with leftovers from the night before. Of course, he has three restaurants from which to scrounge ingredients for his brunch. He's executive chef and co-owner of New York's Mesa Grill and, together with partner Laurence Kretchmer, also heads up the restaurants Mesa City and Bolo. The *Zagat Survey* has included Mesa Grill on its list of New York's top 20 restaurants since the place opened in 1991.

"I fold foie gras and truffles into eggs. Tuna tartare is quick and easy, and smoked salmon works the night before and the day after," says Flay. "Oysters are a New Year's classic. They are incredibly festive. You must serve oysters—they are such a sexy food. I make sure to order extra caviar for the eve; it's great the next morning. I serve steak at room temperature—again, it can be a leftover. Keep it simple—there's not enough time to prepare something elaborate, and you don't want to slow down the party by slaving in the kitchen. I also choose things that will absorb booze. New Year's Day is really about damage control. I like to serve the kind of food that helps you get through."

Bite that dog: "Drinks are important—they keep things going. Cranberry martinis are great for fall and winter. Blood-orange juice mimosas are another fine riff. They're sweet but tart and look cool. Bloody *(continued on page 156)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER
STYLING BY CECI GALLINI

KICKIN' & CLICKIN'

fashion for the day after

By HOLLIS WAYNE

Dressing up on New Year's Day can be quite a dilemma. Everyone feels like they're either on Prozac or full of St. John's wort. So your clothes should be comfortable, monochromatic and free of irony. And this is one chance to savor the lack of relational tension in the room. There will be plenty of time—a whole year's worth!—for things to get complicated later on.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

If only all mornings could be this languid. In a deliciously supple suede shirt ($1295) and a sumptuous cashmere turtleneck ($595), the guy on this page is a smooth operator. Both tops are by the Ralph Lauren Purple Label. His velvet jeans are by CK Calvin Klein Jeans ($76). Her jumpsuit is from Ralph by Ralph Lauren.

Don't worry, they're not actuolly dancing. Every now and then, though, it's wise to shake off the cobwebs. Even if your legs are wobbly, you can count on some unflappable clothes for support. On this page, our swingman is decked out in Prada. That's a cashmere intorsia (it's the nome of the pattern) V-neck ($660), a cotton shirt ($300) and stretch trousers made of plush flonnel ($390). His partner is wearing an outfit by Mark Eisen.

Nice ivories. It's remarkable what grooming can do for you—especially if you didn't get to sleep the night before. So shower, shave, brush your teeth and slip into this cashmere crewneck ($595) and matching cashmere buttondown sweater shirt ($685). The chalk stripes on the wool trousers ($395) add visual texture. His whole outfit is by Ralph Lauren Purple Label. Her minidress is by Yeohlee.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 185.

Chances are, you'll want to make your hellos, pour o drink and then collapse someplace comfortable. Or, os in the case below, on some stairs. Then ogain, he has nothing to complain about. She likes the feel of his velvet shirt ($180) with the argyle print, by Sandy Dolal. Under it he's weoring o long-sleeved T-shirt by Industria ($195). It's made of viscose rayon and spondex. The jeans ($450) by Sondy Dolal are unusually fly. That's because they're made of cashmere—which, on New Year's Day, is the same warm, fuzzy stuff your brain is made of.

WOMEN'S STYLING BY CANNON
MAKEUP BY RUDY SOTOMAYOR
HAIR BY GIANANDREA FOR GARREN NEW YORK

The Battle Of Khafji

fat little sergeant packer should never have been in the gulf in the first place, but it turned out he was full of surprises

fiction By Tom Paine

I WAS A clean-cut Burlington boy who had joined the Marines to get money for college. I could run faster with a pack on my back than anyone else at boot camp that month, so they sent me off for recon training to be the best of the best and all I could be as the son of a tax-killed dairy farmer whose land is now suburban homes you could park a B-52 in, and for which he got shit. Recon is an elite group of soldiers. We are the guys who get sent behind enemy lines to take a look-see around before the real action starts up. We have a 90 percent casualty rate during wartime, of which we are supposed to be proud.

My Third Force recon platoon was sent to the Saudi about 12 hours after Saddam entered Kuwait. We were flown over on a C-140 transport with other assorted personnel from San Francisco and didn't even know where the fuck we were heading until we were in the air. This one old gunnery sergeant was throwing ammunition around the plane like it was candy at fucking Mardi Gras. Marines normally treat ammunition like the gold in Fort Knox—you don't just throw the shit around—but it was like a party: *We were finally going to get some trigger time.* No one in my entire recon platoon, including our leader, Captain Beck, had ever seen any action.

A lot of us were wearing face paint, as if we were going into a hot LZ. Maybe that and the general confusion accounts for this weird shit. You need to know this about Sergeant Packer right off: *The man wasn't one of us.* No one noticed when he answered during roll call to the name of Sergeant Packer. We figured it out midflight, and he told Captain Beck he was in fact Sergeant Packer, and then showed this stamped official TAD—temporary additional duty—order. So there was some kind of computer screwup, and we got this Sergeant Packer, and our own, real Sergeant Packer, a 6'6" guy from Macon, Georgia with a 42-inch vertical leap, was who the fuck knows where.

You would think Captain Beck would have set it right when we landed in the Saudi, but when he found out he just wouldn't believe it. It was like it wouldn't get in his skull that the computers had fucked up. He wasn't angry yet, just laughed like *there is no fucking way this shit is really happening*. The thing you have to know about Captain Laurence Beck, the man was seriously hung up on the high tech. He had been a brain on the fast track at Quantico, serving as special liaison with the Department of Defense or some such shit, when his uncle—a congressman—got the idea he needed a few combat

PAINTING BY MARCO VENTURA

PACKER

stars on his chest before he moved up to flag rank. So they sent him to us. He was one seriously squared-away Marine—I mean he looked like a recruiting poster with his square jaw and ice-blue eyes—but he was a real prick who hated to spend time with his men and read weapons manuals like some of the men read PLAYBOY.

We landed in the Saudi on this two-lane road up near Ras-al-Mishab, about 20 klicks south of Khafji. People figured Captain Beck would report the screwup ASAP to Marine Expeditionary Force Headquarters, and soon we would have our old Sergeant Packer with us. But Captain Beck didn't report the screwup to MEF-HQ, he couldn't deal at all. It was like at first he couldn't *see* this Sergeant Packer—who was so ugly, people right away started calling anything ugly *packer*. Yeah, he was that ugly. Only thing we got out of this Sergeant Packer at first was that he was in transportation—a rear job filled with dumb shits driving buses. He was so totally unprepared for our line of work it was comical.

In our first days in the Saudi, this Packer was in and out of the mess in two minutes. He was like a ghost—you never saw him except for those two minutes. I left my tray and followed him out one day and asked him if he had notified MEF-HQ about the situation. His little eyes went out of focus, and he looked at his feet and mumbled some shit about not interrupting the chain of command. I told him not to give me that shit, and we stood there and then he reached in the pocket of his cammies and took out this photo that was all crumpled up. It was of this not-bad-looking babe with two blond kids. One was maybe two years old and the other maybe 12. He told me he had been an asshole and walked out on them a few months earlier and the little kid had grabbed some wires in their unfinished apartment and electrocuted himself, and then his wife had hooked up with this fucked-up Marine who stole a Humvee and drove into a head-on. His wife and the 12-year-old died in the Humvee crash. What do you say to that? He took the photo back and looked around at the desert and I understood, *This Packer doesn't give a fuck anymore.*

That night at chow I told the platoon what I knew about how this Sergeant Packer walked out on his family and how they all got killed. People nodded at this, but shit like that happened all the time. People were more interested in Corporal Maclean and how he and some of the others had noticed this Sergeant Packer had a weird effect on mechanicals. Corporal Maclean said that morning he was cleaning his M-16 and Packer walked by and the thing jammed with sand. He said he cleaned out the sand and saw Packer go into the shitter. When Packer came out of the shitter, Corporal Maclean said Sergeant Packer looked at the M-16 and the thing jammed again, jammed so bad it took him all afternoon to get it working cleanly.

Sergeant Vito turned from the end of the table. Vito is this bear of a guy, drinks only milk, never says shit to anyone. I figured he'd tell Maclean he was fucked, but instead he said he was lying on his rack listening to his Walkman that afternoon, and Sergeant Packer went by the window, and bang, the batteries died. I asked him, when's the last time you changed the batteries, fucking Stateside? Sergeant Vito told me they were fucking Duracells and he put them in just that morning.

This sort of shit spreads like wildfire, and by the next evening at mess everyone had a report about some mechanical breaking down in the vicinity of Sergeant Packer. Corporal Maclean was keeping tabs on the rumors, jumping from table to table. And right then Sergeant Packer walked into the mess. I had the feeling he had been outside the door for a while, listening to this shit. He came in and he looked around the room, he looked at us, and it was like he was seeing us for the first time. He just stood in the door blinking like he was waking up from a dream, and then he ate with his back to us. But after he ate he didn't bolt from the mess. He sat there and one by one we all left until the fat little fuck was left in there all alone. I was the second to last to leave the mess. Corporal Maclean was the last, and, asshole that he was, he turned off the lights on Sergeant Packer.

For the next few days, the platoon kept talking about this weird effect of Sergeant Packer's on mechanicals. It was just starting to die out when this shit happened with Captain Beck. I figured Beck had to have heard the rumors about Sergeant Packer, but an officer who can't accept that computers fuck up is not an officer who can accept that a sergeant can affect mechanicals. Anyway, I stepped out of the mess after lunch, and right across the street was this concrete barracks where Captain Beck bunked. Down the street I noticed Sergeant Packer coming toward the mess. Captain Beck came out of his barracks with Corporal Acheson and the two jumped into a Humvee, but the fucking Humvee wouldn't start. Corporal Acheson got out and looked under the hood. At first Captain Beck was giving Corporal Acheson some shit and then he turned and saw Sergeant Packer giving the Humvee this killer stare. Captain Beck got out and looked from Packer to the Humvee and back again and then turned and went back into his hooch. Corporal Acheson sat in the Humvee and shook his head at me. There was this silence in the street, and you could hear the first bombs from our planes coming down on Kuwait.

That night I moved over in the mess and asked Sergeant Packer if he knew about the rumors about him and mechanicals breaking down. He shrugged, like *who gives a fuck*, and kept shoveling potatoes into his face. He stopped once with the potatoes in midair to remind me his wife and kid were killed in a stolen Humvee. It looked like he'd put ten more pounds on his fat little body in the Saudi. Right then a siren went off. It was our first biological alert and we all grabbed the rubber masks off our thighs and pulled them over our crewcut heads, and some of us—including me—freaked and plunged the antidote syringes into our thighs. We all sat there looking at one another like a bunch of insects. Except for Sergeant Packer. He didn't put on his mask, he just kept shoveling potatoes into his fat face.

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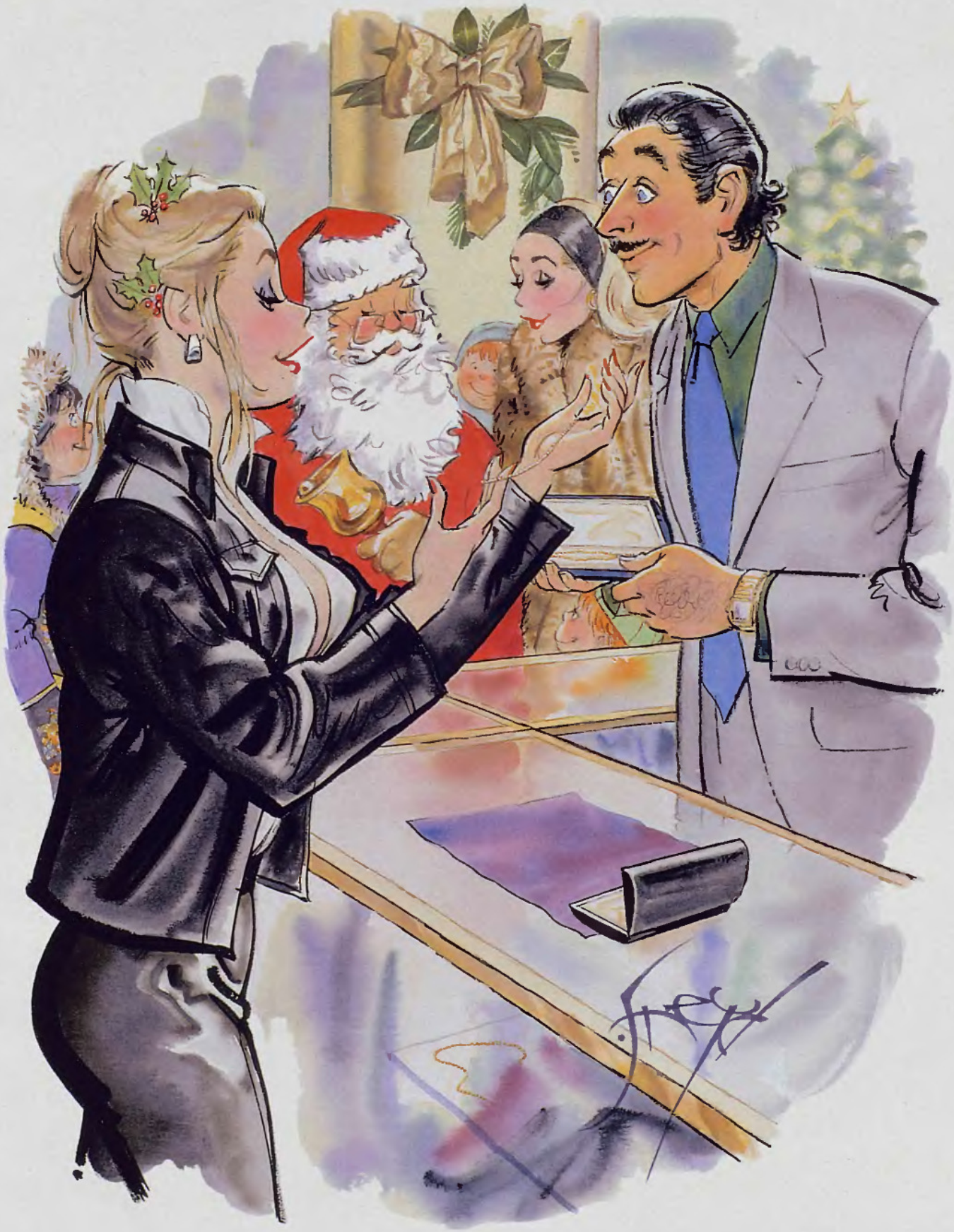
We spent at least a couple of hours late each afternoon sitting by the side of the road behind the cinder-block barracks on boxes of M-60 ammo, watching for the rare vehicle, reading the *Arabic News*, counting the incoming helo-53 transports, feeling the bombs dropping on Kuwait in our feet and sipping Ed's Dressing: shoe polish filtered through four slices of bread for the alcohol. We were sitting there pretty rocked one day when we saw this Saudi bus barreling up the hardball. It was a company of Saudi marines, who got out and stood around blinking suspiciously. HQ thought our platoon wasn't doing much at Ras-al-Mishab except waiting to be sent up to Khafji and begin our infiltrations of Kuwait, so someone up there got the bright idea we should train these Saudi marines. And not just train them, but train them for the cameras from the Marine Historical Division, so there would be an official record of how Saudis and Americans worked together during Desert Shield.

First thing Captain Beck ordered was a simple helo snatch for the Historical Division movie cameras. We radioed south to Safiniya for a helo and took one of the Achmeds—we called all the Saudis Achmed or Al Wadi—out into the desert a ways. Ten minutes later the helo rotors overhead and drops a line and we hook on the Saudi soldier and up he goes dangling into the sky.

(continued on page 114)



"Nothing too expensive—it's not like he's the only guy I'm sleeping with."

SLING BABE

mrs. billy bob thornton gets real

One evening in 1991, struggling filmmaker Billy Bob Thornton spotted his dream girl outside a Hollywood restaurant. "There's not a snowball's chance in hell of me getting your phone number, is there?" he drawled.

"He was charming," says Pietra Thornton, who soon married the Arkansas auteur. They seemed to be a fairy-tale couple at last year's Academy Awards, where Billy Bob won an Oscar for *Sling Blade*. But, according to Pietra, Thornton had a dark side. She sued for divorce last spring and then, in September, she filed a lawsuit against him, alleging he stalked and assaulted her during their marriage. Billy Bob has rigorously denied her charges. Pietra considers posing for PLAYBOY to be her own declaration of independence. "This is my Oscar," she says.

The Thorntons looked happy at last year's Academy Awards (above). But Pietra feared her husband's reaction. "When Billy Bob didn't win Best Actor, I knew he wouldn't be fun to be with."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

"As a feminist, I worry that other feminists will think that my being naked in PLAYBOY is wrong," Pietra told us. "But here's how I see it: My marriage was a prison. Billy Bob was so jealous that he made me breast-feed our two sons until they were two and three years old—just to keep me at home and to stop other men from looking at me. He said that I was his angel, but he was hardly an angel to me."

"I saw on TV that Billy Bob was with Laura Dern. I'm not with anyone. A marriage like mine can numb you. Sometimes I feel 100 years old. But I'm only 27." Pietra says her primary reason for posing was political—"I want people to notice me and hear my message: Women must escape bad relationships." Still, she wouldn't mind if life brought her a new romance. "I'm free now," she says.

buenos aires

is the paris of

south america.

but paris

was never

this hot

THE MADNESS BEGINS AT MIDNIGHT

THE EVENING started at midnight—early by Buenos Aires standards. It was now three A.M. The nightclub is called Black and it was packed. It's sleek, with a long shiny bar and a small parquet dance floor set in front of a huge mirror. The clientele consists of well-dressed foreign businessmen and drop-dead fashionably dressed young women.

There were gorgeous women of all persuasions: *porteñas* (as people from Buenos Aires are called), Asians, Brazilians, beauties of every imaginable sort. On the dance floor, some were alone, dreamily swaying to the music, narcissistically watching themselves in the mirror. Hard to blame them. Others were curled up on couches next to various well-heeled businessmen, drinking and laughing. Still others were discreetly cruising, looking for someone to cuddle up with.

Yes, they are all working girls, but they are as sleek and elegant as the nightclub itself. Drinks are $20 a pop. The bar makes its profits from the drinks. The women are freelancers who get between $300 and $500 per night. Nearly half are college students, working their way through school.

Seeing that I was unattached, one woman sat down on a couch next to me and introduced herself as Maria. She was a lovely longhaired *porteña*, wearing a see-through beige knit dress. My Spanish is terrible, but with scribbling gestures I explained I was there just as a journalist. Her eyes said *right*, but she sat and talked for a few minutes anyway. She was in college. She said she was *una estudiante de relaciones internacionales*—so she seemed to be in the right place.

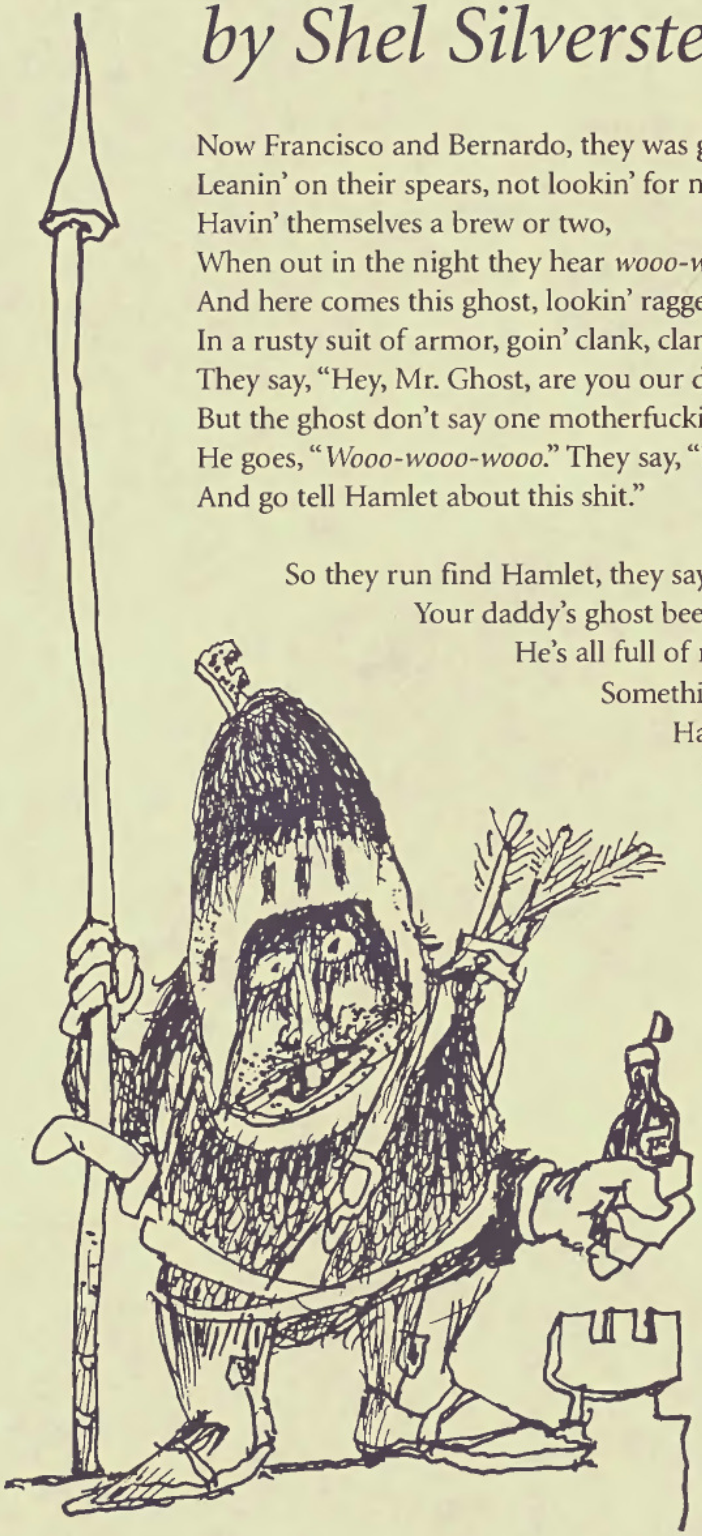
Reluctantly I got up and said so long. I was due to meet my old buddy Eddie at 3:30. He had tended bar in a Chicago saloon I once frequented. A few years ago, he moved down here on a whim to what he calls "the antipodes." Eddie loves the city and has it wired. When I saw him he was working as a bartender at another club, called Open City. It is several cuts below Black, with imitation English pub decor and strippers humping a pole on the dance floor. Happily, Eddie was getting off work, and we went somewhere more savory, if fairly weird, called the Open Plaza, at Libertador and Tagle. It's a 24-hour warehouse-size place on three levels, the first of which is a *(continued on page 106)*

ARTICLE BY DAVID STANDISH

PAINTING BY GREGORY MANCHESS

Hamlet
as Told on the Street

by Shel Silverstein



Now Francisco and Bernardo, they was guardin' the castle,
Leanin' on their spears, not lookin' for no hassle,
Havin' themselves a brew or two,
When out in the night they hear *wooo-wooo-wooo.*
And here comes this ghost, lookin' ragged and rank,
In a rusty suit of armor, goin' clank, clank, clank.
They say, "Hey, Mr. Ghost, are you our dear departed king?"
But the ghost don't say one motherfuckin' thing.
He goes, "*Wooo-wooo-wooo.*" They say, "Hey, we better split,
And go tell Hamlet about this shit."

So they run find Hamlet, they say, "Hey, sweet Prince,
Your daddy's ghost been seen runnin' hither and hince.
He's all full of maggots and he's grizzly and grim,
Somethin's rotten in Denmark and—*whew*—we think it's him."
Hamlet says, "Oh, are you sure it's my pop?
Did he have matty gray hair with a bald spot on top?
Did he have bright blue eyes that never know fear
And a tattoo says GERTRUDE FOREVER right here?"

They say, "Hey, the thing just flittered by our station,
We didn't give him no physical examination.
And we don't know for sure if your daddy was *the* one,
But we do know a motherfuckin' ghost when we see one."
Hamlet says, "Show me where you spied this spectral klunk
So I see if it's my pop, or if you was both drunk."
So they bring ol' Hamlet to the spot, and then
They wait five minutes and *wooooooo*—
Here he comes again.
He got gray skin, black teeth and hollow eyes,
Beckonin' like *this*—young Hamlet cries,
"Hold, spirit of darkness, are you a ghostly apparition?"
"No," says the ghost, "I look like this from malnutrition.
Of *course* I'm a ghost, but son, don't be scared,
And I'll tell you some shit that'll fry your hair."

He says, "You got two relatives, I won't say which,
But one's a bloody murderer and one's a faithless bitch.
Why, I was takin' a nap in the garden right here,
When my ambitious brother pours some poison in my ear.
And before my body's even cold he's wearin' my pajamas,
Layin' up in my bed with my crown on his head,
Doin' somethin' sinful to *your* momma.
And the terrible thoughts of what they're doin' up there
Is more than a poor old ghost can bear.
So you gotta revenge me on this harlot and this knave
Or else I'll never rest in my motherfuckin' grave."

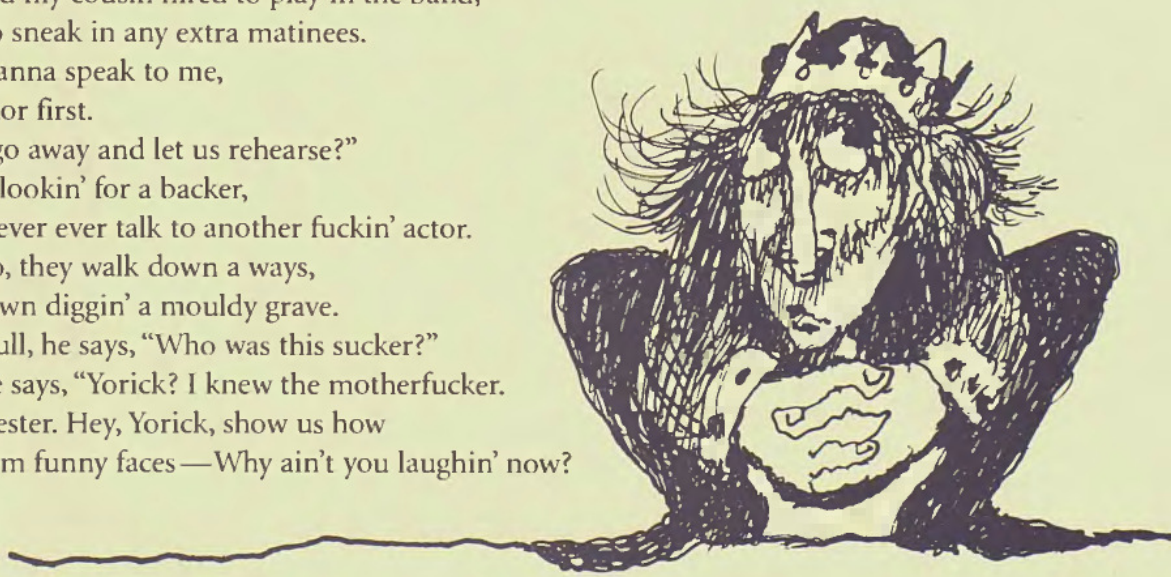
Well, this information just flips Hamlet out.
He starts walkin' like *this*, with spit hangin' out his mouth.
His eyes are all bleary and his tongue looks worse,
And he's talkin' in couplets and blank fuckin' verse.
I mean the dude is indecisive,
He don't know how he'd like his eggs,
And he's got no opinion on tits, ass or legs.
He can't decide which horse to play at the track,
And when they ask him what suit you wanna wear today?
He says, "Ah . . . um . . . gimme the black."
He calls his uncle a murderer,
Calls his momma a whore,
And he can't get it up for Ophelia no more.
Oh, and Ophelia? She's tryin' her best
To make him feel better,
Wants to polish his crown jewels,
But he won't let her.
'Stead of sayin' yea, the fool says nay,
And the whole court's figurin' he must be gay.

Well, then in come Hamlet's oldest friends,
Rosenstern and Guildencrantz,
They say, "Hey there, Ham, you gloomy Gus,
Get up—get down—and party with us.
We brought you some actors,
Some tunes and some lyrics
To put on a play to boost up your spirits."
Hamlet says, "Hey—songs and skits,
That gives me an idea that could stir up some shit.
We'll put on a play—
'N' that could be just the thing
To catch the conscience of the king,
If there is a conscience in the motherfuckin' king."

So Hamlet calls all the actors, he says, " 'Fore this drama starts,
I'm gonna tell you suckers how to play your parts.
You gotta speak the speech like I pronounced it—
Don't rush it, don't milk it, don't drag it, don't bounce it.
I mean, do it trippingly on the tongue,
Or else I'll see your thespian asses strung up and hung.
And don't saw the air with your hands flappin' wild,
'N' don't go mouthin' my words in some method style."

Then the lead actor says, "Hey—are we *alive*?
Or just some talking meat that's gotta listen to this jive?
I have read this thing you call a script
And it ain't too bad, it's got a few little dips.
But with some new dialogue and a few minor edits—
Hey, do you mind sharing writer credits?
But this part about the king?—poisoning his brother?
I play this while the real king's watchin'? Sittin' with your mother?
You must be out of your cotton-pickin' mind.
He'll cut out my tongue, he'll gouge out my eyes,
He'll boil me in oil and send me to hell."
Hamlet says, "How about double scale?"—The actor says, "Well . . .

"I want my name above the title, three percent of the gross,
I want that tall brunette as my dialogue coach.
I want approval of director and a juicy per diem,
And if there's changes in the script, I got to see 'em.
I want a dresser, an undresser and a hairdresser, too,
And I gotta-gotta-gotta have the biggest dressing room.
I want an escape clause that lets me out in a month,
And the first thing I insist is that you fire that cunt.
I want transportation to and from every show,
I want complimentary tickets for everybody I know.
I want my brother and my cousin hired to play in the band,
And don't go tryin' to sneak in any extra matinees.
And next time you wanna speak to me,
Check with the director first.
Now will you please go away and let us rehearse?"
So Hamlet slinks off, lookin' for a backer,
Mutterin' how he'll never ever talk to another fuckin' actor.
And him and Horatio, they walk down a ways,
Till they see some clown diggin' a mouldy grave.
Hamlet picks up a skull, he says, "Who was this sucker?"
They say, "Yorick." He says, "Yorick? I knew the motherfucker.
He used to be court jester. Hey, Yorick, show us how
You used to make them funny faces—Why ain't you laughin' now?

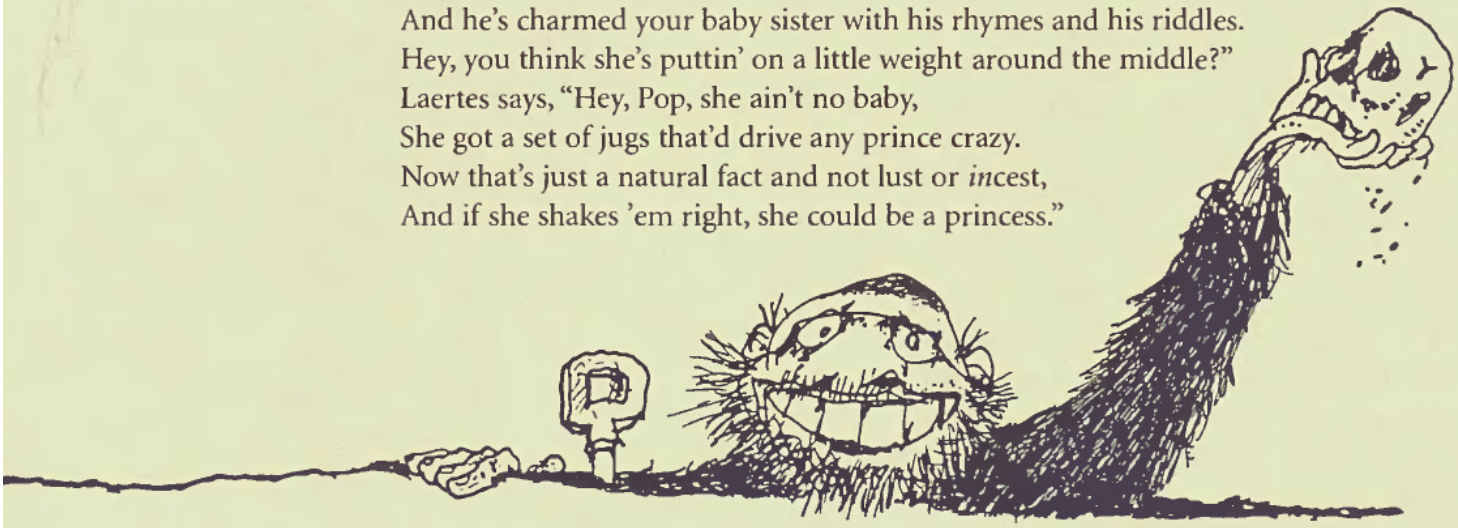


I've kissed these lips, I know not how oft." And Horatio quips,
"Hey, let's not announce how oft you kissed them lips.
I mean people already talkin' 'bout the way you walk,
And the fact that you ain't givin' Ophelia no nook."

Oh, and speakin' of Ophelia—Polonius, her daddy,
Says, "Hey, that prince is drivin' my little girl batty.
Got her runnin' all night and sleepin' till noon,
God knows what else he got her doin'.
But he's our royal prince, lord of earth, sky and water,
But he's also a horny little pimply-faced shithead
Trying to hump my daughter."
So Polonius calls Ophelia and says, "Listen, darlin' daughter,
I hope you and Ham ain't doin' things you shouldn't oughter,
'Cause you let 'em touch an ankle and they wanna grab a knee,
And they never buy nothin' that you let 'em have for free."

Ophelia says, "Hey, Pop, I know the score,
You think I wanna wind up another palace whore?
I got the dude sendin' me letters and babblin' 'bout the moon,
I really do think his bells are out of tune."
"Well, don't you go dingin' his bells," says Polonius,
"'Cause if he throws you in the grass,
I'll get your big brother Laertes to kick his royal ass."

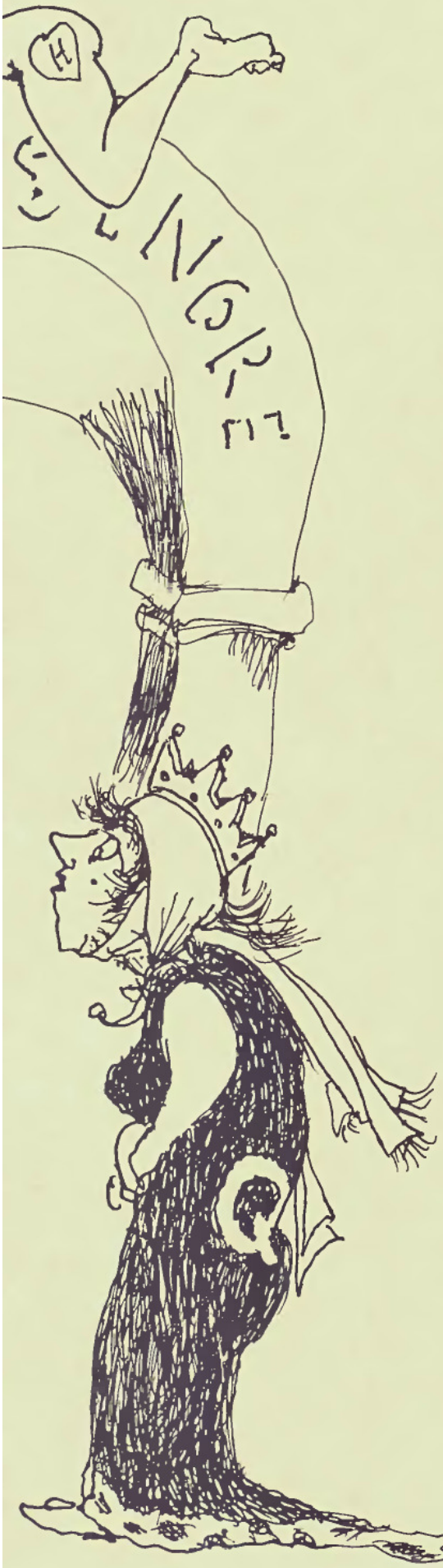
Now Laertes overhears his name bein' bandied about,
He says, "Hey, Pop, you signin' my ass up for somethin'
My head don't know about?"
Polonius says, "Son, it's Hamlet, that loony tune,
Been fed all his life with a silver spoon.
He's in my face and on my neck,
I mean the dude ain't playin' with a full damn deck.
He's bumblin' around twirlin' his crown,
And callin' me a fishmonger all over town.
And he's charmed your baby sister with his rhymes and his riddles.
Hey, you think she's puttin' on a little weight around the middle?"
Laertes says, "Hey, Pop, she ain't no baby,
She got a set of jugs that'd drive any prince crazy.
Now that's just a natural fact and not lust or *in*cest,
And if she shakes 'em right, she could be a princess."



"That's right," says Ophelia. "That's my scheme,
And the way kings been dyin' 'round here, I could wind up queen."
"Enough," says Polonius. "That Prince has ruined my day.
Now we gotta see his fuckin' play within a play.
Hell, the place'll be drafty, the seats won't be com'fa'ble,
I wouldn't go at all but these tickets ain't refundable.
Prob'ly full of symbolism, I won't understand it,
Shit, I hope it rains and all the critics pan it."

So they go to the play and everybody's there.
They got diamonds on their doublets,
They got ribbons in their hair.
Lords, ladies, dogs, babies, all in attendance,
The marquee says MURDER, DECEIT AND VENGEANCE.
ONE OF YEAR'S TEN BEST. DO NOT MISS *IT*.
So everybody figures it's another piece of shit.
And they're bitchin' 'bout their seats, buckin' the line,
Scalpin' tickets and sippin' wine,
Rattlin' their programs, twistin' in their chairs,
Tryin' to catch if any celebrities are there.
Then the play begins—and *ooh*, looky here—
It shows the king puttin' poison in his brother's ear.
And King Claudius is watchin', and—*ooh*—is he pissed.
He says, "I know who's responsible for this."
He calls, "Hey, Gertie, come here, hon.
What the hell's the matter with your jive-ass son?
I give the kid room, board 'n' remedial education,
And he calls me a murderer, and other wild accusations.
Hell, I'd sue him for libel for implyin' that shit,
But the libel laws ain't been invented yet.
Just 'cause I'm bangin' you, he's givin' me hell,
I think he wants to hump you his own damn self."

Queen Gertrude says, "I think he's goin' through
An Oedipal rejection, seein' his uncle
Replace his father in his momma's affection."
"Oedipal?" says the king. "The punk is givin' me some shit.
I'll send him where I sent his pop if he don't quit.
So you tell him it's better to leave some things unsaid,
Or he'll be puttin' on his crown without his motherfuckin' head."
So the queen runs to Hamlet, she says, "Oh listen, son,
Y'better suck up to the king before some foul deed gets done.
It's true he wears black socks and Hawaiian shirts,
But that ain't no reason to treat him like dirt,
Because he is your uncle, and I do wear his ring,
And most of all, he is the motherfuckin' king."



"Don't say *mother*–fuckin' king," says Hamlet. "Please,
Somehow that phrase makes my blood freeze.
My daddy was a handsome dude with dignity and class,
And this fat fool got hair on his back and boils on his ass.
Can anybody get you in their goddamn bed
Just 'cause they got a crown on their goddamned head?"
His momma says, "Hey, before you go off the deep end,
There's some things about women you gotta comprehend.

"Now milkmaids and queens, we all have filet mignon dreams,
But when the steak is gone, you will eat the beans.
And when you're out of beans, you'll chew the shoes off their feet,
But you eat.
Just picture me—a sweet young thing,
Then boom—my husband's dead—and this sucker's king.
So it's 'heat the meat and act real sweet'
Or wind up with my ass out in the goddamned street.
I got cellulite, I got varicose veins,
I got a hip gets stiff every time it rains.
And—*this*—is what nursing a baby can do,
'Course, honey, I'm not blamin' you,
Though you *were* such a hungry child,
But life goes on and a queen must smile."

Then hark—just then Hamlet hears a sound
From behind the curtain—like a mouse skitt'rin' 'round.
But it's really Ophelia's daddy, spyin' for the king,
Listenin' and takin' down everything.
Hamlet yells, "A rat!" and he stabs at the place,
And kerplunk, out falls Polonius on his eavesdroppin' face.
Hamlet sees it ain't the king, he says, "Oh shit,
Y'finally *do* take action and *this* is what you get.
Now I killed my girlfriend's poppa and I'm covered with his blood,
How do you explain *this* to someone you love?"

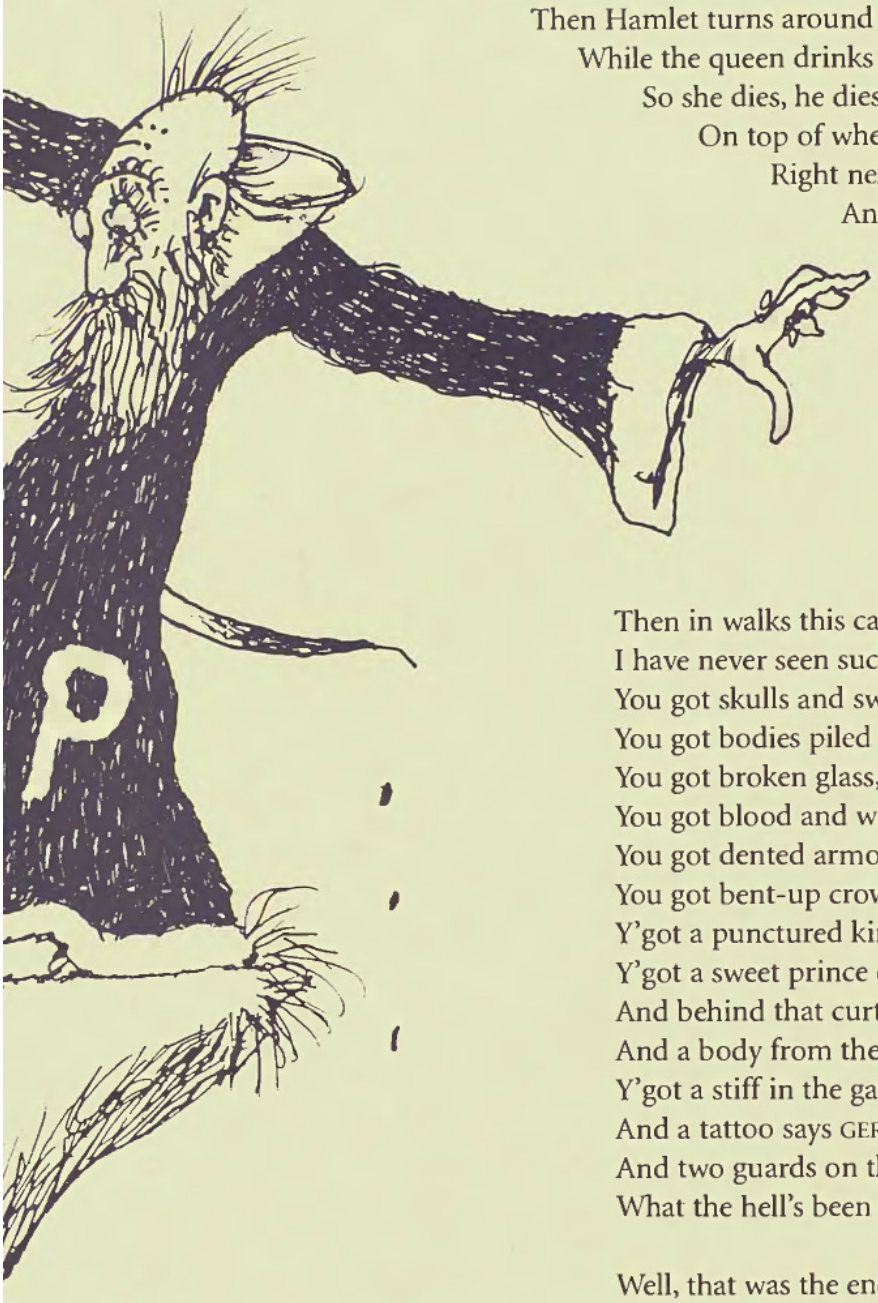
Then here comes Ophelia, callin', "Daddy, Daddy dear,
Hamlet, is my daddy in here?"
Well . . . he is . . . and he ain't—but someone should have told the cat
Y'don't wanna get stabbed, don't make noise like a rat.
She cries, "Oh, my daddy's dead and I can see
You stuck it in him like you stuck it in me.
I can't believe the shit you *done* to me.
You used to want all—now you want none of me.
Is this your perverted way of makin' fun o' me?"
Hamlet says, "Hey then, get thee someplace . . .
Maybe a . . . a nunnery."

"Get me to a nunnery?" Ophelia moans,
"Now that you ate the chicken, you wanna try and hide the bones?
With your poetry and promises you messed up my brain,
You are a dirty dog—and not a great Dane."
"Please," says Hamlet, "I'm in a crazed condition.
Can't you see I'm torn by indecision?
To be or not to be? That's the fuckin' question
That's givin' me migraines and indigestion.
Should I take arms against a sea of trouble,
Or just walk around goin' gubble-gubble-gubble?"

Ophelia says, "Hey, you don't fool me a bit,
You're fakin' all this psycho shit,
'Cause if you're insane you don't have to kill the king,
Or marry me or do any damn thing."
Ham says, "Hey, go bake a cake, or give your booty a shake,
Or take a jump in the motherfuckin' lake—"
Well, that's where he made *another* fatal mistake.
Y'see he didn't really mean for the bitch to do it,
But she's gone like a flash, and run, jump, splash,
She's floatin' and bloatin' 'fore anybody knew it.
"Oh, when it rains it pours," says Hamlet. "Ain't no doubt,
Here's another thing I gotta feel guilty about."

Well, they have Ophelia's funeral and everybody's there.
They got diamonds on their doublets, they got ribbons in their hair.
They're rattlin' their beads and twistin' in their chairs,
Tryin' to catch if any celebrities are there.
And it's a pleasant event, until into her grave
Leaps her brother Laertes and he rants and raves.
He's shakin' his fist and pullin' his hair,
Gettin' his ass tangled up in his underwear,
Jumpin' up and down in a frenzied fit,
Meanwhile stompin' her body to shit.
He cries, "FEE-FO-FI, if I find the guy who caused her to die,
I'll slice him like a pie. I'll cut out his heart and send it to Peru,
'N' I'll c.o.d. his balls off to Timbuktu,
Ship his dick to England in a registered letter,
And then let him try to get his shit back together."
Then the king pulls his coat, he says, "Harken to this,
Hamlet's the dude who fucked up your sis.
And he also stabbed your daddy, too,
And all you do is boo-hoo-hoo? What kind of brother and son are you?
If it was my family I know what I'd do, I'd be on him like a damned tattoo.
Now . . . here is a sword with a poisoned tip.
It'll send any sucker on a one-way trip,
'Cause all it takes is one itty bitty scratch . . .
Hey, Hamlet, how about a little fencin' match?"

Well, then the whole fuckin' place caves in,
Hamlet stabs Laertes and Laertes stabs him.
Then Hamlet turns around and stabs his uncle, too,
While the queen drinks some poison the king had brewed.
So she dies, he dies, Hamlet dies, Laertes dies
On top of where Ophelia lies,
Right next to where Polonius died.
And before you can wink, blink or turn you head,
Chop-stab-slice—every motherfucker's dead.



Then in walks this cat Fortinbras, he says, "What—is—*this*?
I have never seen such a fuckin' mess.
You got skulls and swords, you got guts and gore,
You got bodies piled up from ceiling to floor.
You got broken glass, y'got tangled hairs,
You got blood and wine runnin' down the stairs.
You got dented armor and ripped up gowns,
You got bent-up crowns just rollin' 'round.
Y'got a punctured king, y'got a poisoned queen,
Y'got a sweet prince dyin' on the mezzanine.
And behind that curtain there's another dead duff,
And a body from the fishpond just floated up.
Y'got a stiff in the garden with some gunk in his ear,
And a tattoo says GERTRUDE FOREVER right here,
And two guards on the gate tower drunk on beer.
What the hell's been goin' *on* in here?"

Well, that was the end of our sweet prince,
He died in confusion and nobody's seen him since.
And the moral of the story is bells do get out of tune . . .
And you can find shit in a silver spoon . . .
And an old man's revenge can be a young man's ruin . . .
Oh—and never look too close . . . at what your momma is doin'.

BUENOS AIRES *(continued from page 96)*

The biggest stars—Madonna while filming "Evita," Michael Jackson—stay there for $3600 per night.

one-room mall. The Open Plaza has the industrial-strength look much in vogue here. In this huge airplane-hangar space—with no particular logic and with no separating walls—there is a bar, restaurant, CD and video store, curio shop, fruit and flower market, pizza place and jewelry store. Upstairs there are more restaurants, a fruit juice bar, an art gallery and a disco called Live-In that's furnished with sofas and easy chairs. It's an all-purpose joint.

I get back to my hotel room and collapse about nine A.M.

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Buenos Aires goes all night. God knows when people sleep. There are gourmet restaurants open at midnight. Discos are open until dawn and beyond—some of them hold a couple thousand people. On weekends some of the movie theaters start their last features at two A.M. For studious insomniacs, Avenida Corrientes has a strip featuring all-night bookstores, new and used, plus 24-hour cafés to read in. There's never an excuse for getting bored in Buenos Aires.

Despite its slightly comic obsession with Eva Perón (¡VIVA EVITA! is a common graffito, the Argentine equivalent of ELVIS LIVES!), Buenos Aires is a sophisticated city. The people here did, after all, invent the tango, a dance so sexy it was once condemned by the Pope. Practically everybody is a fashion plate, or is doing their best on whatever money they have. You can see it in their shoes, mostly designer leather. There are shoeshine stands all over to keep those shoes looking spiffy. I saw lips curl when people looked down and noticed my low-rent New Balances.

The city is often called the Paris of Latin America, but that overstates the case. It's more like someone's fading memory of Paris. The road in from the airport, with mile after mile of drab high-rises, is reminiscent more of Beijing. But the *microcentro*—which is what downtown is called—and the upscale Recoleta section to its north are the most European-looking areas in any South American city. Many of the buildings there were built late in the 19th century on European models.

One thing Buenos Aires shares with its European counterparts is that it's a great walker's city. Most of the city's tourist sites are within walking distance from hotels in the *microcentro*, which is where most of the action is and where it's best to stay.

When I finally woke up the afternoon following my all-night club hop, I decided to take a walk. I started on Calle Florida.

In the *microcentro*, around the corner from the Hotel Libertador Kempinski, where I was staying, Florida is Buenos Aires' famous pedestrian shopping street. It has nearly one mile of shops of every variety, with green kiosks and, along the center, benches under trees.

Practically every other shop sells leather goods—at prices considerably lower than in the States. They're the best things to bring back from Buenos Aires. Thanks to all those cattle out on the pampas, Argentine leather is of the highest quality. There are shoe stores beyond counting, upscale leather jackets, leather coats, handbags, wallets, briefcases, luggage—if it can be made out of leather, you can find it on Calle Florida.

The street ends to the north at the Plaza San Martín. José de San Martín was the Bolívar of this part of South America, and the plaza is dominated by the requisite heroic statue of the liberator on horseback. There's also a memorial to the soldiers who died in the Malvinas war, as the Argentines call the 1982 conflict with Britain over the Falkland Islands.

Not far beyond Plaza San Martín is the Park Hyatt. Rooms on its upper floors offer a view of the Río de la Plata, a murky brown river about 30 miles wide at this point, with Uruguay on the other side. The Park Hyatt is the best hotel in town, but you'd hardly know it from its exterior. The French-style mansion grafted onto its side looks fancier, and is. Built in 1916, it's part of the hotel and is where the biggest stars stay when they're in town—Madonna while filming *Evita*, Michael Jackson, et al.—at a cost of up to $3600 per night.

Many embassies are located in this area. The vacant lot I passed on Arroyo used to be the Israeli Embassy, which was bombed to rubble in 1992. Seeing it, I couldn't help thinking about the thread of anti-Semitism running through Argentina's history—in particular its pro-Axis neutrality during most of World War Two, and the various old Nazis who still turn up here on occasion. Somehow Argentina seemed like a good place for them to land when the Third Reich went up in flames. This in a country that has the largest Jewish population in Latin America. Why the Israeli Embassy hasn't been rebuilt, I don't know. Maybe the Israelis decided to leave it as a reminder.

Just past the Hyatt you come into the beginning of Recoleta, an exclusive neighborhood of century-old stone mansions on charming narrow streets lined with trees. In this part of the city, you really could be in Paris.

On Avenida Alvear, near where it ends at a plaza, is the Alvear Palace Hotel, which drips with opulence. Built in 1932, it is the grand dame of Buenos Aires hotels. I love the lobby—its marble floors, 25-foot-high ceiling supported by marble pillars, staircase sweeping up to the second floor, crystal chandeliers and gilt-framed paintings all speak of another, more splendid time, one long gone except for guests of the hotel.

I stopped at Café de la Paix, which faces the Plaza Alvear, for a coffee and some excellent people watching. A simple coffee costs $3.50 but is well worth it for the passing vanity fair. It was a golden sunny afternoon and everybody was out. I was again struck by how suave and well-groomed everyone looked. And beautiful, in the case of the women. Most *porteñas* are descended from Spanish and Italian immigrants who arrived here a hundred years or so ago, and the resulting mix is enough to make your neck hurt from spinning.

Since I was so close, I figured I might as well visit Evita's tomb in the Recoleta Cemetery, next to an old church. The cemetery is actually a necropolis, a small city of mausoleums aligned along a network of walkways. Evita's body is in the Duarte (her maiden name) family mausoleum, of striking black-green marble. The tomb is protected by a tall wrought-iron gate of floral design that is embellished daily by admirers of Evita, who weave cut flowers into it. On the anniversary of her death, July 26, hundreds of people come to the cemetery, and the entire length of her corridor spills over with flowers.

•

That night I took in the tango club El Querandí with Eddie.

"You ever see the tango done right?" he asked.

I said that I had never even seen it done wrong.

"Seriously sexy. A lot better than the bump-and-grind at the joint where I work. More sophisticated. But anything would be, I guess. El Querandí has the best dancers in town. It's named after the Indian tribe that sent

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"Will we be back in time for New Year's?"

 (continued from page 64)

Success demanded that you be authentic—a difficult position to maintain if you're driving a Bentley.

minds, but remember, there's somebody pushing the buttons behind Suge Knight and Puffy Combs. So I always look at the guy at the top of the pyramid, and there ain't nobody black at the top of that pyramid. The murder of two of our brightest stars comes out of neglect by the same companies that distribute their material."

Chuck D thinks the media blew up the hype. "*Vibe* and *The Source* played into a simple thing that probably was a personal beef between Biggie and Tupac," he says. "It was financially beneficial for everyone to make something out of it. In the black community, it's easy to make something out of nothing."

"There are people out there we call haters—people who don't like to see you get your shine on," says Wyclef Jean, of the Fugees, who recently released a critically acclaimed solo album, *The Carnival*. "They always have something to say about you, and the bigger you get, the more they say. So you have to watch your back. Anybody can catch a bullet. I have guns for personal protection, because I'm out there and people see me. Everywhere I walk there's an eye looking at me. And you never know what's going to happen."

•

I hear the doctor standing over me,
Screaming I can make it.
Got a body full of bullet holes,
Laying here naked.

—TUPAC SHAKUR, *Only God Can Judge Me* (1996)

Shakur's 1991 debut, *2Pacalypse Now*, had plenty of violent lyrics. But it also contained *Brenda's Got a Baby*, inspired by a newspaper account of a 12-year-old girl who, impregnated by her cousin, dumped her newborn child into an incinerator. Tupac knew both sides of the street. His mother, Afeni Shakur, was a Black Panther, but by his teen years she had developed alcohol and drug problems.

"I put Tupac on his first tour," says Chuck D. "When he came into the game, he was smarter than average—a quiet kid who just wanted to do his thing. He was a Digital Underground [a Bay Area rap group] extra dancer and extra rhymer, and they opened for our 1990 tour. In 1992 he was in the movie *Juice*, which I helped score. He's a natural. Omar Epps was the other kid in the movie, but who got the most rave reviews? The one who was most thug—and that was Tupac's character, Bishop. When he played the good guy in *Poetic Justice*, the reviews were like, 'That shit was wack.' The more he dipped into the world of Bishop, the bigger star he became."

On the evening of November 30, 1994, Shakur and three companions entered the lobby of Quad Studios in midtown Manhattan. Shakur was in town for a trial on what he claimed were trumped-up charges of sexual abuse, sodomy and weapons possession. (One night in 1993 Tupac met a 19-year-old woman at the New York club Nell's. She performed oral sex on him on the dance floor before he took her back to his hotel room. Four days later, she claimed, she visited Shakur at his hotel, but this time she was forced to fellate Tupac and another man.) On his way to Quad to record vocals on a song by rapper Little Shawn, Shakur was shot five times in the building's lobby by three black men. They robbed him of gold jewelry worth $40,000.

Shakur later claimed in a magazine interview that Biggie Smalls had somehow been involved in the shooting. Biggie had been in the building, at a recording session, at the time. Tupac had earlier received a series of phone calls. During one conversation he had a brief disagreement about being paid for the Little Shawn session—Tupac had asked for $7000—and there was a call urging him to the studio.

Shakur's description of the holdup is frighteningly real. "The dude with the newspaper was telling the light-skinned dude, 'Shoot that motherfucker! Fuck it!' Then I got scared because the dude had the gun to my stomach. All I could think about was piss bags and shit bags," he told *Vibe*. After he was shot in the stomach, "I had my eyes closed but I was shaking, because the situation had me shaking."

Shakur was still in bandages when he appeared in court. He was convicted of two counts of sexual abuse and sentenced to a one-and-a-half- to four-and-a-half-year term. Although he was cleared of sodomy and weapons charges, he was sent to New York's Clinton Correctional Facility, a maximum security prison in Dannemora, New York. Shakur was convinced he had been set up.

•

This instant, rappers too persistent,
Quick to spit Biggie name on shit.
Make my name taste like ass when you speak it.
See me in the street, your jewelry you can keep it.
That be our little secret.

—THE NOTORIOUS B.I.G., *What's Beef* (1997)

While Shakur was upstate, the Notorious B.I.G.'s career took off. In 1993, when he was starting Bad Boy, Sean Combs bet his career on Biggie, a young rapper who once dealt crack on Fulton Street in Brooklyn. Combs signed Wallace after hearing a demo tape and Wallace became the Notorious B.I.G., the first big act on Bad Boy. Biggie wanted to go legit. In 1994 *Ready to Die*, his first album, sold 1.5 million copies.

Biggie tried to defuse the popular perception that there was a rap war. "They'd gone and made a personal beef between me and them into a coastal beef, East against West," he told *The Source*. "That's bananas right there. I never did nothing wrong to Tupac. I never did nothing wrong to Faith Evans [Biggie's wife]. And I kept quiet. I kept my mouth shut." He may have made oblique references to Shakur in his lyrics, but he always denied it. "I'm scared to death," he once told the *Chicago Tribune*. "Scared of getting my brains blown out."

•

All you old rappers trying to advance:
It's all over now,
Take it like a man.
Niggers looking like Larry Holmes, flabby and sick,
Trying to play your hate on my shit.
Eat a fat dick.

—MAKAVELI (A.K.A. TUPAC SHAKUR), *Against All Odds* (1996)

In 1988 the runaway success of N.W.A.'s *Straight Outta Compton* was a sign of a schism within hip-hop. Initially, gangsta rap took Public Enemy's anti-establishment message one step further and declared war on all authority. However, success as an original gangsta demanded that you be authentic—a difficult position to maintain if you're driving a Bentley and living in the suburbs. No longer were the police the only targets. Competitors were fair game. And new artists took aim at their predecessors for their diminished credibility. In 1992 Knight and Dr. Dre turned gangsta rap into a cottage industry with Dre's *The Chronic*. Knight took credit for achieving something that had eluded Public Enemy: His artists

(continued on page 201)

THE ELEVENTH-HOUR *Santa*

ONCE AGAIN, IT'S CHRISTMAS CRUNCH TIME

Above: The Jeep Boom Box with TV may look like Tim Allen's toolbox, but it conceals a four-inch LCD screen (for great color video), a CD player and an AM-FM radio (about $500). Power comes from AC or batteries. CDs are stored in the lid.

•

Above right: You own the pen—now Mont Blanc wants to put its Meisterstück logo on your wrist. This 18-karat-gold chronograph features a mechanical movement, automatic winding, day and date display and dials galore (about $6500).

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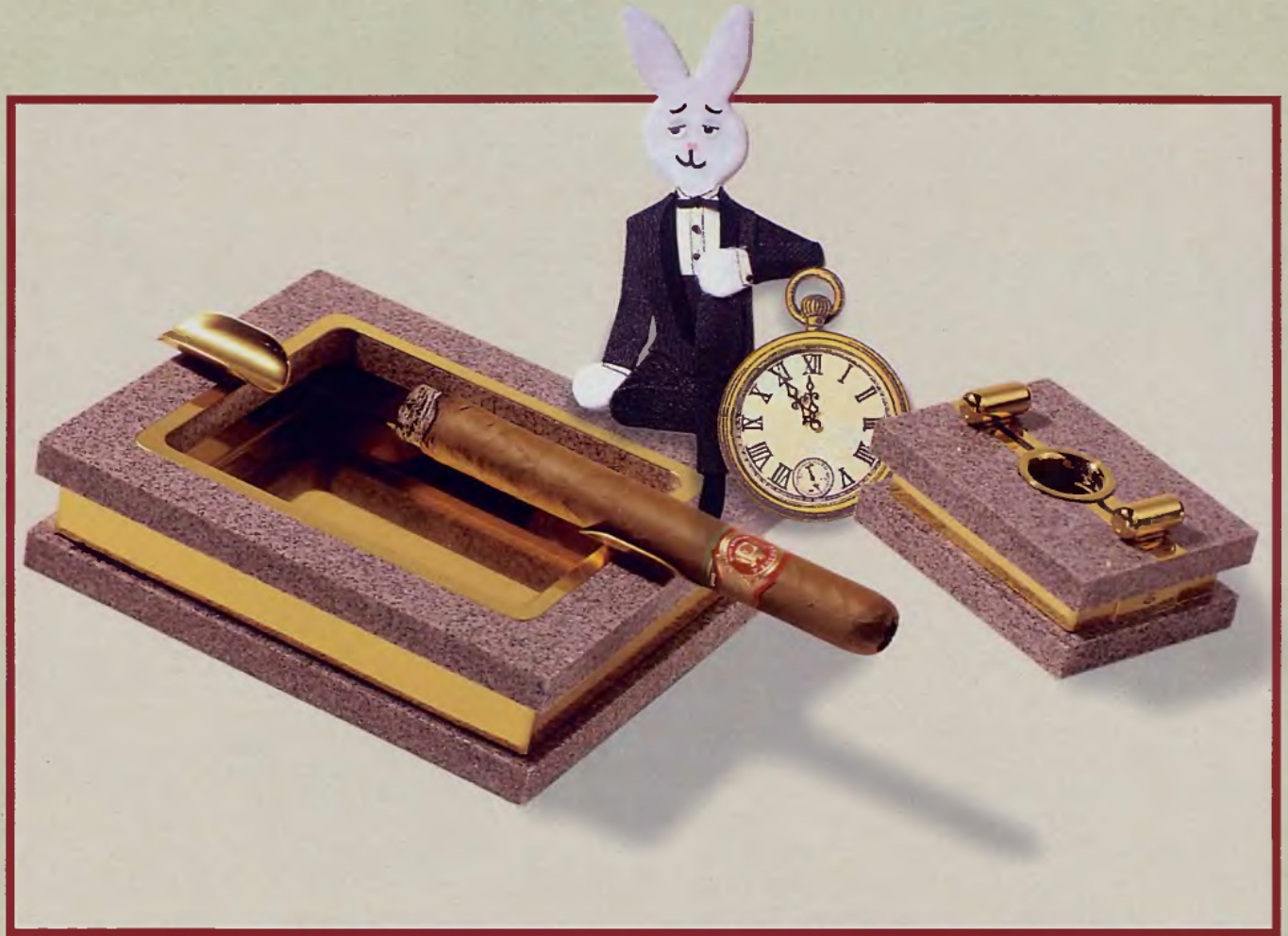
Right: Amrel's Rocky 1000+ Intel Pentium Processor laptop has been "ruggedized from the inside out" and can withstand shock, showers, humidity—you name it. It features 1.4 gigabytes, and the 16MB RAM can be expanded to 32 ($4300).



Top: Power smokes call for power accessories, such as this Corian-and-brass ashtray and double-guillotine stogie cutter by Round Hill Cigar Accoutrements ($375 a set). Above left: Leica is a heavyweight camera name, and its affordable new Z2X automatic with a 35–70mm f/4–7.6 lens is your chance to own one ($330, or $360 with a data back). The Z2X weighs only nine ounces. Above right: With a 40-second electronic antishock system that practically eliminates skipping and with rubber gaskets that seal all seams, Aiwa's XP-SP1000 Cross Trainer CD player is perfect for ski slope and seaside (about $210).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Below left: These eight AVDP-engineered lightweight irons (three through pitching wedge) by Goldwin Golf feature a lower balance point for increased club-head control and swing speed ($1040 for the set). Below right: Game.Com is a portable video gaming system ($70) with some neat twists: Touch-screen technology gives you access to phone numbers, a calendar, a calculator, e-mail and the Internet via optional modem cards. Included is a Lights Out game cartridge. Bottom: Sony's model MHC-F100 mini stereo system holds 51 CDs and features AM-FM stereo and dual-autocassette functions (about $480).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 185.

THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

the past 12 months gave us a bumper crop of ironies, inanities and pratfalls

humor by **Robert S. Wieder**

EVANDER HOLYFIELD

Holyfield survived Iron Mike
But learned a lesson: He
No longer throws this taunt at foes—
"You want a piece of me?"

KATHIE LEE AND FRANK

Kathie Lee's child-sweatshop woes,
Then Frank's fling with another—
Their punishment seems heaven-sent:
They're married to each other.

MICHAEL JACKSON AND TONY RANDALL

The King of Pop and Tony Randall
Fathered kids! Ye gods!
Sometimes our species replicates
Despite enormous odds.

WELD AND HELMS

No post for Weld, 'cause Jesse Helms
Both fears and much disdains
That element Weld represents:
Republicans with brains.

JOHN KENNEDY JR.

"Poster boys for bad behavior,"
John John called his cousins.
The exploits of his dad and uncs
Must really set him buzzin'.

MIR

Russia, once supreme in space,
Found nothing there but trouble.
Its once-proud Mir now seems like mere
Low-output, high-tech rubble.

MONTSERRAT

We wish O.J. would go away.
We've picked a new home that,
Given his nerve, seems well deserved:
A house on Montserrat.

BARBRA STREISAND

Babs Streisand snubbed the Oscar show;
In filmland, that's a curse.
Of course, she's still a Friend of Bill.
(Or does that make things worse?)

THE BUDGET

"We have the budget balanced!"
Congress boasted gleefully.
"Well, maybe not this minute—
But in 2053!"

NEWT GINGRICH

Huge ethics fine, House near revolt,
Disaster victims' ire:
The odds are great Newt couldn't wait
For the year to expire.

ALAN GREENSPAN

"Irrational exuberance,"
A phrase from Greenspan's tongue,
Applies as well to guys like Al
Who wed at 71.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SEBASTIAN KRUGER

CLONING

"We've cloned a sheep! Man could be next!"
They raved. "A wondrous thing!"
Well, that depends. Who's getting cloned:
Meg Ryan or Don King?

JANET RENO

J. Reno's party left her with
A choice that makes pols sob.
What's more important that you save:
Your good name or your job?

HEAVEN'S GATE

Asexuals, mass suicides,
Castrations, UFOs:
That Heaven's Gate cult sounded like
The "Jerry Springer" show.

THE THREE CUSPIDEERS

Mike Tyson, Christian Slater and
Marv Albert stood accused
Of throwing fits, but they just bit
Off more than they could chew.

SPICE GIRLS

Spice Girls made multimillions off
That age group known for zits.
As for talent: Think of early
Monkees with nice tits.

CIGARS

It's long and stiff and women took
To sucking it. Hurrah!
The bad news is, it wasn't
You-know-what, but a fine cigar.

MICHAEL OVITZ

To Michael Ovitz, Disney said,
"We will a fortune pay
If you join us; then twice as much
If you will go away."

PAULA JONES

"No settlement!" swore Paula Jones,
"I'm going for the kill."
Such strident fury, dear, gets jury
Pools embracing Bill.

AL GORE

His Buddhist temple friends may have
Mucked up Gore's White House run.
The odds that he slides through taint-free
Now range from slim to nun.

DALLAS COWBOYS

"They're using drugs!" "Their coach packs guns!"
"They're sex-crazed!" headlines scream.
No wonder, then, that people call the
Cowboys America's team.

KELLY FLINN

Lieutenant Flinn, she lied and sinned.
The Air Force said, "Goodbye!
You've been perverse. And what's much worse,
You're not even a guy!"

KENNETH STARR AND WHITEWATER

Ken Starr sought out sex tales about
Bill Clinton's past—what brass!
He's spent, for nil, some $40 mil;
Please, someone kick Ken's ass.

BILL CLINTON

An ugly spill half-crippled Bill
And got a rumor popping:
"'Twas Hillary who whacked his knee,
To keep him from bed-hopping."

Battle of Khafji *(continued from page 88)*

Everyone shut up and listened to our bombs raining down like it was the Fourth of July.

The cameras are rolling, and all our necks are bent back as we watch the Saudi flailing around up there screaming like a lamb to the fucking slaughter. The helicopter took him in a circle, and then went behind the barracks, and when it zoomed overhead again the Saudi was dangling a couple dozen feet overhead and still screaming like a motherfucker.

The platoon looked up at the screaming Saudi in the sky, and one by one we started to crack up. But Captain Beck wasn't laughing, and you could see on his face that the Saudi soldier disgusted him. Just before the helo set down the Saudi and he started kissing the sand, I saw Captain Beck eyeballing Sergeant Packer, and that was when I noticed Sergeant Packer wasn't laughing either. I went over and stood next to Sergeant Packer and he said to me that for the last couple of months he had dreamed about dangling just like that from a helicopter. I didn't ask him, he just told me, and then he turned like he was heading back to the barracks, and that was when Captain Beck yelled out for Sergeant Packer to lead the Saudis in a rifle drill.

Everyone in the platoon turned to look at Captain Beck. First of all, we all had the idea Captain Beck didn't even know Sergeant Packer was on the face of the planet. Second, here he was asking the fat little bus driver to lead a rifle drill for the Marine Historical Division cameras when our own Corporal Zellman was once on the Presidential Honor Guard. Then the rest of the platoon started to snicker, figuring Captain Beck wanted to make Sergeant Packer look like an asshole. I wasn't laughing because I had the idea Captain Beck didn't want just Packer to look like an asshole.

Sergeant Packer ran out in front of the cameras. It was the first time I had seen Packer move faster than a dead man's walk, and you could see the rolls of fat under his uniform. Sergeant Packer took a long time organizing the Saudis into three rows and then all of a sudden some Saudi soldier started to yodel off on a dune and the Saudis had to take a break to get down on the sand on their knees and pray toward Mecca. The way he was looking at the Saudis, I had the idea for a split second Packer was going to get down on the sand and pray right along with them.

Finally the prayers were over and Packer got the Saudis in line and stood in front of them, looking kind of confused, and had them affix bayonets. He slowly thrust his bayonet toward us as the cameras from the Marine Historical Division rolled. The thrust was kind of weak, and the Saudis behind him were waving their bayonets all over the fucking place. Someone started to laugh, and then Sergeant Packer took another step toward us, and from then on his routine started to get crisp. His eyes opened wide, and he looked almost as if he didn't know what was coming over him. Behind him the three rows of Saudi marines were like Abbott and Costello in their attempts to mirror him. The Saudis tried to scalp one another, but Sergeant Packer was suddenly making these razor cuts with his bayonet, like he was cutting through the skin of time. It wasn't just me, I heard Corporal Zellman, who as I said was on the Presidential Honor Guard, whisper, "He's fucking beautiful, man. Packer's speaking the language, man, loud and clear. Hardly nobody speaks that language anymore."

One who didn't like the language Packer was speaking was Captain Beck. I looked over at him and he was looking at Packer like he wanted to rip his head off. He saw me looking and he turned around and headed back to the barracks. The rest of the platoon stood looking at Sergeant Packer, knowing for a fact we had just seen someone do something far better than should have been possible, and then Corporal Zellman tried to high-five Sergeant Packer, but the little man just looked at him with a look like *get fucked* and walked out into the desert.

•

The next day the call came from Marine Expeditionary Force HQ that we were to proceed up the coast to the Persian Gulf beach resort town of Khafji. We dropped off some of our extra gear in a condo in Khafji after Corporal Zellman shot off the lock like in the movies, and then moved right up to the goddamn Kuwaiti border. Saudis had a big sand berm 20 feet high that ran the whole border with Kuwait, with big concrete fortresses every 1000 yards or so that we called the Alamos. Saudi border guards called the *salaladud* were in the Alamos in normal times to keep out the infidels. No sign of those Saudi fuckers now. We sat around that first night spitting chew on the sand rats' oriental rugs in the downstairs tearoom of one of the Alamos, listening to the echoes of the bombing, maybe thinking about you all back home trimming your Christmas trees and singing hallelujah. We were at the head of the spear now. Nobody else was this close to the Iraqis in the whole Desert Shield operation.

It was out of the Alamos that we would run our recon patrols into Iraqi-occupied Kuwait, but first we ran a couple of warm-up missions along the Saudi-Kuwaiti border. We were on our way back to one Alamo after one of these missions when a black cloud rolled across the barrier plain between us and Kuwait. You could see it coming, this thick black fog. In the distance you could hear some serious explosions. We bombed the shit out of them over there, night and day, from Kuwait City to Baghdad. We walked on, but in a couple of minutes it was lights out, total darkness in the middle of the fucking day. You couldn't see your hand in front of your face. There were six of us in the patrol, including Sergeant Packer, who Captain Beck had insisted come along with us.

Sergeant Zabrinski started going on about how they hit the oil fields big time, and Sergeant Vergil Anderson, who was some sort of born-again freak, started in about how this *was* the end of the world and how the Lord was coming to judge us. Nobody said anything to that because it was like the end of the world. Zabrinski broke the silence and gave Vergil Anderson some shit like, *What if your man already came, realized he couldn't do shit and got the fuck out of here?* Vergil Anderson started to freak out, and that's when Sergeant Packer said sort of out of nowhere, *Nobody's coming.* It was weird to hear Sergeant Packer speak, but weirder still in the fucking darkness. Everyone shut up and thought their own thoughts and listened to our bombs raining down over there in Kuwait like it was the Fourth of July.

The desert was shaking under our feet. I don't know how much time passed, but the acrid smoke started to lift, and then we saw lights moving toward us from the direction of Kuwait. Sergeant Zabrinski hissed, and we slipped to the sand. There were voices speaking in Arabic, they were walking right toward us. The Iraqis fell to their knees and threw up their hands, crying "*inshallah*" when we moved on them. We pushed them to the deck and tied their hands behind their heads with 5-50 parachute cord. Some were shaved bald and others had freaky kinky hair.

(continued on page 179)

"Oh, don't mind us. Lie right down and make yourselves comfortable."

Heather Sent

miss january spreads her wings

At 21, Heather Kozar, a self-described "spontaneous, silly and sophisticated" Ohio native, is ready for anything—from modeling to acting to rebelling against her strict upbringing. We met the down-to-earth angel in Chicago for a candid tête-à-tête.

Q: Is posing nude as easy as you make it look?

A: Sometimes I get a little cold. And it's nerve-racking. There's so much to think about—how to move, how to turn, what face to make. You practice in front of a mirror, but looking natural for the camera is harder. Fortunately, I worked with a great photographer who

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

What is sexy? "It's a feeling you get, a certain mood," Heather says (riding in style to a New Year's party). "It's body language, voices. Some people are sexy and don't realize it. People tell me I'm sexy. Also, people have told me I'm not sexy. To them I was like, 'If you don't have anything nice to say. . . .'"

made me feel comfortable.

Q: Your mom is a born-again Christian. Will she flip when she sees these photos?

A: When I was little, my mom tried to instill strict morals and values in me—that I should keep myself covered and that showing affection in public, even holding hands, was dirty. So, yes, she might flip, but she loves me unconditionally. It's not like I woke up one morning thinking, You know what? I'm going to disappoint my mother today. Nudity is art. It's an honor to be chosen out of thousands of women to pose for PLAYBOY. If I hadn't done this, I'd be kicking myself ten years from now.

Q: We'd be kicking ourselves, too. So, what will you be doing in ten years?

A: Who knows? I live day to day. Every morning I wake up and thank God for giving me a bonus day. My dad died three years ago, and it taught me to appreciate life. You never know when it's going to end. As for my career, I'd like to try TV and movies, especially comedy and action.

Q: You'd make a great *Baywatch* babe.

A: [*Laughs*] Thanks. I'm willing to try everything once. I love the sun, so I think I could handle the lifeguard thing.

Q: When men stare at your chest, how do you redirect their attention?

A: I'm humble. I don't strut my stuff. If someone is gawking at my chest, I try to get away from him as quickly as possible. I don't want to upset him, because he might think I'm a jerk.

Q: You dreaded high school. Why?

A: The kids were mean—I didn't feel like I had close friends. You respect what your peers have to say, so when they make fun of you it hurts. But I made it. I'm happier now than I've ever been.

Q: You showed them. Have you encountered any fair-weather friends lately?

A: Two guys who were rude to me in high school approached me recently and said, "You're so cool! We're so proud of you!" I was like, "What was I before, a schmuck?"

Q: You've been traveling a lot. Where would you like to go next?

A: Somewhere secluded, like the Caribbean, where I can walk around naked all day. That's how I lie out in the backyard.

Q: Has the mailman ever been caught peeking?

A: No! [*Laughs*] I live with my boyfriend and we have a security system and a big fence, so no one can see in. The mailman will just have to buy the magazine!

To get closer to Heather, you can call the Playboy Super Hotline. See page 197 for details.

Miss January rings in 1998 with a glass of bubbly (left) and her unique full-figured rendition of *Auld Lang Syne* (below). At right, the party girl contemplates her New Year's resolutions and catches her breath.

"Everyone should feel comfortable around me, because I try to be as laid-back as possible. I like not having a schedule, just to do whatever. When you have a schedule you have time slots. And that's no good, because I'm always late. On an ideal day, I would sleep late, relax in the sun, have some seafood and then head out for cocktails with friends. My life is good. I feel really lucky in a lot of ways."

MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Heather Kozar

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Heather Kozar

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 117

BIRTH DATE: 5-4-76 BIRTHPLACE: Akron, Ohio

AMBITIONS: To continue to be happy, healthy and successful.

TURN-ONS: Surprises, fun high-energy people and romantic evenings with my lover.

TURNOFFS: Waiting in lines, unappreciative people, no sense of humor & tan lines.

I WISH I HAD: a dollar every time I'm asked "Are you related to Bernie Kosar?"

WHAT SHAKES ME UP: Cab rides in Manhattan and commuter flights.

MY WEAKNESS: Alaskan King Crab Legs at Shooters in Cleveland.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION: To pamper myself and live each day to the fullest!

Girl Talk.

Miss OHIO in Hawaii.

My favorite past time.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A diver was marveling at the beauty of a coral reef 20 feet beneath the waves when he noticed a guy at the same depth wearing no scuba gear. The diver went down another 20 feet, and a few minutes later the other fellow floated into view. Twenty-five feet farther down, the guy reappeared. Confused, the diver took out a waterproof chalkboard and wrote, "How the hell are you able to stay under this long without equipment?"

The guy took the board and pen and scribbled, "I'm drowning, you moron!"

The Civil War had finally ended and a Confederate soldier boarded a train to go home. He noticed a beautiful Southern belle sitting several rows ahead and was thinking about introducing himself when a carpetbagger strode up and sat down next to her. Before long, the burly fellow crudely offered the woman two dollars for her sexual favors. The soldier bolted up, walked over and without a word shot the carpetbagger between the eyes. He slowly holstered his gun and looked down at the startled young woman.

"They freed the slaves, they won the war," he snarled, "but I'll be damned if they're going to start raising prices!"

What do management consultants call hermaphrodites? Self-sufficient.

Doc," the concerned woman said, "I'm getting married this weekend and my fiancé thinks I'm a virgin. Is there anything you can do to help me?"

"Medically, no," he replied, "but here's a suggestion: On your wedding night, when you're getting ready for bed, slide an elastic band around your upper thigh. When your husband enters you, snap the band and tell him it's your virginity snapping."

After the ceremony, the newlyweds retired to the honeymoon suite. The new bride undressed in the bathroom, slipped the elastic band around her leg and climbed into bed. They began to make love, and when her husband entered her, she snapped the band. "What the hell was that?" the startled fellow asked.

"Oh, that was just my virginity snapping, honey," she replied.

"Well snap it again," he groaned. "It's got my balls!"

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: The Pope and President Clinton died within minutes of each other, but the Pope was sent to hell and Clinton went to heaven. It took a half hour for the Pope to correct the mix-up. On his way to heaven he passed Clinton headed in the opposite direction. "Where are you going?" the pontiff asked.

"Downstairs," the president replied. "Where are you going?"

"To see the Virgin Mary."

"Forget it," Clinton chuckled. "You're about 20 minutes too late."

What did Bill Gates reportedly say to his CFO? "I said 'Snapple,' you idiot. Snapple!"

The judge looked down at the meek little man before him, then at the charges, then back down at the skinny, bespectacled fellow. "Can you explain what happened?" he asked.

"I'm a mathematician dealing in the nature of proof," the man began. "I was at the library, found the books I wanted and stood in line to take them out. They told me my library card had expired and that I had to get a new one. So I went to the registration office, got in another line and filled out the form for a new card. And then I got back in line to pick up my card."

"Yes, go on," said the judge.

"And the librarian asked, 'Can you prove you're from New York City?'" the man continued, "so I stabbed him."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: The dean of women at an exclusive girls' school was lecturing her students on sexual morality. "We live today in very difficult times for young people. In moments of temptation," she said, "ask yourself just one question: Is an hour of pleasure worth a lifetime of shame?"

A young woman rose in the back of the room and said, "Excuse me, but how do you make it last an hour?"

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.

"Now remember not to give away the big surprise!"

THREE BALCONIES

ON THE DAY FOLLOWING HARRY'S THIRD NIGHT OF CHASING WOMEN AND DRINKING, HE BEGAN TO ENTERTAIN THOUGHTS OF GOING OVER THE RAILING

fiction by

BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

AS IS THE CASE with most men, Harry wanted to be taken seriously and resented the suggestion that he was not a serious man. Yet there may have been some truth to the charge. Because if he were to take a hard look at his life—which was not something he did every 20 minutes—he would have to admit that he had spent most of it chasing women. Or maybe not exactly chasing them, but pursuing them. Something along those lines. Which is not to suggest that he had a sterling record of catching them—or even knew what to do with them when he did—but he certainly did pursue them. Harry was still at it, but what bothered him is that he had done so much of it when he should have been reading Herodotus. He was reading Herodotus now, but if he had been reading Herodotus when he was chasing—or pursuing—women, he could have been finished with Herodotus and moved on to someone like Tacitus. Or Willa Cather. He could have been finished with Willa Cather, too, instead of just starting to read her.

Harry had once sat on the deck of a film producer's house in Malibu, exchanging stories about the carefree Sixties and Seventies. With a casual wave, the producer said that he had slept with hundreds of women.

"And I took no prisoners," he said, with grim satisfaction. Harry was not in that league. He had taken plenty of prisoners. And he did not want to get into a numbers game with the producer. He knew for a fact that the man had slept with entire platoons of film stars. Or at least he didn't doubt it. (The producer had a kind of sleazy charm; Harry could see him sleazing film stars into bed.) And Harry was painfully aware that in all his years of traveling to the Coast, he had slept with only one film star, who, strictly speaking, wasn't really a film star at all but a catalog model who had left the business after playing a role in one movie. When Harry last heard from her, she was selling real estate in Sydney, or someplace like that.

But one thing Harry knew for sure is that he had at least chased—or pursued—women with the best of them.

Did that make Harry a womanizer? Did they still have womanizers in the Nineties? And wasn't that someone who preyed on women and got them to sign over real estate holdings?

If so, that didn't sound much like Harry.

There were probably one or two women out there who would say that he had ended an affair too abruptly—or had pretended to be interested in them when all he wanted to do was roll around a little—but that would be the extent of his womanizing.

So if someone insisted that Harry was a womanizer, he would say fine, you got it, but would you please put an asterisk in there somewhere?

Harry was madly in love with his wife *(continued on page 146)*

ILLUSTRATION BY MEL ODOM

Nikon
Panasonic

MAKING NEW YEAR'S MISCHIEF WITH COMPUTERIZED POINT-AND-SHOOT CAMERAS

DIGITAL BASH

So what are you doing New Yeor's Eve? If you're game for o little strip poker—and bold enough to shoot it—consider this digitol geor. Gotewoy 2000's Destinotion is o living room–friendly computer with o 31-inch TV ($2500 to $4500). On the top shelf (left to right) is Minolto's Dimâge V digitol still camera with a removable lens for wild-ongle photography (obout $600). Olympus' D-600L digitol shooter hos o through-the-lens viewfinder and o 3X zoom lens (obout $1300). On the bottom shelf (left to right): Nikon's Cool Pix 300 lets you attoch recorded audio and hondwritten notes to your pictures ($700). When it comes time to make prints, Panosonic's PV-MP10 video printer will do the job from your TV (obout $1300). Hitochi's MP-EG1A camero gives you the option of storing full-motion video or still pictures on PCMCIA cords ($2500). And Sony's DCR-TRV7 digitol Hondycam Vision (obove) con beom footoge to your TV via infrored technology ($2700).

ELECTRONICS BY DON SUTHERLAND

Pop open the champagne and prime your guests for some serious mugging. This holiday season, digital cameras and camcorders are the life of the party. You won't wait hours—or worse, days—to see how the fun unfolded on film: Digital shooters cut the developing time to zero. Video footage and still images can be viewed on the spot on a television or on the camera's own LCD viewscreen. And unlike Polaroids, which aren't easily duplicated, digital photos can be cloned endlessly, allowing you to make keepsake copies for your pals via a PC or TV video printer. You can even add digital snapshots and video to e-mail or your Web site. For budding auteurs who prefer live footage, Sony takes the concept seriously. Its DCR-TRV7 Handycam Vision ($2700, pictured above) incorporates infrared technology that enables you to beam full-motion video to the TV as it's being shot. The only restrictions: You have to be within 16 feet from the tube and have a clear line of sight. (In other words, the guy wearing the lampshade can't block the beam.) The digital Handycam's IR connection can also be made with a computer, and it features a Fire Wire interface, a fairly new industry standard that ensures PC peripherals will hook up to any new-model computer, hassle free. Panasonic's slick-looking PV-DV710 Palmcorder ($2500) also has a Fire Wire interface, and, like the Sony, it includes an image-stabilization system that compensates for the shaky effect that may result from downing too many cocktails. Because digital camcorders are still in their infancy, these and other models by RCA, JVC and Sharp are priced considerably higher than their analog versions. (You can get a standard 8mm Handycam or a VHS-C Palmcorder for under $1000, while the digital variations cost upwards of $2000.) But digital technology brings surprising new *(continued on page 193)*

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 185.

Before she became a legend, Bettie Page was a Tennessee girl strolling the beach at Coney Island, New York. An amateur photographer named Jerry Tibbs spotted the pretty secretary in October 1950. Tibbs asked her to pose for him. Bettie smiled and said yes. Soon she was posing for local camera clubs, and when shutterbugs asked the 27-year-old to pose nude, Bettie smiled and said yes.

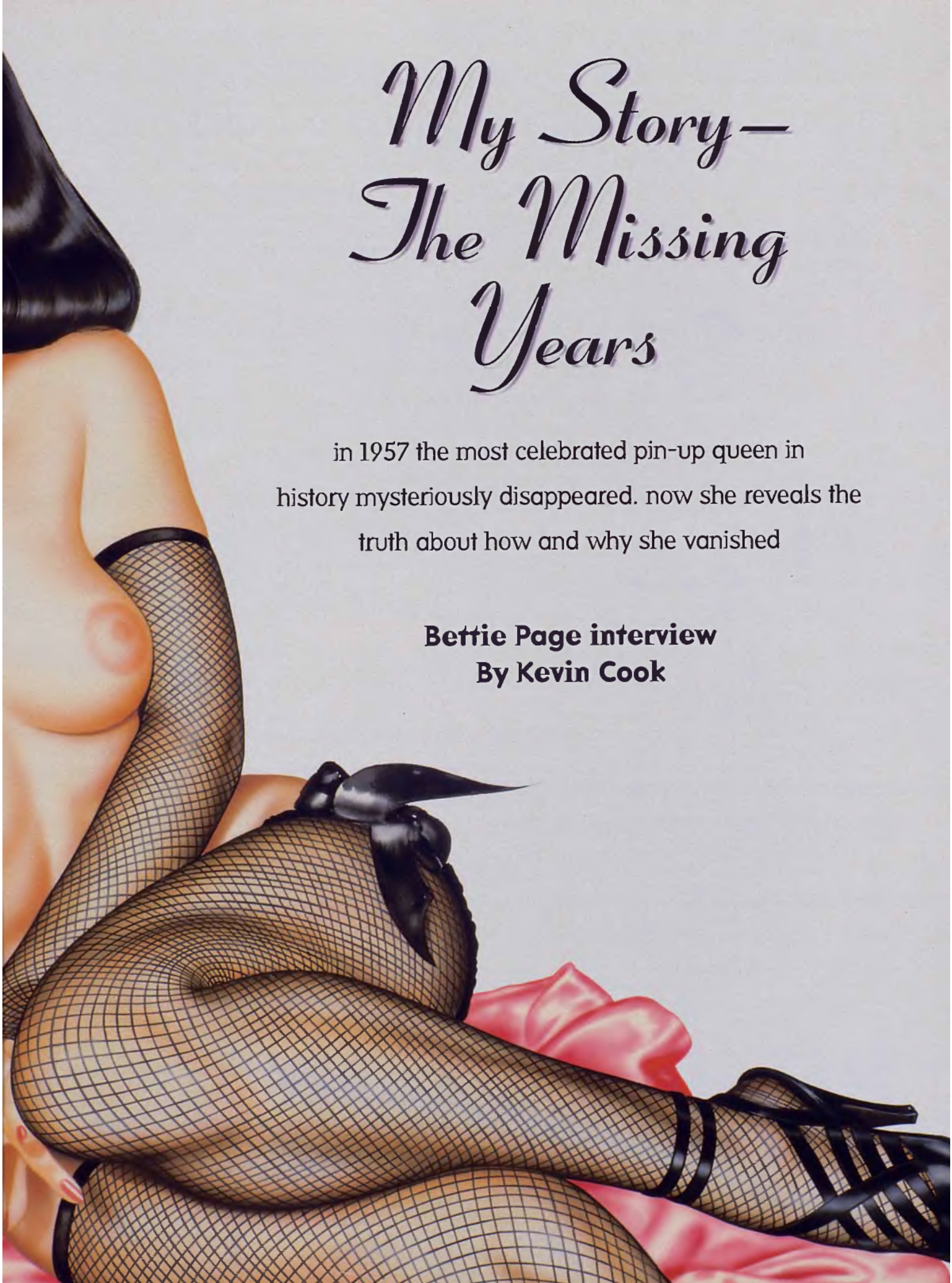
In the next seven years the young brunette became an underground icon. Bettie Page was the Queen of Curves, the most photographed woman on the planet. The Dark Angel, some men called her. By 1955 her hearty smile had appeared in such girlie magazines as *Stare*, *Sir!*, *Titter* and *Modern Sunbathing*. She was PLAYBOY's Playmate for January 1955. Indeed, Bettie was the perfect Playmate, for she was both naughty and nice. That smile suggested forbidden fruit as well as apple pie.

Her allure also had a darker side—she posed for fetish and bondage photos. This was the secret Bettie, all tied up with a ball gag in her mouth. These Dark Angel photos led countless American men and boys to ponder a new sexual geography, a wet-dream-like land where Miss America meets the Marquis de Sade.

The Eighties and Nineties saw a Bettie Page renaissance. Moviemakers and fashion designers revived her look.

She inspired fantasies and art, fashion and fetish. But none of her hundreds of pin-ups captured the charm of the real Bettie Page (pictured above, at a California beach).

ILLUSTRATION BY OLIVIA DE BERARDINIS



My Story— The Missing Years

in 1957 the most celebrated pin-up queen in history mysteriously disappeared. now she reveals the truth about how and why she vanished

Bettie Page interview
By Kevin Cook

Uma Thurman did a Bettie riff in Quentin Tarantino's *Pulp Fiction*. Madonna, Demi Moore and other trendsetters appeared in Page-inspired photo shoots. Today her image adorns many of the hottest nightclubs in America. There are Bettie Page fan clubs and look-alike contests. There are more than 100 Bettie Page Web sites. All for a woman who disappeared 40 years ago.

Much of her work, particularly the bondage photos made by Irving and Paula Klaw, incensed the moral guardians of Fifties-era America. Men such as Tennessee senator Estes Kefauver entirely missed the campy frivolity that animated the Klaw sessions, and they scored political points by hunting down "pornographers" and "perverts." In 1955 Bettie became a target of Kefauver's congressional antipornography commission, which ruined Irving Klaw. She was intimidated by federal agents who waved her own nude photos at her, threatening criminal prosecution.

She fled New York in 1957. For four decades, nobody could find her.

What happened? At last we know. Thanks to Bettie herself we know about her descent into poverty and mental illness, as well as her thoughts on her recent revival. We know that the foreword she wrote for her authorized biography, *Bettie Page: The Life of a Pin-up Legend*, by Karen Essex and James Swanson, was partly whitewash, since Bettie omitted what she refers to as "my troubles." According to a new book, *The Real Bettie Page: The Truth About the Queen of the Pin-ups*, those years included violent outbursts by a Page desperately in need of psychiatric help. Now, for the first time, she discusses the tormented lost decades that followed her glory years.

Late last summer, Bettie Page appeared at Playboy Mansion West, home of her longtime supporter Hugh Hefner. Accompanied by David Stevens, the comic-book artist who immortalized her in *The Rocketeer*, she spent the day with PLAYBOY Editor-in-Chief Hefner and Contributing Editor Kevin Cook.

PLAYBOY: Tell us why you hide from your fans.

PAGE: I don't want to be photographed. I don't want my fans to see an old, fat—this old face.

PLAYBOY: But everyone gets older.

PAGE: Isn't it sad? I get very sad seeing how my favorite movie stars look today. I'd rather watch their old movies on cable and think of them that way. That's all I watch on television, old movies.

PLAYBOY: How do you see your career? Was it glamorous?

PAGE: I did it mainly because I could make more money in two hours as a model than in 40 hours as a secretary. People say my one desire in life was to be a movie actress, that my modeling was a stepping-stone toward that. Hogwash! I never really pursued acting. I once had an option for a contract at Twentieth Century Fox, but it fell through. I studied in New York with Herbert Berghof, Uta Hagen's husband, but never auditioned for anything on Broadway. Mr. Berghof wanted me to try out for Moonbeam McSwine in *Li'l Abner* when it was first produced, but I wouldn't go. Julie Newmar got the part.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you audition?

PAGE: I was 34. I thought I was too old.

PLAYBOY: You still looked 24 in those days.

PAGE: I did look younger than my age. In the seven years I was posing, I felt my looks never aged a year. But whoever heard of a 34-year-old actress just starting out? I had done a couple off-Broadway parts and several TV shows. I did *The Jackie Gleason Show*. But by the time I studied acting and became convinced I could act, I was 34. It was too late.

PLAYBOY: How did you get your start in modeling?

PAGE: Well, my father stole a police car. We were poor. He stole a car in Texas to get my mother, me, my two brothers and my three sisters back home to Nashville. It happened to be a detective's car. My father got two years in the Atlanta penitentiary. Mama couldn't take care of all six of us, so my sisters and I were put in an orphanage. I was ten years old. I would dance and sing for the other girls in the orphanage and mimic the poses of the actresses we saw in movie magazines. We did the hula; I liked to watch the girls with their hips moving. I'd do the hula and pose for everyone. That was the start.

PLAYBOY: What else do you recall about the orphanage?

PAGE: Supper was always a cup of milk and a piece of cake. Plain white cake with no icing on it. Mama finally got us out of there.

PLAYBOY: You were 19 when you left Nashville.

PAGE: My husband Billy Neal got drafted into the Navy. He was stationed in Marysville, California. Two weeks after I graduated from Peabody College in Nashville I moved to San Francisco. Then he was shipped to the Mariana Islands to fight the Japanese.

PLAYBOY: Neal was kept under 24-hour guard before the ship departed. He had gone AWOL to be with you. Once he even escaped the stockade to spend the night with you.

PAGE: As a wife, I was always a good lover.

PLAYBOY: Soon you split with Billy Neal.

PAGE: I got a job, secretary to the sales manager at Enterprise Engine and Foundry. They made diesel engines for PT boats. The pay was $40 a week.

PLAYBOY: What about your dream of being a model or movie star?

PAGE: I took a modeling course at night. It cost $100. That was $100 wasted. All I learned was how to put on too much makeup and walk with a book on my head. But I met a man in the window-washing business, Art Grasso, who said that he had done some directing in silent movies. Art Grayson, he called himself, but his name was Grasso. He was one of the first men to ask me to pose for him.

He took my picture and sent it to Twentieth Century Fox. Then one day he came running into the office with a telegram in his hand: "Twentieth Century Fox wants you for a screen test!" The next day we went to the airport to fly to Hollywood, but Grayson's wife was so jealous of me that she followed us in her car. She was sure we were having an affair. She grabbed him by the coattails. He was jumping over the turnstile to get to the airplane while she held on to his jacket. I said, over and over, "He never even made a pass at me!"

PLAYBOY: And what happened in Hollywood?

PAGE: I had a screen test with John Russell, who later had the title role in *The Lawman* on TV. I had to kiss him. It was awful. They made me up to look like Joan Crawford, with my hair bunched out on the sides, my eyebrows shaved off and penciled in and a great big wide lipstick mouth. I was disgusted. The studio people sat around a table saying the screen test was a flop, and I said, "Why can't I do my makeup? Isn't that what you liked in the first place?" And they didn't like that at Twentieth Century Fox, my speaking up.

PLAYBOY: Was that your only screen test?

PAGE: I had another chance. One day Mr. Grayson got a wire from Harry Warner at Warner Bros., who wanted me for a screen test. They might have let me do my own makeup; I might have gotten into the movies. But Billy, my husband, was just back from overseas. The war was over. I knew I had to go back to Nashville with him, so I didn't answer the wire. I will be sorry about that until the day I die.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there one other call from a movie man?

PAGE: Ten years later, in 1955, Howard Hughes called. He wanted to meet me. He said he wanted to test me, to screen-test me, in his studio downtown. But I had heard that he wouldn't do

(continued on page 184)

"Did you notice? He swiped a box of Cuban cigars at that last house."

THE YEAR

POOR KATHIE LEE
CHEATING FRANK CAUGHT ON CAMERA!
GLOBE
Goldie's Nifty at Fifty Summer
10 sizzling
FRANK'S GIFT OF LOVE TO KATHIE LEE — A VASECTOMY
KATHIE LEE DIVORCE AGONY
KATHIE LEE: I'M GONNA HAVE FRANK'S BABY
She's forgiven
DAVE
IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN HIS-AND HERS CELL PHONES, MAY I SUGGEST OUR KATHIE LEE AND FRANK GIFFORD SPECIAL...
-BOTH PHONES OFFER HER A SENSE OF SECURITY.
WHAT ABOUT ME? DON'T I GET A SENSE OF SECURITY TOO?
NO. YOUR PHONE ESSENTIALLY FUNCTIONS AS A TRACKING DEVICE!
oh.
PHONE STORE
Special Kathie Lee and Frank Gifford
DAILY NE
KINK-SE SLAYING
West Side whipper gets whacke
DNA test match is a bit-her pill for Marv to swallow
ALBERT GOT RAW DEAL
NEW YORK POST
MARV GETS PINK SLIP
MARV BIT OFF MORE
THAN HE COULD CHEW
THE NIGHT MARV FLIPPED HIS WIG

FRANK'S FOR THE MAMMARIES

When *Globe* placed Frank Gifford in a tryst with a former flight attendant, the sportscaster and his wife, TV hostess Kathie Lee, cried foul. "Total fabrication," they said. *Globe* countered with steamy photos of Frank and Suzen Johnson. (Not to be outdone, the *Star* and the *National Enquirer* proffered dueling pregnancy tales.) Kathie Lee often bubbled to fans about her spouse's great behind; a PLAYBOY layout proved Suzen has an impressive front.

SHOW ME THE MONEY!

Jerry Maguire's Cuba Gooding Jr. stripped to bare essentials to proclaim what soon became the year's hottest catchphrase.

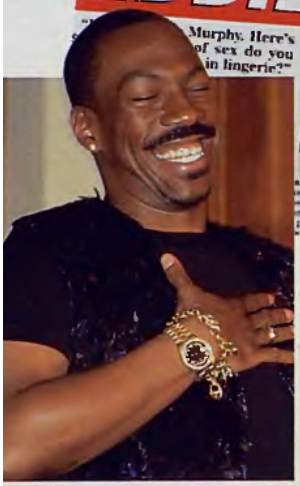
CAUGHT WITH HIS PANTIES DOWN, MARV FOULS OUT

NBC fired Marv Albert after he first denied, then copped a plea to an ex-girlfriend's abuse charges. It didn't help that the sportscaster's DNA matched bite marks on her torso, that another witness testified she saw him in lingerie or that his name surfaced in the files of a dead dominatrix.

IN SEX

men behaving badly! soldiers off-limits! stars acting up! it's another rip-roaring roundup

EDDIE MURPHY'S SECRET SEX LIFE



His transvestite hooker tells all!

ENQUIRER EXCLUSIVE

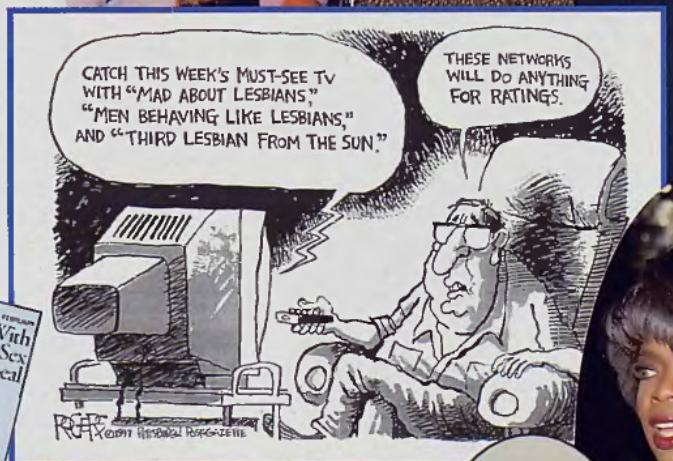
He put two $100 bills on my leg and asked: 'Can I see you in lingerie?'

Tragic secre
Matt La

TV OR NOT TV?
Eddie Murphy insists his four A.M. pickup of transvestite hooker Atisone Seiuli (who, as evidenced near right, looks remarkably like Murphy's wife, Nicole) was merely a good Samaritan gesture: Seiuli, who's known in the trade as Shalimar, just needed a ride. Other TVs tattled to tabloids about their alleged past encounters with the actor, who, they said, only likes to look.

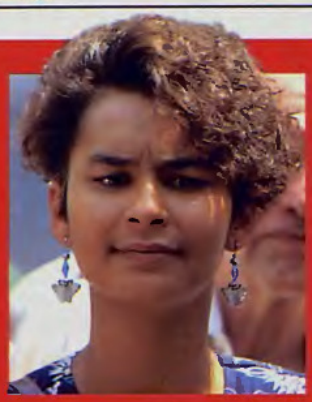
THE DISH ON DENNIS
Anicka Rodman, ex-wife of hoopster (and *Bad as I Wanna Be* author) Dennis, tells all in her book, *Worse Than He Says He Is: White Girls Don't Bounce.*

HANDS-ON PROJECT
GQ's February 1997 subscriber copies featured an image of Dennis Rodman's hands on Rebecca Romijn's breasts; the newsstand version featured a tamer Becky in a bikini.


CATCH THIS WEEK'S MUST-SEE TV WITH "MAD ABOUT LESBIANS," "MEN BEHAVING LIKE LESBIANS," AND "THIRD LESBIAN FROM THE SUN."
THESE NETWORKS WILL DO ANYTHING FOR RATINGS.

FULL HEARTS, EMPTY CLOSETS
Ellen's April outing scored the sitcom's highest ratings; as Ellen DeGeneres and her lover Anne Heche glowed, Oprah Winfrey felt compelled to squelch rumors that she's gay.

THE YEAR IN SEX



SHOW ME THE DNA!
After Autumn Jackson was convicted of trying to extort $40 million in hush money from Bill Cosby—she says she's his daughter—he gave blood for a DNA test to settle the matter. At that point, Jackson balked.

O SAY! CAN YOU XENA?
Singing the national anthem at a Mighty Ducks hockey game, actress Lucy (*Xena: Warrior Princess*) Lawless lost it.

LUST IN CYBERSPACE?
Surfwatch software, purportedly aimed at Internet fare such as that below right, blocked the White House site for using the dirty word couples to describe Al and Tipper Gore.

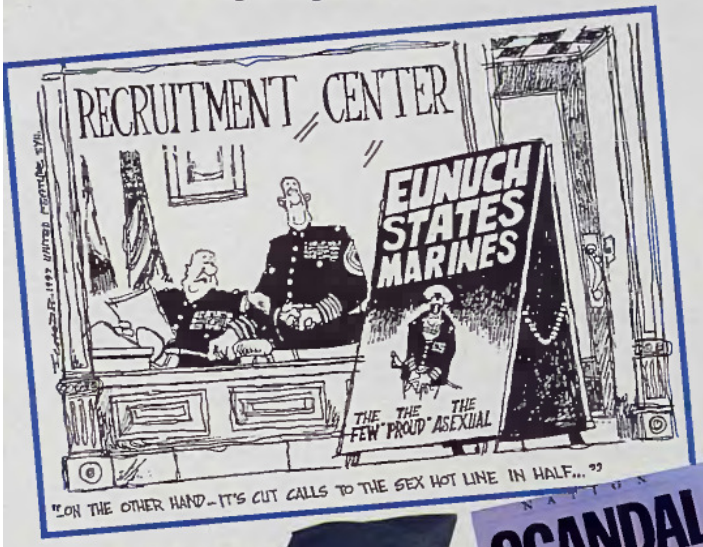
OUT OF BODY, OUT OF MIND
Dissing her two years with PLAYBOY as momentary out-of-body experiences, 1994 PMOY Jenny McCarthy posed on the can and eyeing a plumber's ass for Candies ads that, despite being rejected as tasteless by magazines and TV outlets, sold shoes.

RUBBER BEDROOM BUNGEE JUMPERS
Cords Unlimited's Bedroom Bungee device promises more bounce to the pounce via weightless sex.

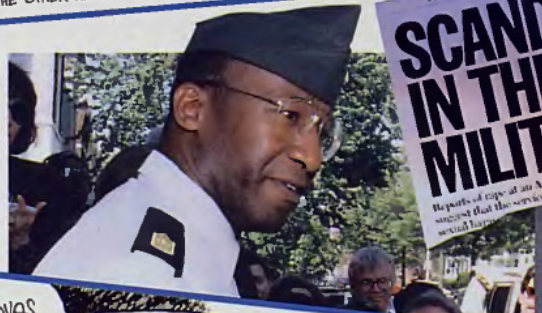
MUFF SAID
"The only fur I'm not ashamed to wear," proclaims the beavered babe in this Italian ad for an animal-rights organization.

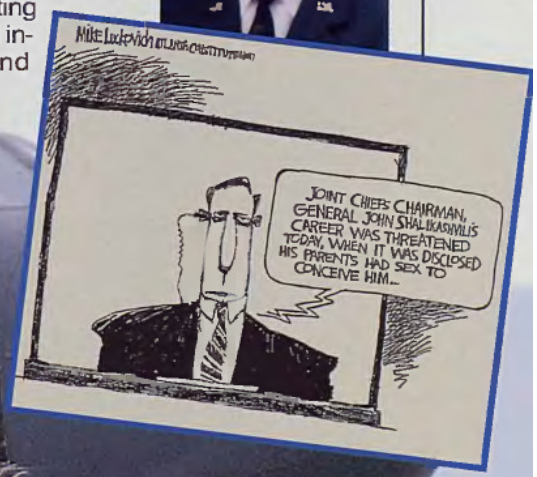
BUTTS OUT
The models (from the prestigious Boss agency) and the messages are the same in U.S. and German versions of this People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals ad. In prim American media, though, the slogan turned into a bum wrap.

EN PELZ DIE KEHRSEITE
osen Anti-Pelz-Button sowie weitere Infos erhalten Sie bei
stfach 31 15 03, 70475 Stuttgart, Tel. 0711-866 6165.
B
boss models worldwide


RECRUITMENT CENTER
EUNUCH STATES MARINES
THE FEW THE PROUD THE ASEXUAL
"ON THE OTHER HAND - IT'S CUT CALLS TO THE SEX HOT LINE IN HALF..."

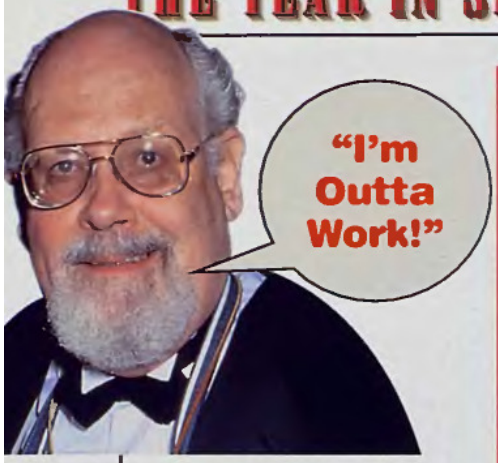
MAKE WAR, NOT LOVE
No sooner had the Pentagon washed its hands of the gays-in-the-military issue than the specter of heterosexual sex raised its head. Among the combatants in the military's battle of the sexes: The Army's former top enlisted man, Sergeant Major Gene McKinney (below left), who faced a court martial for harassment; Air Force Lieutenant Kelly Flinn (bottom), who was forced to resign over adultery charges; and USAF General Joseph Ralston (right), who lost his Joint Chiefs of Staff nomination over a long-ago affair. The supporting players on the nightly news included drill sergeants and a horny recruiter.




Mike Luckovich
JOINT CHIEFS CHAIRMAN, GENERAL JOHN SHALIKASHVILI'S CAREER WAS THREATENED TODAY, WHEN IT WAS DISCLOSED HIS PARENTS HAD SEX TO CONCEIVE HIM...

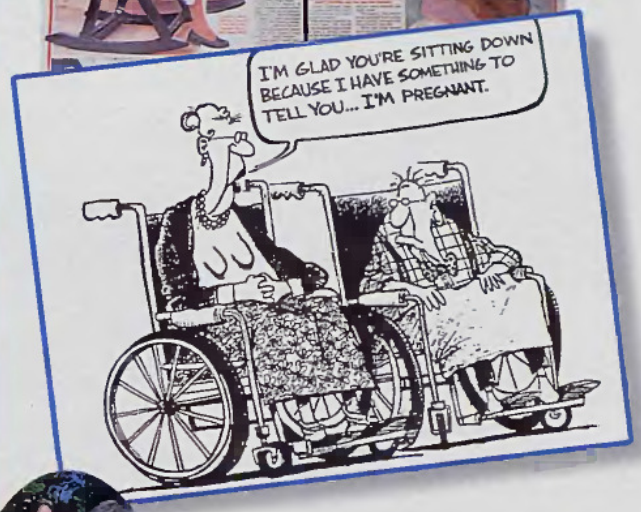
JUST PROVES AGAIN - WOMEN CAN'T DO THE THINGS MEN CAN DO IN THE MILITARY.
FLY B-52s?
COMMIT ADULTERY.
KELLY FLINN COURT MARTIAL
Mike Keefe '97 ACC:INTERCONT

THE YEAR IN SEX



THAT'S BUSBOYS, NOT BUSS BOYS
Jeff Smith, television's Frugal Gourmet, lost a religious-network gig when seven former teen employees sued him over alleged sexual abuse.

SHOW US YOUR WILLY, BILLY!
Right-on reports described Billy, marketed as the world's first openly gay doll, as "very anatomically correct."



GRANNY GOOSE, MEET GERIATRIC GANDERS
The same media that cluck-clucked when 63-year-old mom Arceli Keh gave birth to a daughter oohed and aahed when Tony Randall (left) became a first-time father at 77 and Anthony Quinn had his 13th child at 81.

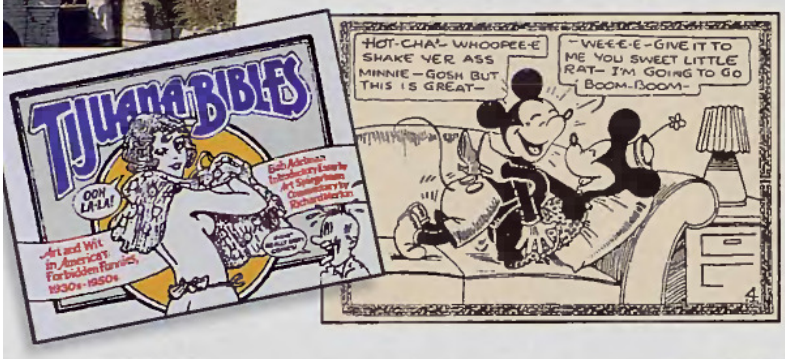
THE PAM WHAT AM
Maybe they should buy better locks: After yet another reported theft of intimate photos—this time on tape—Pamela Anderson and husband Tommy Lee found themselves on the international video market via the Internet (left). Meanwhile, the blonde bombshell apparently stripped down to host an episode of *Saturday Night Live*—complete with a sketch spoofing sister Playmate Jenny McCarthy's by-now-notorious farting routine (below)—before producing a brother for Brandon.

Baptists vs. Mickey

Why the boycott against Disney faces steep odds

NO SEX, PLEASE, WE'RE BAPTISTS

As Southern Baptists announced a boycott of Disney over racy films, *Ellen* and same-sex benefits, respected publisher Simon & Schuster resurrected a bawdy Mickey, Minnie and other cartoon characters in *Tijuana Bibles*, a collection of vintage eight-pagers.


Tijuana BIBLES
OOH LA-LA!
Art and Wit in America's Forbidden Funnies, 1930s-1950s
HOT-CHA!- WHOOPEE-E SHAKE YER ASS MINNIE—GOSH BUT THIS IS GREAT—
"WEEE-E-GIVE IT TO ME YOU SWEET LITTLE RAT- I'M GOING TO GO BOOM-BOOM-

RUSSIA'S SECRET WEAPON

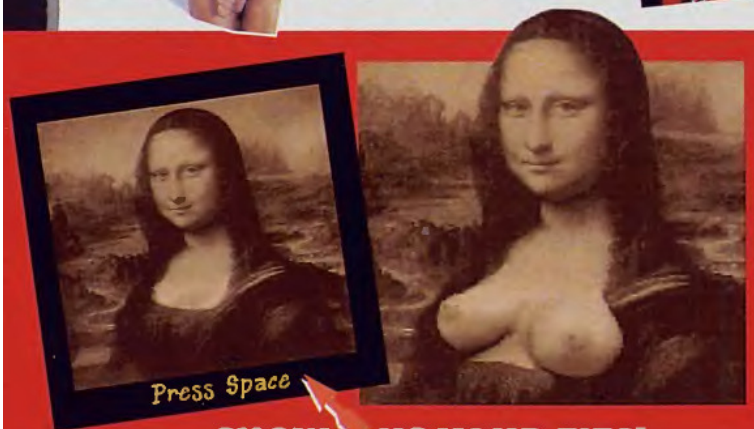
Russian Army generals sure know how to lift military spirits and keep the troops warm during those long Siberian bivouacs. They've cunningly recruited Playboy model Dana Borisova to host their official television show, *Army Shop*.

GUY LIB

When *Playgirl* published two-year-old nude vacation photos, Brad Pitt won an injunction against the magazine. Antonio Banderas branded shots from *Playgirl*, *Celebrity Sleuth* and the Internet (below) as fakes. Would you?

CELEBRITY SKIN

Skin was in for actresses Milla Jovovich (left) and Victoria Abril (below top), both snapped at the Cannes Film Festival, and models Shalom Harlow (for Dior, right), Naomi Campbell (below middle, photographed during New York's Fashion Week) and Kristen McMenamy (flashing for Fendi, bottom).



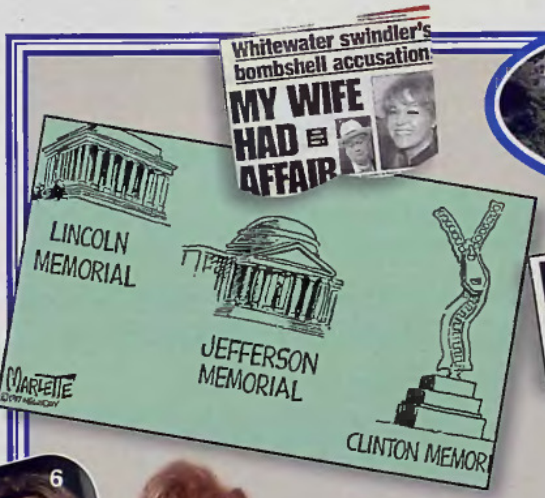
SHOW US YOUR TITS!

Now we know what she's smiling about: Pressing the space bar on your keyboard (www.satexas.com/coolfiles.html) gives you—presto!—Mona Lisa unfettered.

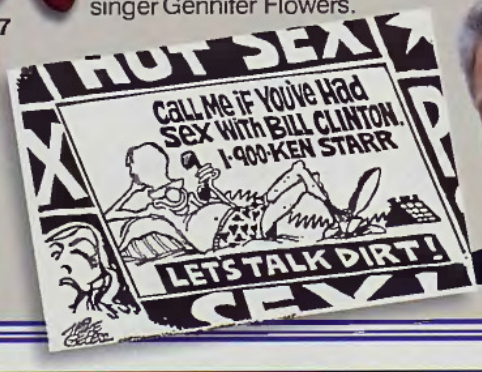
THE YEAR IN SEX

BARE MARKET
Photographer Spencer Tunick's Naked States Tour drew dozens of volunteers to run on Wall Street (top), but Germany's Manfred Schonlau recruited a mere handful to pose by Berlin's Brandenburg Gate (above, right).

THE MOON NEVER SETS ON THE BRITISH EMPIRE
In a flag-lowering ceremony shortly before the Brits left Hong Kong, an errant breeze ruffled the dignity of the Black Watch regiment.



AS FAR AS WE KNOW, NONE OF THIS TOOK PLACE IN THE LINCOLN BEDROOM—IF, INDEED, IT TOOK PLACE AT ALL
Rumors of sexcapades in and out of the White House kept the presses running, notably at the *National Enquirer*, where (1) Barbara Pfafflin, ex-mistress of former advisor (2) Dick Morris, told reporter David Wright that Morris found both (3) Hillary Clinton and (4) presidential advisor George Stephanopoulos attractive—and that President Clinton lusted after (5) Sharon Stone (who doesn't?). Other alleged good friends of Bill: (6) Whitewater defendant Susan McDougal, who denies impropriety, and (7) singer Gennifer Flowers.



SHOW US THE DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC!
Paula Jones, the only one of these folks suing Clinton, claims Bill has "a distinguishing characteristic" beneath his briefs.

"I'm Outta My Element!"

BOONE TO BE WILD

When Pat Boone donned this punk studs-and-leather outfit at the American Music Awards telecast, a Christian cable net canceled his *Gospel America* show.

SO MUCH FOR CAMELOT

Another purported JFK amour, Gunilla von Post, surfaced via a memoir; RFK's son Michael (right, with wife Victoria) was said to have had sex with a teen babysitter; Michael's brother Joe (below) quit his gubernatorial race after ex-wife Sheila (left) fought their annulment; and JFK Jr. branded his cousins "poster boys for bad behavior" while himself posing nude in *George* (right).

BATTLE ROYAL

Kitty Kelley's retelling of innuendos about infidelities and the purity of the regal Windsor bloodlines kept her new book from publication in the United Kingdom.

WHAT WAS SHE EXPECTING, BINGO?

Ex-Miss USA Shannon Marketic was shocked (shocked!) when a visit to the Sultan of Brunei's palace turned harem–scare 'em. A judge tossed her suit, though, ruling the ruler immune to U.S. litigation.

FARRAH THAN THE REST

Despite a romantically rocky 1997, a bust-up with Ryan O'Neal, trouble with another date's girlfriend and a spacey guest shot on *Letterman*, Farrah Fawcett triumphed in a hot PLAYBOY pictorial and chart-topping video.

THREE BALCONIES

(continued from page 130)

Who knows, maybe he was just a horny 60-year-old guy who was trying to get laid.

(he never failed to insert "madly" when he told someone how much he loved Julie), but he kept chasing women anyway. Yet never in the 15 years they had been married had Harry had a full-out affair. (Or "conducted" one. He was fascinated by the image of someone "conducting" an affair.) Harry was scared out of his wits at the very thought of having an affair. That's all he would need is to lose Julie. He had come close to having an affair on two—maybe two and a half—occasions (overflirted is the way he saw it) and all of a sudden it was hey-wait-a-minute-this-is-the-big-leagues-what-do-I-do-now? What he had done was to take himself—physically—out of the country. He had gone off to play blackjack in the Caribbean—Harry's equivalent of a cold shower. It was fair to say that he had gambled his way out of the two and a half affairs.

You just didn't have affairs when you were married to someone like Julie. To actually enter another woman—and then go back and sleep with Julie. A little unthinkable is what it was.

But that did not stop Harry from charging out of the gate every chance he got to see how he would do out there. On an impulse, Harry had fired a famous agent, in a sense shooting himself in the foot, since the assignments had dried up overnight. (And he could feel the agent's fine hand in drying them up.) When he tried to hire another (less-famous) agent, the fellow had said: "Harry, I am afraid your name no longer comes up on the radar screen."

That fact notwithstanding, he and Julie got by. He did a little of this and a little of that and actually made some money in real estate, which embarrassed him slightly—as if it made him a less serious man. One of the small jobs Harry got offered was to write about hobbies for what he thought of as an "old guy" quarterly. Harry struggled with the assignment for a few weeks until he realized that his only hobby was chasing women. And obviously, what the fellows at the "old guy" quarterly had in mind was lacquering or sanding stuff in the garage. Collecting sheriffs' badges—something like that. So that was the end of the assignment.

When Harry was younger, he chased women—or went after them, or whatever he did—because they looked and smelled and felt nice and he wanted to go to bed with them. (Not "bed" them. There was a certain type of individual who "bedded" women and Harry wasn't one of them.) But now Harry enjoyed listening to women and finding out what they did and what was on their minds instead of just waiting for them to finish talking so he could shift into his seduction mode.

Was it possible he just liked to be with women? One of his favorite things to happen was when he would meet someone he had at one time thought of as a "pretty young thing," somebody's assistant, and have her turn out to be a leading neurophysiologist. Or a feared litigator. It seemed that half the women he ran into were feared litigators. He was now surprised when one of them turned out *not* to be a feared litigator. And Harry was delighted by this change in the culture. How could he not be? In his lifetime—as a phenomenon—he ranked it up there with the overnight collapse of communism.

Or, who knows, maybe he was just a horny 60-year-old guy who was trying to get laid.

•

That thought—and the others—occurred to Harry as he sat on the 18th-story balcony of a hotel suite in Miami Beach and considered ending his life with a little hop over the four-foot brass railing. Several years before, he had crushed three toes in an ancient garage door—they looked like cartoon toes, he had told friends—and he could not imagine it would be more painful to hit the pavement. Additionally, and in support of his impulse, he had heard that you would lose consciousness while in flight. Of course, no one knew if you woke up for a split second before you landed—and what that would be like. In any case, Julie would be all right. She would have the embarrassing money from Harry's real estate deals and the royalties that still dribbled in from his two big pictures. And she would have little difficulty finding a new friend. All she had to do was decide she wanted one. Julie kept her weapons concealed, but when she decided to zero in—and Harry had seen her in action—you (i.e., the target) were a dead duck. Megan would get along fine as well. She was an independent thing at 13, and she had shocked Harry by announcing that she wanted to go to a boarding school. So how much did she need Harry around?

If Harry took that little hop over the brass railing—and he was amazed at how easy it would be—he would not have to go around feeling so awful.

It was the day following Harry's third night of chasing women and drinking more than he wanted to, and he could not recall a time when he had been shakier. And this was without drugs and cigars. If you had thrown that pair into the mix, he would have been over the railing hours before.

As was his custom, Harry had flown to Miami a week in advance of his wife and daughter—this time to check on the condo they had bought, which was under construction, and, as always, to see if he could get some work done in a fresh setting. The director of a small theater in Los Angeles had expressed interest in Harry's new Siege of Malta play but felt it lacked a romantic component. His suggestion was that Harry thread a Diane Sawyer type through the play—someone covering the siege for some medieval publication—and have her fall in love with one of the Knights Templar, he didn't care which one. Ostensibly, that is why Harry had flown to Miami a week in advance of his family. If he could pull it off—successfully thread a Diane Sawyer type through the play—he would have a production on Melrose Avenue, right under the noses of the studio executives and agents who said he was off the radar screen. A hit, of course, would put Harry right back on the screen.

But so far, Harry had not even taken the play out of the Sports Sac, much less begun to thread through a Diane Sawyer type—which is one of the reasons he felt so awful. He had warmed up for the Miami trip at home on Long Island—taken a kind of trial run—at a local bar, and he recalled closing out the evening by telling a mortgage broker that there was "something about her," a kind of "sly beauty" that other people might not notice but that Harry noticed and found irresistible. Yes, he was a little married—he never lied about such things—but he had to have her. If he was not mistaken—and he hoped he was—he had also told her that as an artist, he did not "play by other people's rules." (Obviously, that was the kind of dialogue that had gotten him removed from the radar screen.) So he probably had said that, and all the other things as well, and he had meant them at the time. It was a good thing he hadn't invited her to fly down to Miami with him, which he was capable of doing at the time. Because that's all he would have needed—to wind up not playing by other people's

(continued on page 148)

In 1983 PLAYBOY movie critic Bruce Williamson alerted us to an enchanting ingenue. Kim Basinger's pictorial (*Betting on Kim*) appeared that year, just months before the former Miss Breck stole the show as James Bond girl Domino in the film *Never Say Never Again*. Her pictures were accompanied by words of praise from Sean Connery, George Plimpton and Bob Fosse, who predicted Kim would be a star. In her noir hit *L.A. Confidential*, Kim proved them right again.

THREE BALCONIES

(continued from page 146)

She wore a white lingerie-type halter that did not cover her breasts so much as present them.

rules with a mortgage broker in Miami Beach. And with his family on their way down.

But somehow Harry had gotten up the next morning and made it to the airport—and once he had landed and rented the Mitsubishi Galant, he started to revive; when he saw the sign on I-95 that said WELCOME TO MIAMI BEACH and the comforting one nearby—MT. SINAI MEDICAL CENTER—he revived with a vengeance.

By the time Harry pulled up to the hotel, he was so excited about the weather and how balmy it was and how good he felt that he didn't even bother to unpack. He took a shower, dressed, slapped on some of the new unisex cologne, put a salsa recording on full blast in the Galant (one that had been highly recommended by a hot little trotter behind the Alamo counter) and tore into the beach like a madman.

Harry's plan was to work his way up and down the beach, making a few of the night people he knew from the previous year aware that he was back. But as it turned out, he never made it past his first stop. It was a small hotel, a few blocks from the ocean, one that Harry remembered as having a cheerful feeling to it and a little bar he thought of as an excellent place to get started. But something had changed since his last visit. It still had the cheerful feeling, but it had caught fire and turned into a madhouse; it was jammed with tanned and pretty and handsomely turned-out women who Harry correctly identified as young Miami Beach professionals. Each wore an outfit that you didn't just throw on. The outfits took a lot of planning and it was clear that these women took Saturday night seriously. Harry, on the other hand, had forgotten how important it was. In Manhattan, Saturday was referred to by knowledgeable bar people as "amateur night."

The mood was tastefully raucous, and the activity spilled out from the bar into the lobby and out onto a packed terrace ringed with lanterns, giving it some kind of enchanted look. Or at least Harry thought so.

There was no question that Harry was the oldest one in the place, and he was sorry he hadn't lost a few pounds and picked up a quick suntan before the flight. But what really bothered him was that his hair wasn't right. In preparation for the trip, he had had it colored, or rinsed—rinsed was the term he preferred. But the colorist, or rinser (who had once done Julie's hair), had made a remark about Julie's new hairstyle that was just a fraction off and Harry, still wearing his apron, had marched out of the salon in the middle of the rinse. (Criticize Harry to your heart's content, but be careful what you say about Julie.) Whatever the case, there was some question as to whether Harry's rinse had taken. It may have been a little patchy, and someone with a discerning eye—some young Miami Beach professional who had started out as a beautician—would probably notice that he'd had an incomplete rinse. But Harry's position was that the subdued lights, especially the enchanted ones on the terrace, would disguise the possible unevenness of his rinse. And if he managed to fake out only half the women in the crowd, that was fine with him.

And he would make up for the rinse and the weight and the age—don't forget that—by the sheer force of his joy at being with this new group of tanned and attractive young Miami Beach professionals on a Saturday night, the importance of which he had forgotten but which they took seriously.

So Harry ordered a double scotch and sailed into the crowd. He met women quickly and easily and what amazed him was how relaxed his swing was—he didn't even have to shoehorn his credits into the conversation. And that was just as well because his two big pictures had been made 20 years before and he was starting to get vague looks when he mentioned them. But all he had to do on this particular Saturday night in Miami Beach was say, Hi, how are you doing? and Isn't it great to be here? And if someone suggested it was a little crowded, Harry would say he didn't mind, since he lived reclusively most of the year. He found himself saying it a lot—that he lived reclusively—so he must have liked the sound of it.

No sooner did Harry get started speaking to one woman than he went spinning—or got spun off—to another, which was fine with him. Not surprisingly, he met a few litigators. But he also spoke to a woman who designed halo braces for people who broke their necks in highway accidents. Her father, who had wanted her to take over his luggage business, had broken his neck in a highway accident and she had gotten to design a halo brace for him—which Harry and the woman agreed was quite a story. So Harry had spent quite a bit of time with her. And then a tiny woman in black leather asked if Harry could help her get a drink, and Harry, only too happy to oblige, had lifted her off the floor so the bartender could see her. She turned out to be the manager of a Chicago rock group, and after she had gotten her drink, she said she'd like to get to know Harry, though she was tied up with the band on that particular night. That was fine with Harry, who turned his attention to a pretty young student who was getting a degree in business, though, frankly, all she wanted to do was lie on the beach and do nothing—which Harry found charming. He found everything charming and continued to do so for two days running, returning to the same spot on Sunday night and finding it only a little more subdued. And throughout this mild escapade, he kept noticing a couple—in the same two seats at the bar—who had been taking in the scene and at the same time having a whispered conversation. The woman, who appeared to be in her mid-20s, had tanned shoulders and streaky blonde hair that was cut short in a style Harry recognized from one of Julie's fashion magazines. She wore a white lingerie-type halter that did not cover her breasts so much as present them. As to the breasts themselves, they may not have been perfect—what are perfect breasts?—but they were close enough to the mark for Harry. He assumed she was a fashion model—what else could she be?—and that her companion, a thin fellow with a thin face, was somehow tied into the fashion industry.

She was the most exquisite creature he had ever seen and Harry knew immediately that she was out of his league. Strictly speaking, she should have been out of the thin fellow's league, too, but she wasn't—that's the way life is.

Then, amazingly, because that's the kind of three days it had been, Harry was talking to her. For all he knew—in the crush of activity—she may have turned and begun speaking to him. Harry loved surprises and got a big one when it turned out she wasn't a model at all—she was Miriam Rosen, a Jewish, or half-Jewish, housewife with two children, from Guatemala of all places. No disrespect to Guatemala—which to its credit had just ended a 30-year war with its guerrillas—but Harry had no idea they had Miriam Rosens running around down there. Ones who were this gorgeous. So obviously,

(continued on page 191)

"My wife just walked in. Let me do all the talking."

Seinfeld Forever

By Greg Gattuso

Seinfeld's fab four have to be the most neurotic, shallow, inconsiderate people ever to light up the inside of a cathode-ray tube. They lie, scheme and whine. They make fun of one another's looks. They're indifferent to children and old people. They are petty, self-indulgent and greedy, turning their backs on one another for the basest of goals—a morsel of food, casual sex, a dry-cleaning discount. Why do people love these treacherous characters so much? Because they're funny. *Seinfeld* has more than 30 million fans. It has inspired catchphrases, deli sandwiches, Web shrines, a porn movie (*Hindfeld*) and even a Manhattan sight-seeing tour hosted by the real Kramer. The show is guilty but unindicted, with no high concepts and very loose morals. In other words, it's closer to reality than just about anything else on television. All hail *Seinfeld*.

What Are Friends For?

"Like, a horse face—big teeth and a pointed nose."
—George describing Jerry

"Pretty, kinda short, big wall of hair, face like a frying pan."*—George describing Elaine*

"A tall, lanky doofus with a bird face and hair like the bride of Frankenstein."
—Elaine describing Kramer

"Kramer's whole life is a fantasy camp: Do nothing, fall ass-backward into money, mooch food off your neighbors and have sex without dating."*—George describing Kramer*

"Knowing you is like going into the jungle. I never know what I'm going to find next, and I'm real scared."
—Jerry, to George

approaching the end of its ninth and perhaps final season, the show about nothing has changed everything

The Group Dynamic

"Who steals someone's prescription glasses?"
"You don't have an old pair?"
"I broke them playing basketball."
"He was running from a bee."
—George, Elaine, Jerry

"Why do they call it a wedgie?"
"Because the underwear is pulled up from the back until it wedges in."
"They also have an atomic wedgie. The goal there is to actually get the waistband on top of the head. It's very rare."
"Boys are sick."
"What do girls do?"
"We just tease someone until they get an eating disorder."
—Elaine, George, Jerry

"Maybe we ought to become private detectives."
"Maybe you should."
"Maybe I will."
"Yeah, me too."
—Kramer, Jerry, Newman

Elaine's Hottest Moments

- **Elaine pretends to be a porn actress while Kramer films her with his camcorder. She later leaves an erotic message on Jerry's tape recorder, including the breathy line "I want to slide my tongue around you like a snake." Heat factor: 10**
- **Elaine loses a button, then walks around unwittingly flashing her cleavage. A different mishap has her trapped in a wet blouse. Heat factor: 9**
- **Elaine moans in ecstasy from under the covers as her love of the moment—Jerry's mechanic—applies "the move." (Makes a great computer sound effect.) Heat factor: 9**

A QUIZ ABOUT NOTHING

(1) George's would-be porn star moniker
(2) Character in "The Pilot" played by September 1991 Playmate Samantha Dorman
(3) Name Kramer has chosen for his son
(4) Closet PLAYBOY reader
(5) "Flush twice!"
(6) Date Jerry began his famous no-vomit streak
(7) Jerry's address
(8) George's response to the question "How do you live with yourself?"
(9) Invaded Spain in the eighth century
(10) Bubble Boy's first name
(11) Kicked Kramer in the head; stalked Elaine
(12) Jerry's lame attempt at dirty talk
(13) George's bathroom habit
(14) Kramer's line in Woody Allen film, left on cutting-room floor
(15) Elaine says it's like "a person without a face"
(16) Almost went to barber school
(17) What George eats on the phone to sound casual
(18) Waspy Susan's equally Waspy middle name

A. "It's not easy."
B. "Are those the panties your mother laid out for you?"
C. Removes shirt
D. Apples
E. Peggy, the buxom waitress
F. "These pretzels are making me thirsty."
G. Jerry's instructions to Newman before he uses Jerry's bathroom
H. Donald
I. An uncircumcised penis
J. 129 West 81st Street, #5A
K. June 29, 1980
L. Biddle
M. Buck Naked
N. Crazy Joe Davola
O. Isosceles
P. Newman. "I always felt I had a talent for it."
Q. George
R. The Moops

Answers: 1-M, 2-E, 3-O, 4-Q, 5-G, 6-K, 7-J, 8-A, 9-R, 10-H, 11-N, 12-B, 13-C, 14-F, 15-I, 16-P, 17-D, 18-L

• Elaine's fiberglass double—a mannequin in a department store—greets passersby while wearing leather underwear. "That's my ass in your window!" she complains. The mannequin stays. Heat factor: 9
• Elaine sports lacy red lingerie in bed as she tries to figure out close-talking Aaron's fascination with Jerry's parents. Heat factor: 8
• Elaine makes her date state his qualifications before deciding he's sponge-worthy. Heat factor: 8

Abbott!!

JERRY: You want to go with me to NBC?
GEORGE: Yeah. I think we really got something here.
JERRY: What do we got?
GEORGE: An idea.
JERRY: What idea?
GEORGE: An idea for a show.
JERRY: I still don't know what the idea is!
GEORGE: It's about nothing.
JERRY: Right.
("The Pitch")

JERRY: There's nothing to talk about.
GEORGE: Ah, what's there to talk about?
JERRY: Well, at least you and I are tolking about how there's nothing to talk about.
GEORGE: Why don't you talk with her about how there's nothing to talk about?
JERRY: She knows there's nothing to talk about.
GEORGE: At least she'll be talking.
JERRY: Oh shut up.
("The Stand-In")

JERRY: Does she know?
GEORGE: No.
JERRY: How did it happen?
GEORGE: I can't say.
JERRY: Well, why can't you say?
GEORGE: Because I promised her.
JERRY: I thought you just said she doesn't know.
GEORGE: She doesn't.
JERRY: So how can you promise her?
GEORGE: Because she asked me to.
JERRY: What is this—an Abbott and Costello routine?
("The Tape")

Filth! The Religious Right's Guide to *Seinfeld*

From the "TV Review" section of the "American Family Association Journal":

"This episode has dialogue that focuses on the fact that the major characters have seen each other

naked. In another episode, a major story line features the kind of underwear Kramer wears and the effect it has on his genitals."

"Seinfeld and his friend Kramer volunteer for a PBS fund-raiser. Homosexual double entendre clearly gives a plug to PBS and its prohomosexual programs."

"Story lines revolve around Elaine's lies. Profanity is frequent."

"Series heroine Elaine and her lover are shown in bed three times. George and his sexmate are in bed twice, with George trying to execute 'the move.' The word as_ is used 14 times."

"Jerry drives Elaine to Carl's home. 'Is tonight the night [for your first sex with Carl]?' asks Seinfeld. 'You never know!' she replies, the sound of hope in her voice."

"George hires a new secretary. On her second day at work, the two of them attack each other and fall to the floor to have sex in the office. This is typical fare for this sitcom."

Jerry's Women

Sidra, spectacular health club member (Teri Hatcher)
What Went Wrong: Accused Jerry of sending Elaine to find out if her breasts were real.

Tia, Calvin Klein supermodel
What Went Wrong: Thought she saw Jerry picking his nose at a traffic light.

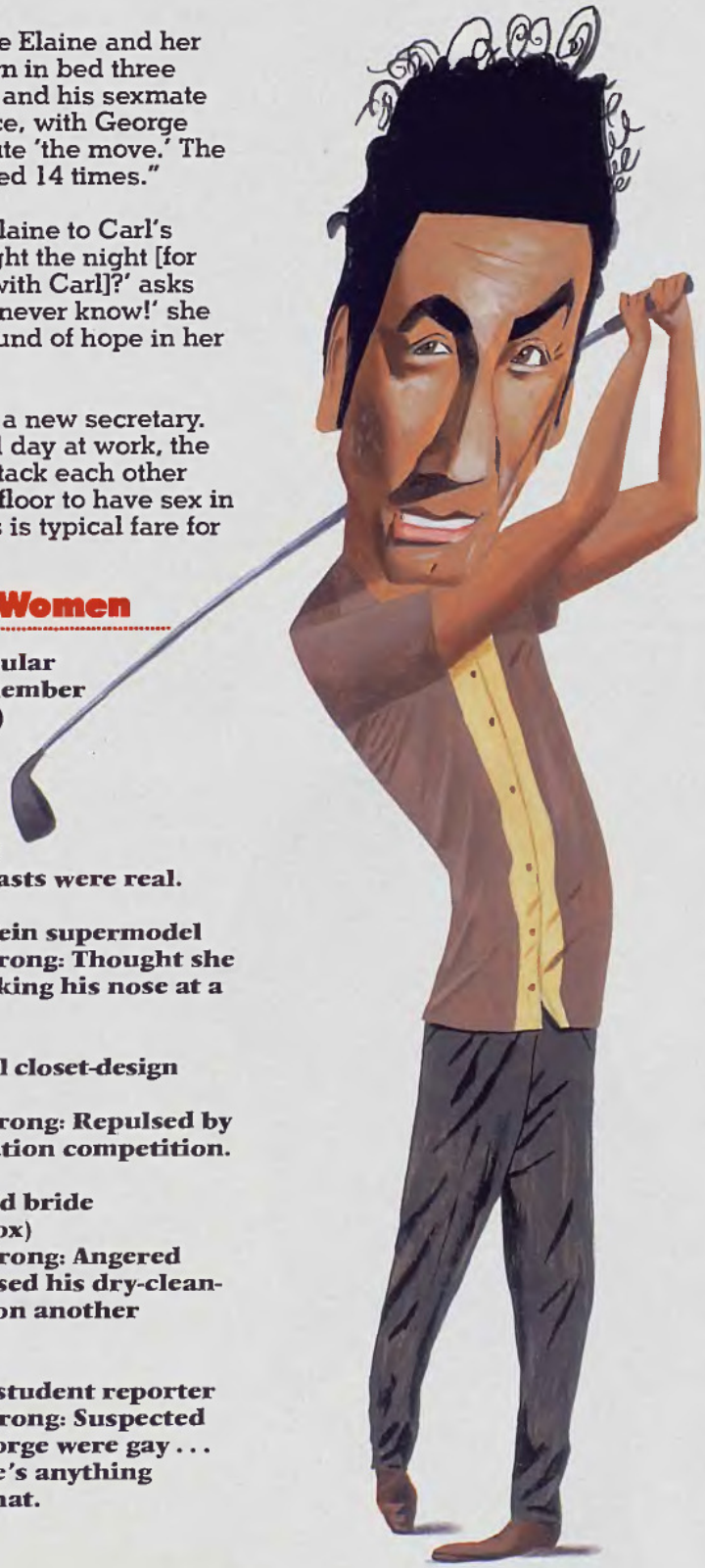
Marla, virginal closet-design consultant
What Went Wrong: Repulsed by antimasturbation competition.

Meryl, pretend bride (Courteney Cox)
What Went Wrong: Angered when Jerry used his dry-cleaning discount on another woman.

Sharon, NYU student reporter
What Went Wrong: Suspected Jerry and George were gay . . . not that there's anything wrong with that.

Melanie, dinner date
What Went Wrong: Shushed Jerry while they were watching TV; ate peas one at a time.

Mulva? Gipple? Celeste? Aretha? Bovary? Dolores? Met in the supermarket.
What Went Wrong: Jerry couldn't remember her name—only that it rhymed with a female body part.



Christie, store browser
What Went Wrong: Caught Jerry searching her closet to see if she had more than one outfit.

Naomi, restaurant hostess
What Went Wrong: According to Jerry, she laughed like "Elmer Fudd sitting on a juicer."

Gillian, friend of Elaine's
What went wrong: She had meaty "man hands" like "a creature out of Greek mythology."

Strangest Moments

- In a surreal fantasy, Jerry's brain plays chess against his penis to decide whether to dump a sexy-but-dopey girlfriend.
- Newman is caught making out with Kramer's mother.
- Susan, George's fiancée, dies unexpectedly after licking toxic glue from the backs of cheap wedding invitation envelopes.
- After briefly getting in touch with his feelings, Jerry tells George he loves him and proposes to Elaine.

The *Seinfeld* Pocket Dictionary of Sex

Backed Up: Glandular condition that men get from not having sex.

Bad Breaker-Upper: Someone who ends a relationship by saying those mean things that people don't mean—but means them.

Home-Bed Advantage: The confident feeling one gets while making love in one's own surroundings.

"It didn't take": George's explanation for Susan's short-lived experimentation with lesbianism.

The "It's-not-you-it's-me" routine: Breakup method to which George lays claim.

Love: A spice with many tastes, according to Newman.

Make-Up Sex: The best feature of a heavy relationship; eclipsed only by "conjugal-visit sex."

Master of Your Domain: One who can refrain from masturbation. (Also: Lord of the Manor, King of the County, Queen of the Castle.)

Public Fornicator: A porn actor.

Put In: The length of time one has to keep up a relationship after a sexual liaison. Elaine suggests three weeks.

Sexual Camel: Someone who can go great lengths of time without sex.

Sexual Perjury: Faking it.

Shrinkage: Physical reaction men have to cold water.

Slip One Past the Goalie: To impregnate a woman.

Stopping Short: Frank Costanza's technique to cop a feel in the car.

The Switch: Dating a woman, then dating her roommate after the breakup. Has never been done successfully.

The Tap: Sign a woman uses to stop oral sex, sort of like the manager coming to the mound and asking for the ball.

Classic Episodes

"The Chinese Restaurant"
(May 23, 1991)
Jerry, George and Elaine wait to be seated. "It's not fair that people are seated first come, first served," says Elaine. "It should be based on who's hungriest." Jerry and George later use this incident to pitch NBC on their "show about nothing."

"The Boyfriend"
(February 12, 1992)
Jerry and Elaine vie for the attention of baseball hero Keith Hernandez. Kramer and Newman are spat upon at a Mets game, prompting Jerry to concoct a wild conspiracy theory about a "second spitter."

"The Contest"
(November 18, 1992)
Jerry, Elaine, Kramer and George wager on who can abstain the longest from masturbation. The contest is prompted after George is caught by his mother. "I go out for a quart of milk. I come home and find my son treating his body like it was an amusement park."

"The Raincoats"
(April 28, 1994)
Kramer and Jerry's father decide to make their fortunes selling "vintage" raincoats. Jerry and a girlfriend are caught making out during *Schindler's List*. Best line, from George: "Hey, believe me, baldness will catch on. When the aliens come, who do you think they're going to relate to?"

"The Soup Nazi"
(November 2, 1995)
Good soup is hard to find, which is why Jerry is willing to follow the strict rules for service from the "soup Nazi." Elaine eventually gets revenge. The episode increased an already booming business for New York's original strict soup man at 259 West 55th Street.

"The Yada Yada"
(April 24, 1997)
Inspired by George's new girlfriend, the gang fills in the conversational blanks with "yada, yada." Meanwhile, Kramer and Mickey fight over double dates, and Jerry suspects his dentist of converting to Judaism for the jokes.

George Louis Costanza

September 1997: Play Now
Notable achievement: Pretended to be handicapped.
Reason for leaving: Company went bankrupt.

May 1994–May 1997: Assistant to Traveling Secretary, New York Yankees
Notable achievement: Implemented switch from polyester uniforms to cotton.
Reason for leaving: Traded to Tyler Chicken in Arkansas.

November 1993: Sales Rep, Sanlak (rest-stop supplies)
Notable achievement: Reorganized Penske file.
Reason for leaving: Never hired in the first place.

September 1993: Hand Model (freelance)
Notable achievement: Modeled one wristwatch.
Reason for leaving: Burned hands on a hot iron in "puffy shirt" incident.

December 1991: Manuscript Reader, Pendant Publishing
Notable achievement: None.
Reason for leaving: Didn't realize sex with cleaning woman was "frowned upon."

July 1989–April 1991: Real Estate Agent, Rick Bar Properties
Notable achievement: None
Reason for leaving: Boss wouldn't share private bathroom.

Other jobs I might be good at: general manager of a baseball team, baseball announcer, movie projectionist, Civil War history professor, stable boy.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARK ULRIKSEN

TERI HATCHER

While pursuing a math degree at a northern California college, Teri Hatcher didn't imagine that she would work with two of show business' biggest legends, Superman and James Bond. Starting out as a dancer in her native Sunnyvale, California, Hatcher accompanied a pal needing moral support to a casting call. There, Hatcher won the attention of the producers and was signed to play one of the ship's dancers on "The Love Boat." Hatcher had studied at the American Conservatory Theater in San Francisco, where one of her instructors was Annette Bening. Hatcher garnered small roles in Christopher Guest's "The Big Picture," "Soapdish" with Sally Field and "Straight Talk" opposite Dolly Parton. Her memorable guest appearance on "Seinfeld" alerted Warner Bros. executives who were searching for the postfeminist lead for the television series "Lois & Clark—The New Adventures of Superman." The show gradually became a hit during its four-year run, and Hatcher was soon appearing on Most Beautiful and Best Dressed lists around the world. She became an Internet star and turned heads with her nude appearance in the erotic thriller "Heaven's Prisoners" opposite Alec Baldwin. She also branched out with roles in the cult hit "2 Days in the Valley" and in David Schwimmer's directorial debut, "Since You've Been Gone." Now she is appearing in the latest James Bond movie, "Tomorrow Never Dies," as Pierce Brosnan's ex-lover and the current wife of a dangerously powerful media mogul.

the newest bond bombshell on undressing in a crowd, the complex nature of breasts and the art of leaving lipstick on a man

Robert Crane caught up with the darkly beautiful Hatcher at Shutters Hotel in Santa Monica. He reports: "Teri is so bright, well read and attractive, it's disorienting. Waiters stare, parking attendants drop keys, maître d's give us the best table. The only way spending time with her could have been better is if I'd had X-ray vision."

1.

PLAYBOY: You were once voted most likely to become a Solid Gold dancer. What went wrong?

HATCHER: The show went off the air. Unfortunately I'm a little too late for everything. I had a pretty extensive dance background as a kid but don't do it anymore. Except in nightclubs. When I moved to Los Angeles, my first job was a dancing role as a *Love Boat* mermaid. But I realized I wasn't good enough to compete in the dance arena. It was clear that I didn't get the job because I was the best dancer. I slept with all the producers. Just kidding. I couldn't compete, so that's when I started thinking more seriously about acting. I'm sure lots of the big stars sing, dance, do all that stuff, but you mostly see people doing one thing, and doing it well.

2.

PLAYBOY: Your picture on the Internet is one of the most popular hits. What does it take to be big on the Web?

HATCHER: I think the credit goes to the cape. There is something intriguing about that particular shot, having nothing to do with me. A woman naked wrapped in Superman's cape conjures so much. He's the definitive superhero, and she's obviously gotten so intimate with him that she has his cape, and it's sexy and sort of powerful. It was my idea to do that shot. ABC wanted me to do it in a buttoned-up Lois Lane blouse with the cape over it. We shot it that way and I said, "Can we just snap one roll without the blouse?" And of course, that was the picture they used. Cut to the next year, when they're like, "Will she wear a pair of Superman boxer shorts and be naked on the top, covering her breasts with her hands?" I don't think so. But it's nice to see you've caught on.

3.

PLAYBOY: Do you fool around online?

HATCHER: I like having the ability to access information. I love e-mail, especially when I'm working. I often can't finish a phone call in the relaxed manner that I want to. E-mail allows me to sit down with a glass of wine, at two in the morning, and spend as much time as I need saying what I want to say, and send it to somebody without waking them.

4.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever changed in a phone booth?

HATCHER: No, but I'm sure I could. They're big and roomy, practically a hotel. I hate dressing rooms, and in a department store, I'll try on a top while hiding behind a rack instead of going into the dressing room to take off my clothes. I'm either not shy, or I'm really stupid and just think people aren't looking at me. On the set of the James Bond movie, I have this dress that reveals how complicated it is to look glamorous. It's a beautiful dress, but my breasts had gaffer's tape on them, and the sides of the dress were attached to my skin because it was too big and they couldn't take it in because of the way it was made. So, during filming, I'd wear my sweats until the very last minute and then put on the dress on the set. I didn't care if the crew was looking, I just wanted them to get the dress on, put the tape on, get me out. And you're constantly lifting your breasts up and tucking this and that, and you don't think about it because you're there to do a job. If that's what I have to do to look good on camera and to make myself comfortable, then I don't have any modesty about it. But there were moments when I'd think, There are 300 extras staring at me, and I'm touching myself wherever it needs to be touched.

5.

PLAYBOY: We missed the last part of that *Seinfeld* episode that featured your breasts. What was the resolution?

HATCHER: I told Jerry, "They're real and they're spectacular." I will never forget that line. It goes with me wherever I go. That will be pretty fabulous when I'm 80. I had a ball doing the show. And they didn't write that line until right before we were shooting. Larry David [*Seinfeld*'s co-creator], genius.

6.

PLAYBOY: Are people too hung up on breasts?

HATCHER: The whole country is, both men and women. Women seem to want them to be better or different or this or that. And men feel the same way. It definitely isn't bigger is better, because it's in the eye of the beholder. I think people are too hung up on bodies in general. That's one of the reasons I want to go to Greece. I hear everybody is big and fat and they let it all hang out on the beach and nobody cares. It sounds fabulous to me. *(concluded on page 190)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHARLES WILLIAM BUSH

GRILLIN' & CHILLIN'

(continued from page 80)

marys should be spicy. Use plenty of horseradish and try a jalapeño or two."

Flay suggests a gathering of about eight people. "Do a buffet, which I like to call tables of food. 'Buffet' sounds tacky. You don't want to force your friends to sit at a table. It's the beginning of the year and an end to intense holiday partying. The trick is to keep it going for one more day. You want to create a casual, lazy atmosphere."

Spread *The New York Times* around for those who want some solitude. Listen to music for a while, then turn on the TV. Some people will watch football and eat a little; other people will be on the terrace smoking. Remember—it's not a mixer. What you want is some time to regroup. Give your friends an opportunity to find their niche. "The host needs to facilitate things and take care of his guests' needs," says Flay. "Have a stack of magazines and packs of cigarettes handy." Anything else? "Oh yes—make sure there's lots of coffee. And make it strong."

Don't let Flay's recipes intimidate you; use them for inspiration. The basic menu is simple. You can as easily shuck a few fresh oysters, open a tin of caviar, put out a platter of smoked salmon or cold roast beef and scramble a few eggs.

•

ASIAN TUNA TARTARE ON TARO CHIPS WITH MISO GLAZE (SERVES 20)

Tartare:
- 1½ pounds fresh tuna, cut into ¼-inch dice
- ½ cup finely chopped scallions
- 2 tablespoons finely grated fresh ginger
- 1 jalapeño, seeds removed, finely chopped
- 3 tablespoons olive oil
- 2 tablespoons sesame oil
- 1 tablespoon rice-wine vinegar
- ¼ cup cilantro, finely chopped
- Salt and freshly ground pepper

Combine ingredients in a large bowl and season with salt and pepper. Cover and refrigerate for at least an hour.

Taro chips:
- 3 cups peanut oil
- 1 medium taro root, thinly sliced

Heat peanut oil in a large saucepan to 325 degrees. Fry taro slices in several batches, stirring frequently with a slotted spoon until chips are lightly golden. Drain on paper towels.

Miso glaze:
- ¼ cup miso paste
- ¼ cup hot water
- 1 tablespoon honey

Mix ingredients in a small bowl until smooth. Brush each taro chip with miso glaze. Spoon a tablespoon of tartare onto each chip, arrange on a platter and drizzle with more glaze.

BLUE CORNMEAL PANCAKES WITH SMOKED SALMON, CRÈME FRAÎCHE AND SALMON CAVIAR (SERVES 20)

- ½ cup blue cornmeal
- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons honey
- 2 large eggs, beaten
- 1 cup plus 2 tablespoons milk
- 2 tablespoons unsalted butter, melted
- 20 paper-thin slices smoked salmon
- ½ cup crème fraîche
- ¼ cup salmon caviar

(1) In a bowl, combine cornmeal, flour, baking powder, salt and honey. In another bowl, combine eggs, milk and melted butter; add dry ingredients and mix well.

(2) Heat a griddle or cast-iron pan over high heat and drop batter by spoonfuls to make 20 2-inch pancakes. Cook pancakes until brown on both sides. Set aside, stacked and covered with foil.

To assemble, place a slice of salmon on each pancake. Garnish with crème fraîche and caviar.

CORNMEAL-COATED OYSTERS WITH GREEN CURRY SAUCE AND BELUGA CAVIAR (SERVES 20)

Green curry sauce:
- 2 tablespoons unsalted butter
- 2 tablespoons coarsely chopped ginger
- 2 tablespoons coarsely chopped onion
- 2 tablespoons coarsely chopped garlic
- 1 cup white wine
- 1½ cups coconut milk
- 2 tablespoons green curry paste
- 1 cup fish stock
- 1½ cups heavy cream
- ½ cup fresh spinach leaves, washed and stems removed
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- Salt and freshly ground pepper

(1) In a large saucepan over medium heat, melt butter and sweat ginger, onion and garlic for 3 minutes. Raise heat to high, add wine, bring to a boil and reduce until 2 tablespoons of liquid remain. Add coconut milk and curry paste and boil until mixture is reduced by half. Add stock and reduce by three fourths. Add cream and bring to a boil. Reduce heat to medium and simmer for 10 minutes.

(2) Combine the sauce and spinach in a blender and blend for 30 seconds. Strain the sauce, add the sugar and season to taste with salt and pepper.

Cornmeal-crusted oysters:
- 20 oysters
- 2 cups fine yellow cornmeal
- 1 tablespoon ancho chili powder
- 1 tablespoon curry powder
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 1 tablespoon freshly ground pepper
- Kosher salt
- Blue and yellow cornmeal
- 1 cup olive oil
- 2 ounces beluga caviar

(1) Shuck oysters, reserving best 20 shell halves.

(2) Mix cornmeal, ancho powder, curry powder, salt and pepper. Spread kosher salt and blue and yellow cornmeal decoratively on a platter. Place oyster shells on the platter, held steady by salt and cornmeal.

(3) Pour olive oil into a small sauté pan over medium heat. Coat 1 oyster at a time in cornmeal mixture and sauté for about 45 seconds on each side.

Place 1 cooked oyster in each shell, drizzle with curry sauce and top with ½ teaspoon of caviar. Serve immediately.

BEEF TENDERLOIN WITH HORSERADISH-HONEY MUSTARD (SERVES 8)

Tenderloin:
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 1 tablespoon unsalted butter
- 2 pounds beef tenderloin (preferably cut from filet mignon section)
- Salt and freshly ground black pepper

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Heat olive oil and butter in an ovenproof sauté pan over medium-high heat until almost smoking. Season beef with salt and pepper. Sear meat on all sides until golden brown. Place in oven and cook until meat reaches an internal temperature of 125 degrees on a meat thermometer, 10 to 15 minutes for medium-rare. Remove from oven and let sit 10 minutes before slicing.

Horseradish-honey mustard:
- 1 cup Dijon mustard
- 1 tablespoon prepared horseradish, drained
- 1 tablespoon honey

Combine ingredients in a small bowl. Cover and let sit at room temperature for at least 30 minutes.

Arrange beef on a platter with mustard sauce on the side.

ROASTED VEGETABLES WITH WILD MUSHROOMS AND ARUGULA (SERVES 8)

- 2 zucchini, cut into 1-inch cubes
- 2 baby eggplants, cut into 1-inch cubes
- 3 carrots, pared and cut into 1-inch pieces
- 2 red onions, cut into 1-inch cubes

(concluded on page 196)

"Folks, your reservation for a table for two is going once . . . going twice. . . ."

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of 1997's delightful dozen

WHO SHOULD BE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?

So here's a riddle: What has 24 legs, stands 67'2", is indigenous to nine American states and two continents and has natural habitats that include ski slopes, lifeguard stands, bikini contests, art and recording studios, soundstages, dental offices, baby nurseries, hotel concierge desks, the streets of *90210*, the beaches of *Baywatch*, the grounds of Graceland and the kitchen at Hooters? Answer: PLAYBOY's 1997 Playmates. As always, it's been a tremendous year for the ladies who grace our centerfolds, and once again it's time for you to review the breathtaking lineup and pick your favorite. Here's what you do: Dial the number listed below, cast a vote for the Playmate of your choice (feel free to refer to this pictorial election guide to help you make your decision), then listen to her special recorded announcement. You may vote as many times as you like, at only $1 per call. In addition to becoming Playmate of the Year, the lucky winner will receive $100,000 and star in an all-new pictorial this June. Make that call today.

Last year, Victoria Silvstedt was your runaway choice for PMOY. Who will wear the crown next? Stand up and be counted, men. Pick up the phone and cast your vote today.

HELP US CHOOSE THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

CALL YOUR FAVORITE PLAYMATE: 1-900-737-2299

ONLY $1 PER CALL. YOU MUST BE EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD OR OLDER, PLEASE.

Phone us—and your chosen Playmate—at the number above to register your preference for Playmate of the Year. When instructed, tap in the appropriate personal code: **Miss January, 01; Miss February, 02; Miss March, 03; Miss April, 04; Miss May, 05; Miss June, 06; Miss July, 07; Miss August, 08; Miss September, 09; Miss October, 10; Miss November, 11; Miss December, 12.** Call now. Polling ends February 28, 1998.

A product of Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Service not available in Canada.

MISS JANUARY—01

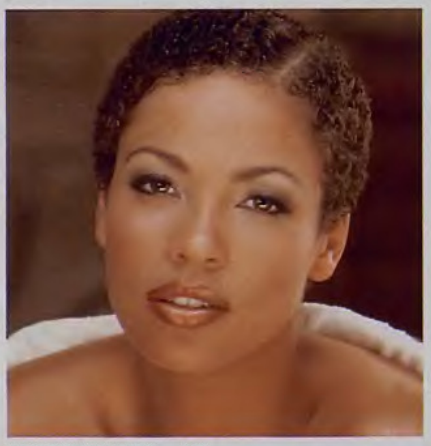
MISS FEBRUARY—02

MISS MARCH—03

MISS APRIL—04

MISS MAY—05

MISS JUNE—06

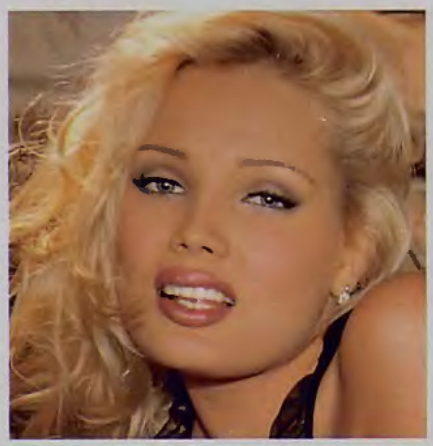


MISS JULY—07

MISS AUGUST—08

MISS SEPTEMBER—09

MISS OCTOBER—10



MISS NOVEMBER—11

MISS DECEMBER—12

Miss November

INGA DROZDOVA

Miss November's Playmate pictorial was a command performance for the 22-year-old Latvian. She had previously appeared in the Russian PLAYBOY, thrilling fans who already knew her as a pop singer. But the motherland should prepare to bid bon voyage to Inga, now that she's had a taste of the *sladkaya zhizn'*—or "sweet life"—of America. "I'll be moving to Los Angeles," she says. "Ever since my PLAYBOY appearance, my career has taken off. It's time to become an American star." Be our guest.

Miss April

KELLY MONACO

The first thing we noticed about Miss April was her natural charm, a trait that comes from growing up among the trees and lakes of the Poconos. Formerly a lifeguard, Kelly, 21, told us last year that she would love to comb the beaches of *Baywatch*. Dreams do come true: Kelly's now on the show. "I got a call from the producers when my centerfold came out. They brought me in and put me through this grueling swim test, and I kicked butt. They said, 'We need this girl.'" We know what they mean.

Miss October

LAYLA ROBERTS

Last fall, Miss October's star was truly on the rise: She had made appearances on *Baywatch* and in an Aerosmith video, and we predicted big things. We were right. The Hawaii-born Layla, 23, has landed movie gigs with Sylvester Stallone (*The Good Life*) and Bruce Willis (the forthcoming *Armageddon*). "Even when I'm not working," Layla admits, "my mind is racing. I'm always figuring out where I am and what my next move is going to be. There are lots of good film jobs out there!"

Miss July

DAPHNEE DUPLAIX

Last year, Miss July told us how advice from Sylvester Stallone helped transform her from movie extra to bona fide actress with nine films under her 24-inch belt. Now 21, the Haitian-Italian Manhattan native has moved from her Miami digs to the equally warm climes of Los Angeles. "I'm doing the acting thing," she says, "looking for an agent, auditioning, lying in the sun." Meanwhile, Daphnee is still reeling from the splash she made in her PLAYBOY debut. "Haven't found a person yet who didn't like it," she says.

Miss February

KIMBER WEST

You'll recall that Miss February is an American melting pot—a Polynesian Spanish Cherokee (with a dash of Dutch and Irish) born and raised in Atlanta, Georgia. Twenty-three-year-old Kimber has relocated to California, where, careerwise, "things are really getting to be fun." Among her TV assignments was a guest spot on Jenny McCarthy's new show. Would Kimber like to be the next Jenny McCarthy? Nope. "Don't get me wrong, I love Jenny," she says. "But my goal is to be the next Kimber West."

Miss December

KAREN MC DOUGAL

Miss December—who was nicknamed Barbie (as in the doll) in high school—prides herself on her wholesomeness and sex appeal. These days the 26-year-old former preschool teacher is giving thought to leaving her comfy Michigan nest to try out the acting scene in Los Angeles. "I'll miss my family and the change of seasons back home," says Karen, "as well as the friendliness of Midwesterners. But I'd like to take my shot at TV." As for her PLAYBOY fame, Karen says, "Things are hectic, but I'm having a ball."

Miss January

JAMI FERRELL

A year ago, we introduced Miss January to you as the shy Indiana girl who braved the jaunt to Los Angeles and ended up a nanny for a high-powered couple in Malibu. Today, 23-year-old Jami looks to the future with the same enthusiasm. "I'm not sure what I want to do yet," Jami says. "But ever since I got back from doing a photo shoot in Africa, all I can think about are my experiences there. Maybe I'll work with animals. Maybe I'll write about them. It was an amazing adventure." See you in the fast lane, Jami.

Miss March

JENNIFER MIRIAM

We led off Miss March's Playmate pictorial with a shot of Jennifer skiing, a sport the Oklahoma native picked up when her oilman dad moved the family to Colorado. But Jennifer now calls Austin, Texas her home. "The film industry is moving down here," explains the 25-year-old starlet. "Quentin Tarantino, Richard Linklater, all those guys." Naturally, Jennifer is part of the action. Look for her as Ethan Hawke's love interest in Linklater's *The Newton Boys*, and in the *1998 Texas Swimsuit Calendar*.

Miss August

KALIN OLSON

Miss August says she was a shy tomboy while growing up in Arkansas. A few victories in bikini contests—and one Playmate spread—later, the 22-year-old Kalin has become a local legend. "My hometown paper put me on the front page when my centerfold came out," Kalin says. "Everybody calls me a celebrity." Alas, the only perk not to come out of Kalin's PLAYBOY appearance was a chance to meet fellow Arkansan Bill Clinton. "He rarely comes home anymore," she says. "Unlike me."

Miss May

LYNN THOMAS

When she first appeared on our pages, Miss May had gone from studying genetic engineering to becoming a sheet-metal sculptor and art major at a New York college. Now a graduate, the Virginia native has decided to chill for a while. "I'm taking a break," says Lynn, "modeling a little but mostly relaxing." While grad school and a career in performance art are definite options for her future, Lynn, 22, is quick to point out: "I don't want to do the kind of art others expect me to do. I want to do my own thing."

Miss September

NIKKI SCHIELER

In her Playmate profile, Miss September said a psychic presaged her move from assistant dental hygienist to Hollywood actress. At 26, the native Californian is bent on making that prediction come true. "I'm doing tons of auditions," says Nikki, "and learning how to make the transition from modeling to acting. It's hard work." As for her PLAYBOY appearances, Nikki is proud to be one of only a handful of Playmates to be a cover girl one month and a centerfold the next. "That," she says, "is truly an honor."

Miss June

CARRIE STEVENS

As we told you last summer, Miss June went from being an Elvis enthusiast roaming about Graceland to a blossoming actress living in Hollywood. That was just the start. "Since I became a Playmate," says Carrie, "oh, my God, has life changed. I'm working nonstop. Music videos. Beer commercials. An appearance on *90210* that may turn into a recurring role. Things are great!" Carrie, 28, remains a spiritualist who, in her rare spare moments, practices rebirthing. "I'll always make time for that," she says.

WIRE CONTINUUM (continued from page 78)

If only Henry could see that they were actually on the same team, mutually dependent!

Americans at Bell Labs to be first—before the researchers realized that an unknown quantum state could be disassembled into, then later reconstructed from, purely classical information using measurements called Einstein-Podolsky-Rosen correlations, and that said classical information could then be sent down a wire as easily as a telegraph message.

That was the nub of it, though there was devil in the details of bandwidth and sampling requirements and storage capacity.

"Of course, you can't copy quantum information," she said. "You have to destroy the object you're going to radio-transport. And it's just as well, or our machine would work as a copier. Imagine a hundred Hitlers roaming the planet, each with an equally valid claim to being the original!"

He grunted, looking at drafting tables and jigs. "If you ask me, a hundred Bill Haleys would be worse."

She knew he wasn't really listening.

Now they were buttonholed by the manager, a portly young man with thinning hair who wanted to lecture them about the Mustard.

"'Mustard,' for Multi-Unit Space Transport and Recovery Device, you see. We know the Americans are going for the dustbin theory, a virtually uncontrollable capsule. But the practical way forward in space has to be a recoverable vehicle, if only the Aviation Ministry will back us——"

Max listened sourly. What was a spaceship, after all, but plumbing? And all these glamorous spaceship projects were coming about only because of anticipation of the potential of radio-transport, and the international race to launch the first extraterrestrial relays into stationary orbit around the Earth.

And meanwhile in her field, all but ignored, such exciting developments were going on, right at the fringe of human understanding! Even now she had a letter in her purse from Eugene Wigner at Princeton, about his ideas on using quantum tunneling effects to get around the light-speed barrier.

If only Henry could see that they were actually on the same team—in fact, they were mutually dependent! But his suspicion of an expertise he didn't share, and of her own growing reputation, seemed only to be widening the gap between them.

Now, in remote Woomera, the Blue Streak countdown was nearing its climax. *Ten, nine, eight. . . .* The two of them gathered with the English Electric staff under a loudspeaker. "To think," said the portly manager, "that once Prospero is up there, we will be able to watch the next launch on our televisions!"

Or, Max thought, simply step to Australia in person.

Maybe, she thought, we should have had children after all. But is the desire to solve our own problems a good motive for wanting a child? If only I could answer such simple questions as well as I master the paradoxes of quantum mechanics.

Three, two, one.

•

1967: Woomera, South Australia

In the upended cockpit, lying on his back with his legs in the air, Forbes listened to the voices relayed from the Operations Room, cultured British and crisp Australian. Everything was going well, and he was content to let his co-pilot—a bright young chap even if he was a Yorkshireman—field the various instructions and requests, and press whichever flesh was appropriate.

Forbes was relaxed. The *g* forces he would have to endure during the *Congreve*'s flight would be easier than those he'd tolerated during dogfights with 109s, when he'd hauled Spits through turns so tight he'd actually blacked out. And besides, nobody could get through as many hours on readiness—preparing for more trade with the Hun, and nothing to distract him but shove-halfpenny in the Dispersal Hut—as he had without learning to take it easy.

Forbes leaned forward and peered through his periscope. The red-brown Australian desert spread for miles around him, lifeless save for saltbushes and clumps of spiny grass. He peered down the flank of the Mustard, and lox vapor swirled across his vision.

The *Congreve*, ready for launch, looked like three Comet aircraft stood on end, belly to belly, with a crew of two in each nose. Fueled by hydrogen and oxygen, the three units would take off together, the boosters feeding fuel to the central core; then, at 200 thou, 150 seconds after launch, the boosters would break away for their turbojet landings and allow the core, under Forbes' command, to carry on to orbit. Since the three aircraft were reusable and of a single design, the boffins claimed Mustards could be 20 to 30 times cheaper per pound of payload than the converted missiles the Americans and Russians used—so cheap, in fact, that the imminence of this first flight had caused the Americans to close down their own rather vainglorious ballistic-capsule manned program, including the planned Apollo Moon missions.

But now the bally thing has to work, Forbes thought gloomily. The new space outposts, to be reached by the Wire platforms nestling in the kite's belly, depended on the Mustard's heavy-lift capacity. The Herschel Space Telescope, for instance, was already being assembled at the Pilkington glass factory in Lancashire.

The launch complex stood on an escarpment overlooking a dry lake, isolated save for the gleaming shells of lox tanks. The launch stand was not much more than a metal platform, in fact, with a single gaunt gantry rising alongside the ship itself.

The Woomera facilities were crude compared with Cape Canaveral, where he'd done a little training with the Americans. The Atlantic Union had smoothed his path there, though he was sure the Americans would have been generous enough to help anyhow. Unlike, for example, the French. He'd been delighted when the government had finally given up its attempts to persuade the European Common Market to let in Britain. A union with America made much more sense, in terms of a common culture and language—especially now that the Wire had made distances on the Earth's surface irrelevant.

Since May 1962, when Harold Macmillan had launched the first Wire link to Paris with a silly Union Jack stunt, the Wire and its possibilities had exploded across the world. Trade and travel had been transformed.

The Americans had been particularly inventive, as you might expect. There had been that awful Kennedy business in Dallas—the first flash crowd, they called it now—and the transporting of wounded GIs home from Vietnam to their parents' arms within minutes of their injury, and LBJ's campaign to enforce desegregation laws by putting Wire platforms in every school yard.

And on it went, the Wonder of the Second Elizabethan Age, and, because Max at Plessey had won her race with the Americans, it was British, by God. Sometimes it seemed you couldn't open a newspaper without having those silly slogans thrust in your face: "Travel by phone!" "It's quicker by Wire!" The young, particularly,

"They don't allow Christmas here—but they lay on a humdinger of a New Year's!"

seemed to be flourishing in this new distance-free world, if sometimes in rather peculiar ways. Even today, those caterwauling ninnies the Beatles were Wiring their way around the world singing *All You Need Is Love* live before 200 million people.

The Wire had touched them all. Max had actually gotten rich by investing in companies developing the new digital computers required to run the spreading Wire networks.

If only she could have been here to see this, his apotheosis! But, as ever, she was too busy.

The Wire had turned his own life into something of a paradox, however. Only one flight-ready Mustard had been built; only a handful of flights would be required to haul up the orbital receiver platforms, and after that the Wire could take over, hauling freight and passengers up to orbit much more cheaply than any rocket ever could.

And what then? The Americans were talking of a new international program to push on to the Moon. Forbes, despite his age, was considered a leading candidate to work on that. To the ruddy Moon! But it would mean another decade or more of intensive training and testing. And of course Max would just say he was running away again. Chasing a youth he'd already lost.

What nonsense. He expected it would all get easier when the divorce came through, and he could let this odd jealousy the Wire inspired in him fade away.

But that's all for tomorrow, old lad, he told himself. First you need to get through today with your hide intact.

For in just eight minutes, Henry Forbes, 50 years old, would be a thousand miles high—in orbit around the Earth itself.

Two seconds before the launch, six main engines ignited. There was a flare of brilliant white light. Smoke, white but tinged with red Australian dust, billowed out to the left and right of the triple spacecraft. Forbes heard a deep, throaty roar, far beneath him, like a door slamming in hell.

And, just for a second, he was transported back across more than 20 years, to that raid on the V2 launch site at Haagsche Bosch, when one of the birds had actually taken off in front of him, a cool pillar of flame rising up among the contrails of the warring kites——

And then the vibration rose up to engulf him.

•

1977: Procellarum Base

From the cabin of *Endeavour*, Forbes was staring down at a disc-shaped piece of the Moon, no more than ten feet below him. The low light of the lunar morning picked out craters of all sizes, from a few yards down to pinpricks.

Buzz Aldrin, the first man to walk on the Moon, stood at the foot of the rope ladder, foreshortened from Forbes' vantage.

Aldrin turned around, stiff as a mannequin, his Haldane suit glowing white in the sunlight. "Beautiful view," he said. "Magnificent desolation."

"*Endeavour*, Stevenage. That's a nice phrase, Buzz."

"I have my moments," said Aldrin, and he bounded away across the surface, testing out his locomotion, moving out of Forbes' sight.

Forbes appreciated his co-pilot's lack of portentousness about his big scene. After all, the identity of the man to take the first actual footstep up here hardly mattered; the three crews—a Brit, a Yank and a Russki—had landed on the moon at precisely the same instant, at the climax of this cooperative program.

Now it was Forbes' turn. He took a moment to check the plastic carnation pinned to his white oversuit. Then, with the help of Alexei Leonov, Forbes lowered himself through the hatch and clung to the plastic rope ladder. He was stiff inside his balloonlike inflated Haldane suit, but he was an old crock of 60 and stiff as a board most of the time anyhow; being encased in a Moon cocoon hardly made a difference.

He dropped quickly, the shadows of *Endeavour*'s landing legs shifting around him until—after a final, heart-thumping moment of hesitation—his feet crunched into the surface. The dust rose up slowly in neat little arcs, settling back on his legs.

He moved out from beneath the lander. Every time he took a step he could feel rock flour crackle under his weight. The light was oddly reversed, like a photographic negative: The pocked ground was a bright gray-brown under a sky as black as a cloudy night in Cleethorpes. The horizon was close and sharp, and it curved. The Moon really was very small, just a little rocky ball, and Forbes was stuck to its outside.

"*Endeavour*, Stevenage. Good to see you, Henry. How do you feel?"

"Ruddy peculiar," said Forbes.

"It would," said Leonov drily, "be ruddy peculiar indeed if you lent us a hand, Commander."

Forbes turned and saw that Aldrin and Leonov were halfway through the main task of the expedition, which was erecting the Wire transceiver. This first affair was a rough-and-ready Heath Robinson lash-up, assembled by pulling on lanyards fixed to the base of the *Endeavour* and letting the thing fold down. It didn't matter as long as it worked; the engineers who would follow would bring components for much more permanent establishments.

He bounced forward to join in the work.

The Earth was a round blue ball, much fatter than a full Moon, so high in the black sky he had to tilt back to see it. It was, he saw, morning in Europe; he could make out the continent clearly under a light dusting of cloud, though England was obscured. The air had become a lot clearer in recent years, though, of course, it was no long-term solution to Wire-dump industrial pollutants at the bottom of the oceans—eventually the noxious gases would escape to the atmosphere anyway—and in fact one proposed use of the Moon was as a global waste dump. Of course, as Max never tired of explaining to him, the quantum translation process at the heart of the Wire relied on having an inert mass to transform at the receiver end. It would, he thought, be a nice puzzle for future archaeologists to find, at the heart of decommissioned nuclear power stations, lumps of irradiated Moon dust.

He hadn't spoken to Max for months. Perhaps even now she was watching some BBC broadcast of the Moonwalk, commentated on by James Burke, Patrick Moore and Isaac Asimov.

Or perhaps not. The new developments being opened up by the billions of sterling dollars poured by the Wire corporations into quantum studies—there was talk of quantum computers, even of some kind of Dan Dare starship motor—more than absorbed Max' attention now. Forbes found it all baffling, and rather spooky. The quantum computers, for instance, were supposed to attain huge speeds by carrying out computations simultaneously *in parallel universes*.

When the transceiver was erected, it was time for the flags. The Union Flag and the Hammer and Sickle were allowed to drape with a courtroom grace, but Aldrin, embarrassed, had to put up a Stars and Stripes stiffened with wire, to "wave" on the airless Moon. And now came the gravity pendulum, a simple affair knocked off by the London Science Museum to demonstrate to the TV audience that they really were up here, embedded in the Moon's weaker pull.

The three of them saluted, each in his own fashion, and took one another's photographs.

"*Endeavour*, Stevenage. OK, gentlemen, the show's over. We'll see you back home in a couple of minutes."

So soon? Forbes thought wistfully.

But already Leonov and Aldrin were filing obediently toward the Wire transceiver. They disappeared in the characteristic blue flashes of radio-transport and were replaced by polythene sacks of water.

For a moment, Forbes was alone on the Moon. His breath was loud in his helmet, and he thought of the Puffing Billies, the foul-smelling oxygen economizer bellows they'd been forced to use in the high-altitude Spits.

In just a few minutes, the engineers would start coming through, and a

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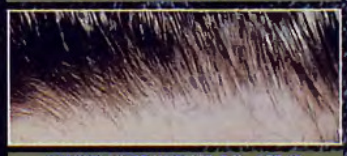

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squad of journalists and lunar surface scientists, even some scholars from the Science Museum to start the instant preservation of the *Endeavour*. He looked around at the untrodden plains of the Sea of Storms and wondered how it would look here in a few weeks or months, as humans spread out from this beachhead, building busily.

The *Endeavour* stood proudly behind the flags, 50 feet tall, the blunt curve of the ceramic heat shield at her hemispheric nose swathed in shimmering Kevlar insulation blankets. There was raying, streaks in the dust, under the gaping nozzle of the high-performance Rolls-Royce liquid rocket engine that had, Forbes thought with some pride, performed like a dream.

But *Endeavour* was the first and last of her kind. A new generation of complex, intelligent, unmanned craft, with names like *Voyager* and *Mariner* and *Venera*, were already sailing out from Earth, taking Wire platforms to Mars and Venus and the moons of Jupiter. Buzz Aldrin had been lucky; the first man or woman on Mars would almost certainly be a politician, not a pilot. Once again, thanks to the inexorable advance of technology, Forbes' usefulness was over.

Of course, when he got home this lunar flight would be regarded as the peak of his career. He would be expected to retire: to pass on the torch to the rather peculiar set of young people growing up with the Wire.

But he wasn't ready for his carpet slippers just yet, no matter what the calendar told him. He knew what Max would say to that—it was all of a piece with their failure to have children, his refusal to accept his own aging and similar modern psychobabble. But he had a private medical report which indicated that retiring to the cottage in the country might not be a sensible option anyway.

He closed his eyes and stepped through the transceiver's sketchy portal. There was a stab of pain as the electron-beam scanners swept over him.

For two seconds, as an S-band signal leaped from Moon to Earth, he did not, presumably, exist.

Suddenly weight descended on him, six times as much as on the Moon, and he staggered under the bulk of his suit. But there were hands on his arms to support him, noise all around him.

He opened his eyes. Beyond the walls of the quarantine facility, the sky of England was gray and enclosing.

•

1987: Brunel Dock, Low Earth Orbit

He awoke when the slow thermal roll of the dock brought bright water-blue Earthlight slanting into his cabin.

He floated out of his sleeping bag. He ran his fingers through what was left of his hair, and made himself tea. This consisted of pumping a polythene bag full of hot water and sucking the resulting pale brown mush through a nipple. Revolting—even the strongest brew never masked the taste of plastic. And of course with the low pressure up here, the Rosie Lee was never properly hot.

Still, he lingered. Although he had some suspicion that his work here, as a consultant on *Discovery*'s control systems, was something of a sinecure, his days were busy enough; at 70, he had learned to give himself time to wake up.

Of course, the view was always a terrific distraction.

Today, in bright noon sunlight, under smog-free air, England glittered with scattered homes. Even from up here, Forbes could see how the great old cities had shrunk—even London—with those huge misty-gray scars of suburbs eaten into by the new green reforestation swaths. Commuting—by train, or car, anyway—was a thing of the past; the capital's workers flickered directly into the heart of the city, popping out of Wire transceivers in the old tube stations. The M1 motorway was now a singularly long racetrack. Some people maintained "distributed careers" with desks in a dozen capital cities around the world, jumping from morning to night. It would never have suited Forbes.

There were costs, of course. Even from up here Forbes could see the blue sparkle of swimming pools, sprinkled across the mountains and valleys of Scotland and Wales and Northumberland. The people of Britain had scattered across their tiny islands in search of illusory wilderness, but there was just no ruddy room. There had been some attempt to preserve the more beautiful areas. In the Lake District, for instance, tourists were Wired into great glass viewing boxes, peering out at Wordsworth's beloved landscape like so many goldfish in a bowl.

And some Wire-related costs were not visible from orbit. He remembered the panic when rabies had swept over England soon after the opening up of the first French links. And there had been some more serious plagues, such as the explosion in AIDS cases in the early Eighties. Some commentators said that the various viruses and bacteria that feasted on man were enjoying an unprecedented explosion in evolutionary growth, such was the expansion of possible infection vectors. Others said that on a Wired planet, man must evolve in response, or perish.

Some of the lingering anti-Wire hysteria was absurd, of course, even to a crusty old skeptic like Forbes. Since 1963, a year after the Wire's opening, there had been no serious accidents with the system itself—such as the loss or corruption of a human pattern in transit—and it had been quite irresponsible for Twentieth Century Fox to remake *The Fly* in such gruesome detail.

The Wire could be a force for good, its fans argued. It was being used to defuse the Cold War, with teams of UN inspectors Wiring back and forth between the nuclear silos held by each side, and rushing peacekeepers to any potential trouble spot. And the Wire had averted so many possible catastrophes—getting the American hostages out of Iran in 1981, averting a war between the Atlantic Union and the Argentines over the Falklands in 1982, distributing aid to those wretched famine victims in Ethiopia in 1984—that it was, it seemed, in danger of provoking an outbreak of utopianism, all across the planet.

So Max had said anyhow, the last time he'd seen her. But they'd argued.

They had been like ambassadors from two alien species, stiff and made suddenly old. She'd been more interested in lecturing him about the work she was doing with Feynman and Deutsch on quantum computers than asking about him. It was strange that two people whose lives had been so shaped by a communications technology should find themselves incapable of communication themselves, and Forbes couldn't help but wonder if a child—grown by now!—might have served to link them better.

But in a sense Max did have children. Sometimes he envied her the easy bond she seemed to form with the new generation, her students and colleagues and others. There are no boundaries for the young now, she'd said, only access. War, she said, is inconceivable for these people. The Wire is transforming them, Henry. And so on. Of course it hardly mattered to Forbes whether she was right or not, since he wasn't allowed home anymore.

Over the years, he had been rather a silly ass about the length of time he had spent in zero gravity. And he never had been very conscientious about physical jerks. The quacks had explained how his skeletal and cardiac muscles were deeply atrophied, and he had piddled away so much of his bone calcium that the inner spongy bone had vanished altogether, without hope of regeneration.

On Earth, he would be wheelchair-bound and a nuisance to everybody. Better here, working on the construction of star clipper *Discovery*, even if he suspected the youngsters up here tolerated rather than valued him.

He took one last lingering look at sunlit Britain, remembering the exhilaration of hauling a Spit in a battle climb into the blue skies of June 1940, with the clatter of the prop loud in his ears, the stink of engine oil and leather in his nostrils. Ruddy peculiar. Here he was in orbit. He'd even been to the Moon. But somehow nothing ever compared to those vivid moments of his youth.

The slow roll of the dock removed

Britain from his view and replaced it with the sleek, streamlined form of *Discovery*, the future appropriately replacing the past.

Forbes finished his tea and, with a sigh, prepared for the daily ordeal of the zero-gravity toilet. The Americans were wonderful people, but they couldn't design plumbing for toffee.

•

1997: "Discovery," Martian Orbit

The launch of humanity's first starship struck Forbes as a remarkably low-key event, compared with the thrilling takeoffs he remembered aboard *Endeavour* and *Congreve*, not to mention all those exhausting scrambles at wartime airfields. After all, there was drama: Even now, hydrogen was circulating in the nozzle of the huge NERVA 4 nuclear fission rocket, cooling before passing on to the core to be superheated and expelled, and so driving the great ship forward.

Surely even Captain Cook had made a little more fuss about his departure for the Pacific, in an earlier *Discovery*. And after all, this was the first journey to the stars. . . .

But there wasn't even a countdown. Forbes had simply to sit in his frame couch with the rest of the crew, a few rows behind the commander and his co-pilot—both women, incidentally—and listen to their brisk young voices working through checks with the ground crew at Port Lowell.

Even the setting was mundane, like the interior of a small aircraft, with fold-out equipment racks and miniaturized galleys and lavatories and zero-gravity up-down visual cues. Only the creased orange skin of Mars, visible through the windows, made for an element of the extraordinary, the ancient landscape now mottled by the green domes of the colonies that had provisioned *Discovery* after its shakedown interplanetary hop.

Humanity's first starship was shaped something like a huge arrow. The habitable compartment—its interior, designed by Cunard, frankly luxurious—made a streamlined arrowhead, separated for safety from the NERVA 4 by the arrow's shaft: 100 yards of open scaffolding, crammed with shielding, antennae and liquid-hydrogen fuel tanks.

The streamlining amused Forbes, for it made the habitable compartment look like nothing so much as the V2-shaped spaceships that had rattled their way through the beloved Saturday morning specials of his youth—a shape that had become derided in the Sixties and Seventies as insectile ships such as the *Endeavour*, adapted to airless space, had taken shape on drafting boards.

But it turned out that the experts, not for the first time, were wrong. Interstellar space was not empty. There was gas

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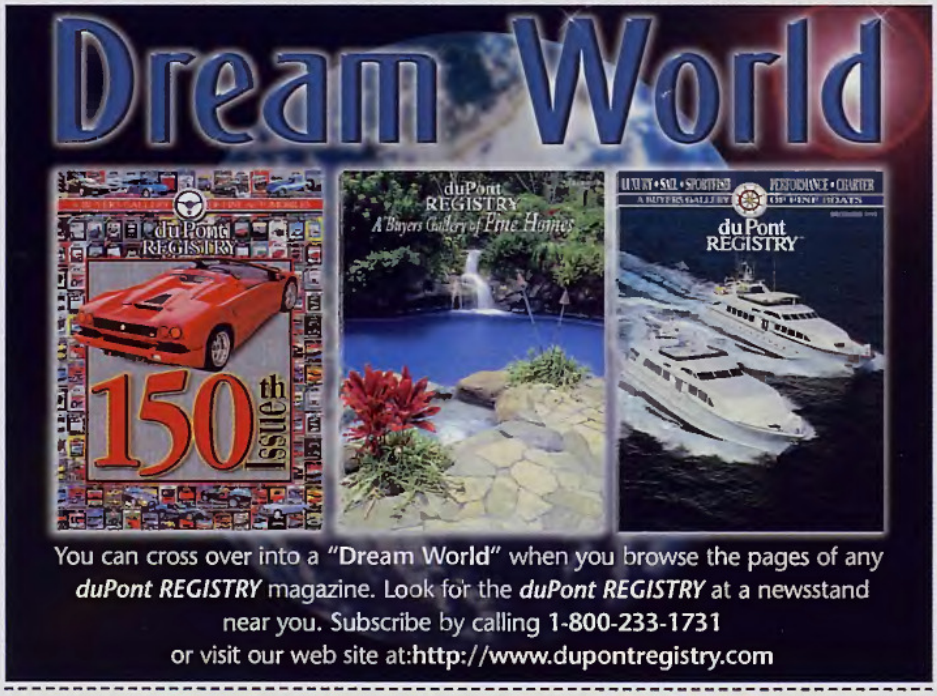
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and dust—desperately thin, only 50 or 60 bacterium-sized specks per cubic mile—but that was enough to give a respectable battering to the prow of any starship unwise enough to approach a decent fraction of the speed of light, as *Discovery* intended to achieve. So the ship was streamlined and coated with a thick impact shield and even mounted with a rather powerful dust-busting short-wave-radiation generator in her nose.

A decent fraction of the speed of light: Such velocities would be far beyond the capacity even of the NERVA 4—a huge, overengineered American monstrosity originally intended to take much smaller spacecraft no farther than Mars—if not for the HRP effect.

HRP—for Haisch, Rueda and Puthoff, as Max had explained to him, the physicists who had made the crucial quantum vacuum breakthrough. The empty vacuum was not empty at all, it seemed, but a wash of seething energy, with virtual particles popping in and out of existence constantly. This so-called zero point field created an electromagnetic drag on any object that passed through it, and it was that drag which created the effect of mass and inertia, the reason it took so much effort to start anything moving.

The big Wire operators—immensely rich, with 40 years' expertise in quantum effects—had seized on the HRP results immediately. And *Discovery* was the result, rendered virtually massless by its inertial suppressors, and so capable of being driven to enormous velocities by a modest engine.

And now, low-key or not, the pilots' preparations were reaching a climax.

The rest of the crew, young and healthy and intelligent, seemed unconcerned. They simply sat in their couches in their couples—or breeding pairs, as Forbes sourly thought of them. They would tolerate this 30-year voyage to Alpha Centauri, confined as they would be within the streamlined hull of *Discovery*, living their lives, studying quietly, maintaining their craft, even raising children. They wouldn't even have to suffer the rigors of zero gravity—the manipulation of the HRP fields would see to that.

He tried to talk to them, of course.

Such as about the flap he'd gotten into in 1941 when he brought down a Heinkel 111 near St. Abbs Head in Berwickshire. Circling overhead, he saw the crew scramble clear, and he realized they were going to set fire to their almost intact bomber, so he decided to land alongside and stop them. But the Spit hit a patch of mud as it rolled down the field and turned over onto its back. Forbes was unhurt but had hung helplessly upside down in his straps until the Heinkel's crew came to rescue him. Then, with Local Defense Volunteers approaching, the Germans surrendered to Forbes, handing him their Luger pistols, but the LDV boys had thought he was one of the enemy and promptly arrested him, and it was only when he produced an Inland Revenue tax return form from his pocket that he managed to extricate himself.

And so on. These youngsters, bound for the stars, listened politely. But to them, Forbes, with his stories of war and heroism and the Inland Revenue, was a figure from some impossibly remote Dark Age.

Perhaps Max was right: that these patient, fearless youngsters—shaped in a Wire-connected world without frontiers or limits, growing richer and richer by the year—really were a different lot from their forefathers.

Even, said Max, a new species.

Perhaps. It often seemed absurd even to him that such an old fool as himself was undertaking such a trip at all. It was just that payload costs, even on a starship, had been made invisibly low by the HRP effect. And besides, the *Martian Times* had put up rather a handsome advance for the observations he would be broadcasting back en route.

He was sure, though, he would not live to see the light of Alpha Centauri, nor would he get to Wire-step back to Earth. But that was no cause for regret. For him, the escape from a baffling Earth was the thing.

Forbes, who remembered different days, had grown uncomfortable with some of the complacent assumptions of modern times. Was the Wire-delivered hegemony of the Western world really such a good idea? There had been the Gulf war, for instance, in which U.S. Marines had used a hidden Wire gateway to storm Saddam's bunker, deposing him with scarcely a shot and then liberating that country. There was no doubt Saddam had been a monster. But Forbes recalled that rather similar schemes had been hatched by the Nazis. How must such actions look to the average Iraqi?

But such arguments were just excuses, Max said. Once again, she had told him, he was attempting to outrun the future. He really must let go at last, learn to trust the young people, not fear them . . . and so on. He had stopped listening to all that long ago.

But in the end, he was sorry to lose her. He could not say they were friends, and certainly they were no longer in love; she was, simply, Max. And increasingly her lined face was overlaid in his mind by images of a bright, excitable young redhead in khakis.

He was becoming, he decided, a sentimental old fool.

Forbes felt a low thrumming, transmitted to him through the frame of his couch. It was smooth, subdued, and yet it inevitably reminded him of the scream of a Spitfire's Merlin engine, the subterranean rumble of a Mustard's gigantic liquid-fuel rockets.

The cabin seemed to tip, as acceleration built up. The autumn light of Mars faded.

Forbes felt a surge of exhilaration. Bugger old age. He was going to the stars!

•

2007: Oxford, England

I go to the seminars when I can; Wire travel is hardly a challenge, even for an old lady like me. The last one I attended was at the university's new Shaw Library—have you heard of it? A room in the Bodleian is connected, via Wired doors, to rooms on the Moon, Mars, Ganymede, Triton——

But though I religiously turn up, Henry, you probably won't believe me when I say that the new ideas leave me behind most of the time! Let me mention some of them to you.

First of all, the Wiring of minds. That may seem rather spooky to you—and to me!—but believe me, it's a real possibility, now that we understand the equations that govern consciousness processes—for consciousness itself, of course, is a quantum phenomenon. It's all an outgrowth of quantum computing. I'm sure you know, Henry, your precious *Discovery* is guided by a million-quantum-dot Factorization engine, no matter how spooky you think it is! And because computational power is combinatorial—oh, dear Henry, I don't think I have time to explain it all—suffice it to say that two minds are much better than one! And so are three, or four—or a billion. Some commentators feel we're on the verge of the most dramatic leap in human evolution since *Homo habilis*.

What else?

Well, you've probably read about the new nanogates—miniature Wire gates that can transmit an atom at a time. There was a piece in *The Lancet* outlining medical applications. It would be possible to inject a patient with smart nanogates that could hunt out and radio-transport away toxins, or cancerous cells! A little too late for me, unfortunately.

And then there is the possibility of faster-than-light travel. It's all based on something called quantum tunneling. If you try to contain a photon by a barrier, there is a small but finite probability—because of quantum uncertainty—that you'll suddenly find it on the far side of the barrier. And if you do, there is no appreciable delay. I've been following the theoretical research for decades, but the practical breakthrough came in the Nineties when an Austrian team transmitted a rather scratchy recording of Mozart's *40th Symphony* at 4.7 times the speed of light! And this year, Bell Labs is going to try to send a wooden cube across a few miles—just like our first experiments with the Wire.

Henry, I hope you don't find that by

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the time you reach Centauri in your rather lumbering inertial-drive Sopwith Camel, you haven't been overtaken by a faster-than-light Spitfire!

So my work continues to absorb me. And, Henry, you must believe me when I say—and I know I repeat myself—these young people are wonderful, so much better than we were, if sometimes a little scary. Do you know, the new prime minister wasn't even born when the first Wire service was opened up! Do you remember that ridiculous affair with the flag? It seems hardly yesterday . . . prime minister: foolish me, I meant the governor, of course. Dates me, doesn't it!

They say that for the young in the schools now, even the concept of nation seems absurd. They can't believe that a mere half century ago we'd just come out of a war—it seems to them like a hideous human sacrifice. It makes us old folk uncomfortable sometimes, but it's hard to deny the logic! Our young live in a rich, clean world, and there's no reason why anyone should go short of the fundamentals of life, not until the solar system itself starts to run dry—and even then we'll have the stars, thanks to you and *Discovery*.

I know it's hard to accept change. This new world often seems very strange to me, and I sometimes wonder where humanity will be in ten, or 20, or 30 years' time, when even human thought has been Wired. In a way I understand why you've continued to flee, my dear—at last, all the way to the stars! But there was nothing to fear. Perhaps if you had had a child of your own, or if we had had one, you might be able to see it.

Now, you mustn't be distressed by my little bit of news, Henry my dear. I'm not in any pain or discomfort. I've been involved in a lot of wizard japes in my time, which is just the sort of thing your old RAF pals used to say, so you see I was paying attention to you after all, even all those years ago! My only regret is I won't get to see any more of the wonderful future that's opening up—and I won't see you again, and, yes, that is important to me.

•

2017: Between Stars

He lay in his cabin, an old mechanical clock softly ticking. He could smell nothing, taste nothing, every breath hurt, and all he could see was a series of vague blurs. He was a crock and no mistake, and he'd really had enough of this caper.

Somehow he knew today was the day.

It didn't seem so tragic to Forbes. It was rather like the elephants, he thought. He once knew a chap who had been to India—and this was before the Empire broke up, before the war—and this chap came back with stories of the elephants, and how they would know when it was their time. They would leave their herds and seek out a quiet place, without any fuss.

Perhaps it was true. And perhaps humans shared the same instinct, and if so, it was a remarkable comfort. After all, he'd had good innings; he might have bought it at any time in the Forties, and a lot of good men had done just that.

His breath was scratching in his throat. It was a blithering nuisance——

The walls dissolved around him.

He felt a stab of shock—and irritation. He was scared. But what on Earth was the point of his being frightened now?

But he was suspended in stars, stars above and below and all around him. Ahead, they were tinged the subtlest blue.

You shouldn't fear us.

A uniform light came up—just a little, leaving the sky a deep midnight blue, but enough to wash out the stars.

A cramped cabin. A stick in his hand. Something in his ears—he lifted his hand—it was cotton wool.

Good God. He was back in a Vampire, its duck's egg–green hull all around him. There was even a fresh carnation in his buttonhole.

You didn't have to flee into the dark.

The nose of the Vampire dipped, and the Earth itself was spread out beneath him, curving gently, glowing with a network of light, a Wire continuum.

We are you. You are us. Because of your courage, mankind will live forever. We honor you. We want you to join us.

So they, the young people—or whatever ruddy thing they had become—had brought him all the way home, from the stars. To be able to do such a thing—they were like gods. It occurred to him he ought to be frightened of them, as he always had been, a little.

But they were human children, all the same.

Perhaps Max had been right. Perhaps it was time, at last, for him to place his destiny in other hands.

There was no Max down there, though. Even they couldn't reach beyond the grave. Not yet, anyhow.

Welcome home.

He would be safe down there, when he landed. But there was no rush. A few more minutes wouldn't harm. Perhaps he could take the kite for a couple of turns over London.

He stuffed the Vampire's nose down and began his long fall back into the atmosphere.

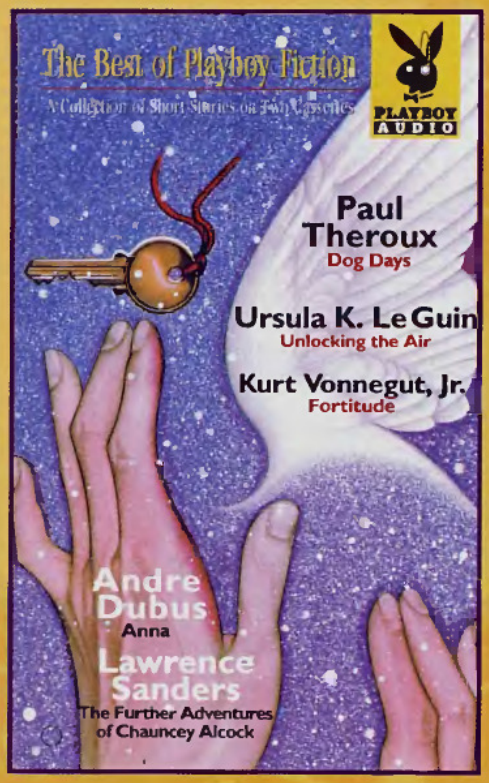
"And all those meals I said I enjoyed—I was faking that, too!"

Battle of Khafji

(continued from page 114)

We marched the Iraqis back to the Alamo. These were only the first of the Iraqi deserters. As time went by they would come across the barrier plain by the hundreds. When we got back to the Alamo, Captain Beck told us to take their boots for infiltrations. We took the Iraqis' boots so we would leave their treads in the sand when we slipped over the border and walked around Kuwait. When we took off their boots, we saw their feet, which were all seriously messed up with sores and blisters, in part because only one of them had socks. There was a lot of oozing yellow pus, and their feet stank up the Alamo. Later that night the Marine POW translators showed up along with an intelligence officer, and the Iraqis were brought into a back room of the Alamo and questioned one by one. I was in there, and the Iraqis told a consistent story of an army without food, supplies, means of communication or the desire to fight. They told how they saw whole platoons of Iraqi soldiers buried alive under the sand by our bombs. One of the Iraqi prisoners looked about 12, and was too scared to speak. When I came out with the last prisoner, there was Sergeant Packer sitting in the center of the floor of the Alamo cleaning the feet of the 12-year-old. He had a bucket of water, and by his knee was a bottle of peroxide, and in his hand a gauze pad. The kid's feet were seriously fucked up, and strewn around were crumpled gauze pads with yellow secretions and bloodstains.

Captain Beck came out of the back room with the translators and stopped in his tracks and stared at Sergeant Packer's back. He told Packer to ready the prisoners for transport, but Packer went on wiping the Iraqi kid's feet. Captain Beck went over and kicked over the bucket of water. It spread out under the asses of the Iraqi prisoners, but they were looking at Captain Beck's pissed-off face and didn't move a muscle. Sergeant Packer went on cleaning the kid's feet, but now the kid was scared and pulled his feet out of Packer's hands and scuttled backward across the floor yammering in Arabic. Then all the Iraqis started yelling at Sergeant Packer, waving him off. The Iraqis settled down finally, the translators went outside, but Captain Beck kept staring at Sergeant Packer's back like he wanted to take out his sidearm and pop a round into his head. Captain Beck finally went outside, and the prisoners just stared at Sergeant Packer, who took out a candy bar and opened it up and offered it to the 12-year-old Iraqi, but the kid kept shaking his head. He probably figured Sergeant Packer wanted to poison him. It was only later I remembered Sergeant Packer's



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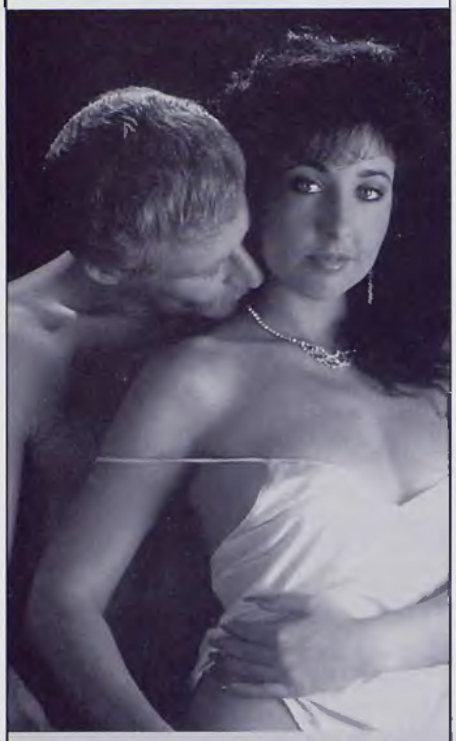

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own kid was about 12 when he died in the Humvee wreck.

•

We had a bunch of supersnooper and night-vision scopes set up all in a row on the roof of our Alamo and could look right over and see Iraqis beyond the mines and concertina wire of the barrier plain. When you looked through the scopes at the minefield, the first thing you noticed were all the camel parts strewn all over. The Bedouin left them and the mines blew them up. So we were up on the roof, and Captain Beck was adjusting one of the scopes and turned to me and said, "So, who do you think we should send over there first?"

My first thought was, *You motherfucker.* I was right, he was thinking of sending Sergeant Packer. After the thing with the Iraqi's feet, Packer was on his shit list. But the whole idea was fucked. It was one thing keeping Packer around as a mascot, it was another to send him on a night infiltration of enemy-occupied territory. I pointed out Packer was from transportation and a fat fuck and that we had all had specialized training in the Mojave, but Captain Beck didn't hear a word. He went off on how *the satellites* could get a *chimpanzee* through that minefield, how *the satellites* could get a fucking *Iraqi* through the minefield, how *the satellites* could certainly get *fucking Packer* through the minefield. An F-18 flew over on the way to bomb Baghdad, and when he started giving me a lecture about how *fucking beautiful* the plane was I pretty much left him up there talking to himself.

Six Marines, including the bus driver, Sergeant Packer, set off that night for a 48-hour infiltration of Kuwait. There was some talk of how fucked it was to have Packer along, but no one was ready to go over Captain Beck's head. The six Marines were all wearing night-vision goggles and one-piece tan desert flight suits that Corporal Fallow had scammed from the quartermaster. Sergeant Zabrinski held the global positioning satellite unit, and all they had to do was follow the directions on the glowing readout from the little box in his hand. The GPS unit would guide them through the Iraqi minefield. They would be led by a satellite in the sky.

The six stepped out into the dark and switched on their night-vision goggles. It is like looking through the eyes of a fly. Everything is phosphorescent green, and human beings leave hazy green trails behind them as they move across your field of vision. I pulled the iron gate of the Alamo down behind them and then went up on the roof to watch through the Quester scope as they made their way toward the mined barrier plain. We saw Sergeant Zabrinski raise his hand as the six infiltrators closed in on the minefield. He hand-motioned for the Marines to set an initial rally point: a 360-degree circle of men facing outboard. It was a moment to sit, listen, adjust gear, orient to the sounds of the night. Sergeant Zabrinski stood up, looked at the GPS in his hand, took two steps to the left, then three steps forward. The other men followed his tracks. We all held our breath, as I don't think anyone except Captain Beck had total faith in the GPS. Captain Beck didn't even come up to the roof of the Alamo. I went downstairs and found him making tea. He said to me, "Packer was in need of some attitude adjustment. Kuwait will tenderize him."

I left Captain Beck stirring his tea and went back upstairs to look through the Quester scope for the infiltrators. They were now on the far side of the barrier plain. I sat down on the roof and looked up at the sky and tried to spot the satellite that was leading them through the mines. After that I stretched out on the roof and fell asleep. I remember I dreamed about being in college, which, as I said already, is what I joined the Marines to get money for—and then I had a nightmare about Captain Beck. Some sort of commotion in front of the Alamo was what woke me up. It was Vergil Anderson. He had captured a photographer with Agence France-Presse. The photographer had broken away from a press pool that night and walked the 20 klicks from Ras-al-Mishab. He was seriously dehydrated and delusional. He wanted to walk to Kuwait and from there to Baghdad to document the effects of our bombing. Captain Beck had me and Vergil Anderson hydrate him and bind his hands with the plastic flexcuffs we reserved for Iraqi POWs and deliver him to MEF-HQ in the rear. He pissed on us all the way to MEF-HQ about our bombing and told us our hands were permanently bloodied and how it was just high-tech slaughter and all that sort of bullshit.

We did some other details at MEF-HQ, and came back the next evening. When we went into the Alamo, we found Captain Beck watching the RPV monitor in the tearoom. The RPV is this remotely piloted vehicle—a mechanical bird with a camera in its gut. Captain Beck was looking through the bird's eye at the Iraqi positions just over the mined barrier plain. As I looked at the monitor I saw the mechanical bird was flying low over an Iraqi digging frantically into a sand dune, his tail up in the air. Captain Beck mimed the Iraqi's frantic burrowing, and laughed like he owned the fucking world until he saw me and Vergil Anderson looking at him. I nudged Vergil Anderson and we went up on the roof and looked through the Quester at the barrier plain. It was still daytime, so the infiltration team was hiding over there in their wormholes in the sand, and there wasn't much to see of interest.

That night the infiltration team was three hours late. In general, they were not allowed outbound communications while in-country, as that would put them at risk of detection. We tried to raise them with burst pulse, a relatively safe form of high-frequency communication we reserved for emergencies, but there was no response. We sat around the Alamo, waiting for Captain Beck to alert MEF-HQ so they would send in an emergency extraction team, but he just sat there drinking the Saudis' tea. Corporal Anderson finally spotted the infiltration team with the Quester scope making their way slowly back through the mines.

Captain Beck came up on the roof, and then Corporal Maclean, looking through a Tow sight, started to freak. He said over and over, "Shit, Sergeant Packer's walking point." Everyone ran to one of the scopes to take a look at this, and when I got my eye on a scope, sure enough there was fat little Sergeant Packer, about three meters ahead of the rest of the men. When the infiltration team came closer I noticed this: Sergeant Packer didn't have the GPS in his hand. The bus driver was leading them freestyle. When I turned from the Tow sight to point this out, Captain Beck was gone from the roof of the Alamo. The rest of us stood up there watching, expecting at any second to see the infiltration team blown to kingdom come.

The team made it back to the Alamo. It turned out the GPS and the other electronics had gone down over there, and Sergeant Packer had volunteered to lead them back. He had followed old camel tracks through the mines. You could see the other five men who went on the infiltration had no more doubts about Sergeant Packer. You put your dick on the line like that, you're one of us. Sure, the men were spooked by Sergeant Packer, about how maybe his weird effect on mechanicals had caused the GPS to go down. But no one was talking much about that right then.

Captain Beck was interested only in the coordinates for the Iraqi bunkers and installations brought back by the infiltration team. We all went in and sat around the tearoom and listened to their report. Sergeant Packer turned to me and gave me a bite of a chocolate bar, and then out of the fucking blue he started to sing *Silent Night*. I had almost forgotten it was Christmas Eve. Sergeant Packer had a beautiful voice. His regular voice—though I had heard in all maybe two complete sentences—sounded like he got a tonsillectomy with a buzz saw, but when he sang it was this almost female thing, all high and sweet.

Captain Beck had his head down over his notes, and it looked like he was going to let Sergeant Packer sing. When a couple of the other men started to join in, he raised his head and said, "Shut the fuck up, Packer." But Packer didn't shut up. He just sang on and on, though he sang alone. Captain Beck looked right at him the whole time, and then when he was done Beck put on this sort of sick smile and said we'd meet back here at 0500 to complete the report.

So it was Christmas morning, six hours later, and we were all back in the tearoom. The report was over in an hour, and then Captain Beck had Corporal Fitch get on the communicator and order up an A-10 jet. I never thought we'd use the coordinates for the Iraqi bunkers and installations on Christmas Day, but there we all were, going up the steps to the roof of the Alamo. Captain Beck was the only one of us who seemed pumped up. He went chuckling over to the fun little Christmas toy known as the Mule. It stands for Multi-Utility-Laser-Engager. It's a plastic box with a laser beam inside. Captain Beck took the PRC-77 communicator handset and read in the coordinates for an Iraqi bunker.

While we waited for the jet, Captain Beck looked like he was about to get a blow job from Miss America. Six minutes later we saw the A-10 jet inbound from the Persian Gulf. The pilot called in for *sparkle*, and Captain Beck turned on the laser from the Mule. The laser beam would guide the bombs from the jet to the Iraqi bunker. The A-10 popped upward and then rolled over and dove toward the target. There was a puff of smoke in the desert, and the echo of the explosion in our rib cages. Captain Beck pumped his fist and yelled "Bingo." The bombs were Mark 84s, 2000 pounds of explosives in each. Four more 2000-pound bombs were dropped on Iraqi positions that Christmas morning, based on the recommendations of the returning infiltration team. I thought it was all over, and then Captain Beck said he wanted one more, and called in the coordinates. He turned to Sergeant Packer with this big smile after setting up the Mule and asked him to do the honors and turn on the laser as soon as the A-10 was inbound. He told Sergeant Packer it was like a video game. Sergeant Packer just shook his head. He then refused Captain Beck's direct order to push the red button on the Mule. The A-10 went around a second time and Sergeant Zabrinski turned on the laser.

I expected Captain Beck would send Sergeant Packer south for a court-martial for refusing a direct order, but instead he just left the roof of the Alamo without saying another word. The smile was long gone from his face, and—this is fucked—for the first time Beck even

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looked kind of worried. The other members of the platoon milled around confused, expecting something more, but when nothing happened they drifted downstairs. Sergeant Packer stood at the edge of the Alamo for a long time scanning the desert with the Quester sight. He looked out at that desert for a couple of hours, and then he lay down on the roof and fell asleep. He probably hadn't slept at all while he was on the infiltration. I sat up there with him with my back against the edge of the Alamo for the rest of the day. As the sun set, I thought how hard it was to believe a bunch of Achmeds were dead or dying over there in the sand because of us, and I decided they ought to call this Operation Video Game. I thought he was still sleeping, but then Sergeant Packer sat up and said to me out of the blue, *Is it still a war if nobody dies on one side?*

I said "what?" or "huh?" as if I didn't understand, because he was getting philosophical and in those days thinking made me feel like a faggot, and he said, "I mean, if thousands die on one side, and nobody at all dies on the other, is that still a war? Maybe we should have a new word for it?"

I said as if I were pissed, "But the war hasn't happened yet." Sergeant Packer stood up and, staring at one of our Cobra helicopters rotoring through a blazing sunset, said, "The dead are as good as dead."

•

Sergeant Packer and I sat up there on the roof of the Alamo long after the sun set on that Christmas evening. Dozens of oil fires were leaping 200 feet into the air across the distant Kuwaiti horizon. It was like hell was right over the border. Neither of us had spoken for hours and it was silent up there except for the sizzle of desert sand blowing against the side of the Alamo. I stood up at one point and with a scope spotted one of our Cobra helos sniffing around over the Kuwaiti border, as if curious about the day's Iraqi toll.

It was as if I were keeping Sergeant Packer company in the last hours before some sort of shit finally hit the fan. And then the shit finally did hit the fan. Sergeant Packer hadn't moved a muscle in hours, and then out of the blue he jumped up and started scanning the mined barrier plain through a Quester scope. I stood up and looked through another scope. It took me a long time to locate what he was seeing, but then I saw movement on the far side of the mined barrier plain.

Neither of us had spoken a word but, as if they smelled something going down, Sergeant Zabrinski came up on the roof of the Alamo, followed by Captain Beck. Sergeant Zabrinski and Captain Beck both went right to a scope. Captain Beck turned away from his scope after spotting the figure in the minefield and glanced at me, and I swear he was grinning. I put my eye to one of the Tow sights again and watched the figure making its way through the mines. When I raised my eyes from the Tow sight and turned around, Sergeant Packer was gone from the roof of the Alamo. Thirty seconds later we saw him running across the desert in front of the Alamo toward the minefield. I looked over at Captain Beck, and he shook his head at me, like he now expected nothing less than this sort of crazy shit from Sergeant Packer.

About 15 seconds later Sergeant Zabrinski identified the figure out there in the mined barrier plain as a female. I looked again through the Tow scope, and it did now look like the figure coming slowly through the mines toward Sergeant Packer was covered from head to toe. Sergeant Packer was now in the minefield, making his way toward this Arab female. It was right about then that Sergeant Zabrinski picked up on his scope a Cobra helo bearing back from the Kuwaiti horizon on a definite course for this developing situation in the minefield. Captain Beck raised his hand, pointed in the direction of the oncoming helo, and said something under his breath to Sergeant Zabrinski, who started laughing.

The Cobra helo was now the only thing moving quickly out there, and soon you could see through the scope it was clearly bearing down on this Arab female. The Cobra helicopter reads human heat on its thermal sights and destroys. The only way to avoid it is to lie down on the ground and pretzel into a nonhuman shape, so maybe you get read as a plant or something nonhuman. So through the scopes we saw Sergeant Packer waving his arms like he was telling the Arab female to stop and lie down, but of course she was freaked by him, and just doubled her pace through the mines.

So Packer started waving his arms at the incoming Cobra helo. The helo didn't bear off the Arab female at his waving, and I expected it to open up on her with its nose gun at any second. Sergeant Packer must have thought the same thing, because he took out his .45 and started firing at the helo, and then the big whacking insect forgot the Arab female, who stopped in her tracks. The helo swung sharply around and bore down on Sergeant Packer. It bore down on him in slow motion, as Packer emptied his clip. It was pretty clear he was firing for effect, and not just throwing rounds up near the helo. You could hear the little *pop, pop, pop* from Packer's .45 over the drone of the rotor blades.

Sergeant Packer popped another clip into his .45, raised his arm again and squeezed off round after round toward the helo. The helo was about 100 yards

away when it responded with a long burst from its 30mm nose gun. There were strings of orange tracers all over the night. The desert all around Sergeant Packer was being pocked up by 30-mm rounds, but he stood his ground and fired off the last of his clip toward the helo. It was right then the helo ripped off another burst from its nose gun, and I saw Sergeant Packer take a serious hit. His body shook like he was electrocuted, and he spun around and dropped to his knees, and then tumbled over face first into the sand. The helo fired again, another spray of orange tracers, and Sergeant Packer's body twisted on the desert floor as he took at least one more hit. The helo hovered in victory over his body for about ten seconds, and then banked and headed back into the dark over the Persian Gulf. With the helo gone, you could hear the desert sand blowing against the side of the Alamo.

The silence was broken by the Arab female screaming out there in the minefield. She really let loose with her Arab lungs—it was a serious death wail she was doing out there. She was wailing and picking her way through the mines toward the body of Sergeant Packer. When she first started wailing, I unglued my eye from the Tow scope and scanned the roof of the Alamo, and that was when I noticed Captain Beck. He was not looking through a scope. He looked like the cat that finally ate the motherfucking canary. He saw me looking at him, and shaking his head said, "Not a good idea to fuck with those helo jockeys."

I didn't want to look at Captain Beck's face so I put my eye back to the Tow scope. Most of the platoon was already down there running across the desert in front of the Alamo toward the minefield. The Arab female was still making her way toward Sergeant Packer's body through the mines and still wailing. She was about five meters away from his body. It was going to be tricky extracting her and Packer's body from the minefield. It was while I was thinking about that extraction—that was when I saw little fucking Sergeant Packer out there in no-man's-land move his arm. There was no motion for another ten seconds, and then Packer's arm raised up a few inches again off the desert floor. Zabrinski, looking through another scope, saw the same motion and started to yell, and I raised my head from the Tow scope and said, "Captain Beck, better take another look."

•

Sergeant Packer was up and stumbling through the minefield by the time I came down from the Alamo to the edge of the barrier plain. It was pretty clear his left leg had been clipped—he was dragging it. By hand signals he kept the Arab woman about three yards back as he picked their way out of the minefield. I played a flashlight over Packer's face when he made it out of the minefield. A 30mm round had torn horizontally across the skin of his forehead, a flap of skin was hanging down over one eyebrow, and you could see about three inches of the white of his skull. Blood was flowing steadily from the wound over his face, and he had to keep blinking to see us. The cammies of his left leg were torn up and black with blood.

With a couple of the men, Sergeant Zabrinski started to hustle the Arab woman back toward the Alamo. She was clutching a blanket to her chest with both arms and still wailing like it was the end of the fucking world. Sergeant Packer pushed past us when he saw Zabrinski and the others moving the Arab woman away, and without a word stumbled after them. Half the platoon tried to give Packer a hand on the way back to the Alamo, but the little bus driver cursed like a motherfucker when anyone touched him. Eventually the platoon fell back a few yards and just trailed behind Packer as he stumbled along. He wasn't moving too fast, and we fell way behind Zabrinski and the others with the Arab woman.

When we finally entered the Alamo, Captain Beck and Sergeant Zabrinski were standing with their backs to us in front of the Arab woman in the tearoom. Captain Beck was trying to get a baby in the blanket out of her arms, and she was giving him an earful of high-decibel Arabic. Neither Sergeant Zabrinski nor Captain Beck turned around as we all followed behind Sergeant Packer. They might not have even heard us walking toward them behind Sergeant Packer, the Arab woman was screaming that loud as Captain Beck tugged at the baby in the blanket.

Sergeant Packer fell against Captain Beck, a kind of stumbling body block from behind. Sergeant Zabrinski immediately swung around with his Ka-Bar knife out, but then backed off. Sergeant Packer reached down and took the baby in the blanket out of the arms of the Arab woman. The Arab woman just let Sergeant Packer remove it from her arms, and she stopped screaming and was silent for about ten seconds, and then started in with the waterworks. The rest of the platoon kind of melted away then. But I stood there, which is why I ended up the one to handcuff Sergeant Packer. Captain Beck didn't—or couldn't—look twice at Sergeant Packer holding the Arab baby, and came out and handed me the plastic flexcuffs, and told Zabrinski to arrange for Packer's transport to MEF-HQ for a court-martial, and then disappeared up to the roof of the Alamo.

It was with my own two hands that I put the flexcuffs on Sergeant Packer's wrists. He held out his wrists while still holding the baby in his arms. The

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blanket fell open as he held out his hands, and I saw that there wasn't much left below the shoulders of the baby. I heard a rumor later that the Arab woman had walked from Basra in Iraq to show the remains to us.

Sergeant Packer wouldn't let anyone dress his wounds. He just stood there cuffed, holding the remains of the Iraqi baby with blood dripping down his face. The Iraqi woman finally stopped her waterworks, took the pressure bandages, gauze, scissors and tape off the table, and wrapped his head and leg. Sergeant Zabrinski then drove the Iraqi woman and Sergeant Packer and the baby's remains in a Humvee down the hardball to Marine Expeditionary Force HQ. Captain Beck had wanted to send them separately, but the Iraqi woman wouldn't leave Sergeant Packer's side.

Sergeant Zabrinski later told me it took him and three MPs to get the Iraqi baby's remains away from Sergeant Packer when they arrived at MEF-HQ. A Colonel Herman there had Sergeant Packer put in wrist-to-ankle shackles, and had a medic inject him with a sedative that the medic said would have put down a horse. The injection didn't knock out Sergeant Packer. He just sat there at MEF-HQ in shackles with a face covered in dried blood, giving his *who gives a fuck* look to all the brass walking by, until they finished the paperwork and took him away.

•

A month later we won Desert Storm by driving the 20 klicks to Kuwait. Captain Beck was awarded a Bronze Star for valor. I got home and watched all the ticker-tape parades and instant replays of our great victory on the tube. Over the next year, my hands curled up into claws with arthritis and they tell me it's my imagination. I had a kid with this great woman, and the kid was born with veins on the outside of his face, and they say it's unrelated to Desert Storm.

I wake up every night now with my claws over my eyes. In the dream that wakes me up we're eating MREs in the Alamo when there is a biological warning. We pull on our gas masks and look around at each other like a bunch of insects. It is then that Sergeant Zabrinski, in his gas mask, beckons us outside. Riding toward the Alamo on a camel is this soldier without a gas mask. This soldier on a camel rides right up to us like a fucking Bedouin and motions for us to take off our gas masks, but we raise our M-16s and chase the soldier off into the desert.

"Under my proposed health plan, those who can afford medical care will pay their bills and those who can't will remain sick."

Bettie Page

(continued from page 136)

anything for you unless you went to bed with him. I wasn't into that. If I'm going to have sex with a man, I want to know and care something about him. I have to love him or at least like him very much. So Howard Hughes kept calling to say he wanted to take my picture, but I never called him.

PLAYBOY: Yet your greatest fame has been in the Eighties and Nineties. Your followers call you "timeless." In the old days your fans were dirty old men; today you're a heroine to their sons and daughters. Why?

PAGE: I have no idea.

PLAYBOY: Is it thrilling to have millions of new fans?

PAGE: It's surprising. I have a lot of young women fans, believe it or not. The other day I got a letter from a woman in Alaska, a missionary nurse. I'm still not sure how missionaries in Alaska get hold of my pin-up pictures.

PLAYBOY: You were the wholesome, naughty-but-nice girl in the most stylish dirty pictures of the Fifties. What was your best feature?

PAGE: I had a very natural smile.

PLAYBOY: Was it genuine? Did you enjoy posing nude, or were you pretending?

PAGE: I tried to imagine the camera was my boyfriend and I was entertaining him, with poses to please him.

PLAYBOY: How much of that did you do in real life?

PAGE: None. That's why it's funny when people claim I was some kind of sex icon and innovator. In my seven years of posing in New York I had less sex than at any other time in my life. For three of those years I dated an actor named Marvin Greene. He sang in the chorus in *Oklahoma!* Marvin was such a sweet fellow, the best companion I ever had. And gorgeous, with a beautiful body. He worked out in the gym; he could knock a baseball farther than the Yankees. But for some reason he did not appeal to me sexually.

We used to go camping in New England, Niagara Falls or way up in no-man's-land in northeast Canada. Slept together with no sex. I would kiss him, that was all. Marvin was bashful, but I loved to swim in the nude. Have you ever done that? It's a delightful feeling, unencumbered, like you're in another world.

Marvin wanted to marry me. I said, "I don't love you enough. I would make you unhappy."

PLAYBOY: In those three years you had no sex at all?

PAGE: None. I entertained myself.

PLAYBOY: Did you enjoy sex?

PAGE: Oh yes. But I had to feel something for the man. With Marvin, there was no desire.

PLAYBOY: Your bondage photos suggest a

darker sort of desire.

PAGE: Irving Klaw was the king of bondage. He would hire four or five models and two or three photographers. We would shoot for about four hours, always on Saturdays, down in the Village near 14th Street. An hour or an hour and a half of that would be bondage. You had to do bondage or you didn't get paid.

PLAYBOY: What were you paid?

PAGE: Eighty dollars.

PLAYBOY: Was bondage arousing to you?

PAGE: We laughed about it. Klaw's company was called Movie Star News. Irving and his sister Paula sold movie-star pictures, but their pin-ups, and then the bondage pictures, sold more. Paula did some photographing, but mostly she set up the scenes. She tied us up.

There was one set of poses that frightened me. It was outdoors. They put me between two trees with my feet off the ground. I was spread-eagle, with ropes around my hands and feet and my waist. They were too tight. I thought my arms were coming out of their sockets. I was in agony. It looks like it in the pictures, too. I wasn't putting on an act that time.

PLAYBOY: Who commissioned the Dark Angel photos you made?

PAGE: Judges, doctors, lawyers. People way up there in the professions. They go for bondage. They liked to see girls spanking each other. I held a whip a lot.

PLAYBOY: Any special requests?

PAGE: One guy sent me a pony outfit with a black leather hood that looked just like a horse. You couldn't even see me in there. I was down on all fours with my head covered, laughing.

Why do men like bondage? A fellow I knew well liked to be whipped. His wife never knew about it. Of course, I won't mention any names. . . .

STEVENS: Discretion, dear.

PAGE: [*Smiling*] Well, he deserves no discretion.

PLAYBOY: It was hardly discreet to pose nude in the Fifties. Why did you do it?

PAGE: God approves of nudity. Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, they were naked as jaybirds. If they hadn't listened to the devil they could have been nude all their lives and as happy as larks. I always went around my apartment in New York totally nude. I swam in the nude, even considered joining a nudist colony. I do not believe in flaunting it, though.

PLAYBOY: But aren't you famous for flaunting it?

PAGE: No. My nude poses were mild. I frowned on any sort of pornography. I never did open poses. Except . . . well, there was one night. I went to a party; there were five camera clubs there and several models. They kept giving me drinks. I remember posing for them, doing some nude shots for the camera clubs. After that I must have been drunk, they must have talked me into doing some open poses.

PLAYBOY: The police later threatened you

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 28, 32, 37–38, 40, 82–85, 109–111, 132–133 and 209, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

WIRED

Page 28: "Wireless Wonders": **Cordless data link** by *Panasonic*, 800-222-4213. **Printer** by *Citizen America*, 800-477-4683. **Camcorder** and **infrared receiver** by *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. **DSS receiver** by *RCA*, from Thomson Electronics, 800-336-1900. "Faroudja Is the Man": **Components** and **video processor** by *Faroudja*, 408-735-1492. "Give Us Some Space": **Removable hard drive** by *Syquest*, 800-245-2278. **CD-rewritable drives:** By *Ricoh*, 800-225-1899. By *Philips*, 800-531-0039. "Wild Things": **Mini notebook computer** by *Toshiba*, 800-346-6672. **Computer keyboard** and **software** by *Darwin Keyboards*, 888-432-7946.

HEALTH & FITNESS

Page 32: "The Air Up There": **Chamber** by *Hypoxico Inc.*, NYC, 212-726-3654. **Crunch Fitness health clubs**, NYC, 212-475-2018, Los Angeles, 213-654-4550.

MANTRACK

Page 37: "Customizing the Tuxedo": **Vest** by *Bergdorf Goodman Collection*, 800-218-4918. "What a Stud": **Cuff links** and **studs** from Asprey, 212-688-1811. Page 38: "Grooming Essentials": By *Molton Brown*, 800-787-5500. Page 40: "Luggage for Your Smokes": **Humidors:** *Playboy* by *House of Lords*, 800-632-2228. *Road Warrior 2000* by *Burning Solutions*, 888-786-4443. *Defender* and *Field Pack* by *Armidor*, 800-894-4596.

KICKIN' & FLICKIN'

Page 82: **Shirt** and **turtleneck** by *Ralph Lauren Purple Label* and **jumpsuit** from *Ralph by Ralph Lauren*, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, 800-494-7656. **Jeans** by *CK Calvin Klein Jeans*, 212-292-9000. Page 83: **V-neck, shirt** and **trousers** by *Prada*, 212-327-0488. **Her outfit** by *Mark Eisen*, at Barneys New York, 212-826-8900. Page 84: **Crewneck, sweater shirt** and **trousers** by *Ralph Lauren Purple Label*, at Polo/Ralph Lauren, 800-494-7656. **Minidress** by *Yeohlee*, 212-704-9600. Page 85: **Shirt** and **jeans** by *Sandy Dalal*, at Fred Segal, 213-651-3342. **T-shirt** by *Industria*, 212-704-9600.

ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA

Pages 109–111: **Boom box** and **TV** by *Jeep*, from Kash N Gold Telemania, 888-744-5558. **Watch** by *Mont Blanc*, 800-995-4810. **Laptop** by *Amrel Inc.*, 800-882-6735. **Ashtray** and **cigar cutter** by *Round Hill Cigar Accouterments*, 888-744-5558. **Camera** by *Leica*, 800-222-0118. **CD player** by *Aiwa*, 800-289-2492. **Golf clubs** by *Goldwin Golf*, 800-609-4653. **Video game** by *Tiger Electronics Inc.*, 888-844-7767. **Mini stereo system** by *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669.

DIGITAL BASH

Pages 132–133: **Computer/TV** by *Gateway 2000*, 800-846-2000. **Digital still cameras:** By *Minolta*, 201-825-4000, ext. 5380. By *Olympus*, 888-553-4448. By *Nikon*, 800-526-4566. By *Epson*, 800-463-7766. **Digital camcorders:** By *Panasonic*, 201-348-9090. By *Hitachi Electronics*, 800-241-6558. By *Sony Electronics*, 800-222-7669. **Video printer** by *Panasonic*, 201-348-9090.

ON THE SCENE

Page 209: "Winter of Our Content": **Polartec outerwear** from *Malden Mills*, at sporting goods stores. **Gore-Tex outerwear** by *W.L. Gore*, 800-431-4673. **Triple Point Ceramic outerwear** by *Lowe Alpine*, 303-465-3706. **H_2NO outerwear** by *Patagonia*, 800-638-6464.

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with copies of those photos.

PAGE: You could get arrested for that in those days.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't there an unwritten rule that camera club photos were for private use only?

PAGE: The dog who took those pictures sold them for $800. They were sold under the counter, but the police found out and confiscated them. They knocked on my door one morning: "Bettie, we have something to show you." They had open poses. My face dropped, I was so shocked. They had close-ups, too.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember your first nude pose? We hear it happened after Jerry Tibbs introduced you to fellow hobbyists in camera clubs.

PAGE: That wasn't it. What happened was, I was sitting on a bench in Central Park when a fellow came up and said, "You have a beautiful face and a nice figure." He was a young photographer. He took some pictures. He asked me to pose nude and I didn't mind. I was in good shape back then. I never had qualms about being nude, though I didn't believe pubic hair should be showing in pictures.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any sexual problems?

PAGE: I wouldn't have intercourse with my first boyfriend until after we were married. Not even on our wedding night. That was because my father molested me as a child; I didn't care for sex for a long time after that.

I got over it. I believe that two people who love each other should make love. Sex is part of love.

PLAYBOY: In 1957, after your Dark Angel period, you dropped off the cultural screen. It would be decades before Dave Stevens with *The Rocketeer*, Robert Blue with his oversize bondage paintings and other fans would start a Bettie Page revival.

PAGE: Robert Blue painted my body all right, but not my face. I did not have a little tiny bird mouth and a frown line over my nose.

STEVENS: He liked the darker Bettie. What about the banana leaf one, where you're squatting on the ground in a leopard outfit?

PAGE: Yeah, that's not bad.

STEVENS: And the one where you're spanking the girl on the couch——

PAGE: That looks like me. That's a nice profile of me.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever ashamed of your work?

PAGE: I never thought it was shameful. I felt normal. It's just that it was much better than pounding a typewriter eight hours a day, which gets monotonous. I got tired of sitting at a desk all day.

PLAYBOY: Are you a feminist?

PAGE: Women should have equal employment rights. A woman who does the same job as a man should get the same money. As for women who don't want men to be courteous, to give a girl their seat on a bus, I don't go in for that. I think women should enjoy those niceties and courtesies from men.

PLAYBOY: Take us back to the gala Beaux Arts Ball at the Waldorf Astoria in 1951. You made headlines.

PAGE: Robert Harrison published girlie books, *Wink* and *Flirt* and *Beauty Parade*. That man had a fetish about cleavage. Every model, no matter how big her boobies were, had to tape them together. He wanted that big *line* down the middle. For the Beaux Arts Ball he dreamed up a telephone outfit for me. I wore my black fishnet stockings and two little telephone dials over my boobies. And I had a suggestion box in the most strategic area, a little black box with a hole in it. I would never repeat some of the suggestions I got.

PLAYBOY: You were chosen Queen of the Ball. Your picture was in all the papers.

PAGE: I won a wonderful set of Revere Ware kitchenware. Seven hundred dollars' worth! Now it's almost 50 years later and I still use it.

PLAYBOY: Did you get dialed a lot?

PAGE: Some of the men tested the dials. Those phone dials on my breasts really worked.

PLAYBOY: It's been said you have the most-photographed breasts of all time.

PAGE: I never knew another girl with breasts like mine. Every month about a week before my period, my bust lost about two inches. My breasts got soft and flabby. Then a few days before my period and during it, they came back up and looked a lot better. It still bothers me that my breasts were down in my PLAYBOY centerfold.

STEVENS: You protest too much.

PAGE: If Bunny Yeager [the photographer] had to send my picture to PLAYBOY, she could have done it when my breasts looked better.

STEVENS: They looked fine.

PAGE: There's only one breast showing in the centerfold and it looks terrible. Do you know who followed me as Miss February? Jayne Mansfield. I was in high company.

PLAYBOY: Did you try to look enticing?

PAGE: Yes, of course. As a pin-up, that's what you do. I did it in a few movies, too.

PLAYBOY: You appeared in low-budget burlesque films with Lili St. Cyr and Tempest Storm.

PAGE: Tempest Storm was beautiful with her long, curly red hair. I played her maid in *Teaserama*. Or was it *Varietease*? Those wiggle movies were the same thing over and over. I just wiggled and mugged at the camera; I was no professional dancer. I was a good ballroom dancer, though.

PLAYBOY: With what partners?

PAGE: Men who asked me. I used to go to the Roseland Ballroom. It was full of beautiful colored lights. I would go alone; men would come over and ask me

to dance.

PLAYBOY: Men have always wanted things from you.

PAGE: That's part of why I had a nervous breakdown.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you were abducted on your first trip to New York?

PAGE: I was walking on Seventh Avenue, window-shopping, when a tall, nice-looking fellow asked me, "Do you dance?" I said I loved to dance. He took me to his car and we drove to the Queensborough Bridge. Then two other guys got in the car. Then two more. It dawned on me that we were not going dancing. They parked behind a high school in Queens. One of the creeps got out and ran off with his girlfriend. The others all forced me to perform oral sex on them. They warned me not to go to the police. That night I called Billy Neal in Nashville. We weren't married anymore, but he sent me money for a Greyhound bus ticket home.

PLAYBOY: Your marriage to Billy Neal had fallen apart. Yet you and Billy wed a second time in 1953, only to divorce again. You had two other marriages, two more divorces.

PAGE: My breakdown came after my divorce from Harry Lear in Florida in 1972. Harry's ex-wife was so jealous of me that it ruined the marriage and my health. Harry and I had a good marriage. He was a wonderful provider and a good lover. But he had one bad fault. He was a Mr. Milquetoast. He wouldn't stand up to his ex-wife, who kept calling at four in the morning to yell at me.

PLAYBOY: Did she know about your past?

PAGE: Oh, that wasn't it. Harry was a big fan of my nude pictures. He had dresser drawers full of them. No, his ex-wife was calling at four A.M. to tell me I was bad for their children. They had three children and I was trying to be a good stepmother. The woman disapproved of everything I did. Those children threw their clothes all over the house, they wouldn't put them in the hamper no matter how many times I asked them.

PLAYBOY: Your fans would be amazed to hear that Bettie Page had clothes hamper worries.

PAGE: But that woman ruined my life. Harry never stood up to her. That's what led to our divorce. And that led to my troubles.

PLAYBOY: In his book *The Real Bettie Page*, Virginia journalist Richard Foster tells some lurid stories about you.

PAGE: Richard Foster is the devil posing as a human. A monster. He wants to make money, and he doesn't care what he does to my reputation.

PLAYBOY: Foster writes that you stabbed three people before being committed to a mental hospital.

PAGE: That book was full of lies.

PLAYBOY: Foster writes that you once held a knife to Harry Lear and his three children and forced them to pray. He says you threatened to "cut their guts out."

PAGE: That is absurd. I wouldn't do something like that. [*Editor's note: Contacted by phone, Harry Lear corroborated Foster's account. Lear voiced doubts about other charges in the book, however. "I don't like that guy Foster. He told me he would do almost anything for money," Lear said.*]

PLAYBOY: Bettie, Harry Lear tells us the story is true. He says you made him and the children pray to a painting of Jesus, a painting by an artist named Sallman.

PAGE: We did have a picture like that. I don't know, maybe I was out of my head. I don't remember doing it.

PLAYBOY: Harry called the police on you that night. You spent four months in a Florida hospital.

PAGE: Harry didn't know what to do. He fixed me something to eat, then he said something I didn't like and I threw a plate at him. That's when he called the police. He knew it was hopeless; I was having a nervous breakdown. I was sent to Jackson Memorial Hospital, where I had to take Thorazine. Terrible stuff. You feel dizzy and frightened. You feel like your head is going to come off.

PLAYBOY: How did your breakdown start?

PAGE: I heard voices. I heard God and the angels talking to me, talking about fighting the demons in me. They talked out loud with my voice. That scared poor Harry. Of course, in the state I was in, I thought it was perfectly normal to talk to angels.

PLAYBOY: Were you religious?

PAGE: I was born again on New Year's Eve, 1959. By then I was married to Armond Walterson of Key West. The one before Harry. That was stupid on my part. I met him when I was 30 and he was 18, and all he cared for was sex, movies and hamburgers. The man was a hamburger fiend.

PLAYBOY: Was he born again?

PAGE: No, he was out drinking with the boys. I got restless and went for a walk. And it was as if someone had taken me by the hand and led me to a little church on White Street with a white neon cross on top. The door was open. I could hear singing. I went in and heard the preacher's salvation message. I stood there and cried because of my sins.

PLAYBOY: What sins?

PAGE: Because I had a lot of sex in my life. I even shoplifted a couple times at Peabody College in Nashville. The cadets on campus admired my looks; they dubbed me the Duchess and they would cross their swords over my head when I went to class. I was ashamed I didn't have anything pretty to wear, so I swiped two dresses from Harvey's Department Store.

But it was more than shoplifting. When I gave my life to the Lord I began to think he disapproved of all those nude pictures of me.

PLAYBOY: What did your husband think of your conversion?

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PAGE: Armond didn't want to be led to the Lord. All he wanted was hamburgers and sex. And I had to teach him about sex. I don't think he'd ever had sex with a woman before me.

PLAYBOY: Were you a good teacher?

PAGE: I remember our first kiss. We were at a drive-in movie. Armond kissed me, but he really didn't know how. He barely touched his lips to mine. After that I showed him the ropes. He became a good lover.

PLAYBOY: Did religion change your life?

PAGE: I put my other life behind me. I threw all my bikinis in the garbage can. I threw out all my stockings and lingerie and panties and lace bras. And I went to Bible school. First the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, then the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago and the Multnomah School of the Bible in Oregon. Did street witnessing and visited jails. I helped with church services at a home for teenage mothers, poor little 13-year-old girls with great big bellies. I led a few of them to the Lord.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever want children of your own?

PAGE: I couldn't have any. I always wanted to, but I couldn't get pregnant. Doctors said I had a hormone imbalance.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about Bible Town, where you studied in Florida.

PAGE: I had a breakdown there. I was in the auditorium when God seemed to talk to me. I guess I was cursing out loud, cursing Christians for not witnessing. Someone called the police.

This new book by Foster says Bettie Page threatened people with a .22 at Bible Town. That is a lie. I did have a .22 for protection, but whatever Foster has heard from the police, it never left my dresser drawer.

PLAYBOY: You had other run-ins with police.

PAGE: The worst ones had to do with two long-nosed busybodies, my good-for-nothing landladies.

I left Florida on October 9, 1978 and went to live in a little cottage in Lawndale, California. It's a nothing town, but I had a nice little place, painted white. Unfortunately, my landlady got it into her mind that I had a man in there. She would cup her hands over her eyes and peek through my window. I'd be walking around naked or in my panties, and I'd feel somebody watching me. I would look around and see her face against the window.

One day I was peeling potatoes when I saw her peeking in. I went to the door, and I guess I was waving the knife, shouting, "Leave me alone or I'll call the police!" Well, her husband came out of the garage and busted me over the head with a hammer. My blood was all over the place. I thought he had killed me.

Then they lied in court. I wasn't allowed to speak. I tried to say they were lying. The judge kept saying he would cite me for contempt of court if I said another word.

PLAYBOY: What did you want to say?

PAGE: That I had no intention of cutting anybody with a knife. I am a peaceful person. Yes, I was depressed. My money was dwindling. I had tried to get secretarial jobs but was always turned down. I was overqualified. Or too old. I could type 75 words per minute and take shorthand at 120 words per minute, but I was too old. I got depressed and had relapses.

PLAYBOY: You were hospitalized again.

PAGE: They said I was schizophrenic. Acute schizophrenia.

PLAYBOY: How long were you at Patton State Hospital?

PAGE: Twenty months. Patton is in San Bernardino, California, you know. It's pretty there. You can see the mountains from your window.

I didn't feel like a prisoner at Patton. The grounds are lovely, full of orange and grapefruit and lemon trees. You were allowed to eat as many as you wanted. I had a job in the hospital offices. I was a secretary again. But one night I was back in the dorm when a big young woman, the girl who sat across from me in the cafeteria, attacked me and tried to choke me to death. It was a case of mistaken identity. She thought I was someone from her life. A guard finally pulled her away.

PLAYBOY: How often did you think about your former life as a pin-up girl?

PAGE: One night my picture came on the TV in the hospital. I couldn't hear anything, the women were all yakking. But seeing myself on TV—it brought back old times. Happier times.

PLAYBOY: There would soon be more troubles.

PAGE: Yes. Another relapse. After Patton State I rented a room from a woman who was worse than my other landlady. She would follow me around the house, bust into my room when I was dressing or undressing.

Since I couldn't get a job I depended on Social Security, which was $450 a month. But the government needed verification of my rent, or it would cut off my S.S.I. I needed rent receipts from the landlady, but she wouldn't give them to me. I had no place else to live—I went into her room when she was sleeping and straddled her and threatened her: "Give me my rent receipts." I had a knife in my hand. We fought, and she hit me on the head with an antique telephone.

PLAYBOY: You wound up in court again.

PAGE: The judge would not let me speak.

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I did not assault that woman. I was depressed and angry and I threatened her with a knife, but I wouldn't have done anything. I wasn't that sick. I might have cut her if she hadn't given me the rent receipts, but I would not have killed her. I never had that feeling even when I was mentally sick, but now it's on my record: assault with a deadly weapon with intent to commit murder.

The court said I was not guilty by reason of insanity.

PLAYBOY: Was the court right?

PAGE: I wasn't insane. I had no intention of cutting that woman, for goodness sake, but I was held by the state for eight long years. I was released a few years ago. Now I live in a little house next door to my mental health center. Once a year I go to downtown Los Angeles to see a psychiatrist. That would be a one-hour drive, but it takes three hours on the bus.

My psychiatrist says I'm doing well. She tells me to avoid stress. I don't want to relapse.

PLAYBOY: Do you have financial troubles?

PAGE: All the attention I have been getting lately helps my morale more than my pocketbook. I had a louse of an agent, James Swanson, who published my life story, *Bettie Page: The Life of a Pin-up Legend*.

PLAYBOY: What about movie rights?

PAGE: People talk about a movie, but I don't think it will happen. My popularity was only at the cult level. My life isn't interesting enough for a big-time movie.

PLAYBOY: Will you ever appear in public again?

PAGE: No. I want people to remember me as I was.

PLAYBOY: Do you reminisce?

PAGE: I think about being young. I never thought I would get old. Then I started seeing gray hairs and lines around my eyes and my mouth. I thought, Oh no, I'm old. I'm 50. Now I think, Oh, to be 50 again! But I have decided to live to be 100. I'm into antiaging—I take vitamins, minerals and umpteen supplements and have more energy than ever.

PLAYBOY: One critic wrote that your appeal came from low self-esteem. You tried so hard to please the camera, he said.

PAGE: What's low about that? To please the camera—isn't that a good thing?

PLAYBOY: Do you regret anything?

PAGE: I am sorry for the trouble I had with Harry Lear and his ex-wife and their children. I'm sorry that this book has come out and that my fans, people who have been admirers of mine for years, have to read about my troubles.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a message for your fans?

PAGE: Yes. I never got to tell them: Thank you.

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TERI HATCHER *(continued from page 155)*

Touch the vegetables in your grocery and you'll have an erotic experience. Stay away from the artichokes.

7.

PLAYBOY: What's a good reason for breast augmentation?
HATCHER: If that's what it takes to make a woman feel good about herself, then she should do it. I could never do it because I don't understand the concept of putting a foreign object into my body. That's all it's about for me. I didn't even want to take birth control pills. If it makes people feel good, and they feel like it's safe, then they should do it.

8.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever change your breasts?
HATCHER: Ask me after I've had a baby.

9.

PLAYBOY: In *TV Guide* you posed as earth, air, fire and water. Please comment on other elemental things. Mud?
HATCHER: If you want a comment on mud, you should go to the Flamingo, or whatever the hell the name of that place is, in Hollywood. There's a lot of mud there, spread all over women. Fishing comes to mind because I used to have to put my own worms on the hook. I was so proud that I was nine years old, fishing with my dad, and could hook my own worms and wasn't freaked out by it.

10.

PLAYBOY: Oil?
HATCHER: All over my body, by really good hands, either my husband's or a professional's, whenever I can get it, in as many different scents as I can get it in. Love, love, love oil. Send oil.

11.

PLAYBOY: There are chat rooms on the Internet devoted to your belly button.
HATCHER: Are you serious? How do you know it's mine? I've heard my head is on somebody else's body. I haven't seen it, but that's what I've heard.

12.

PLAYBOY: Would you ever introduce a navel ring to your jewelry collection?
HATCHER: That's personal. They're very sexy, and that's all I'm saying.

13.

PLAYBOY: Which parts of your body would you not pierce?
HATCHER: Anything else.

14.

PLAYBOY: What's the most outrageous cover line you've seen on a women's magazine?
HATCHER: Something like 100 NEW WAYS TO HAVE SEX. I guess that has to be the most outrageous, and of course, I buy it. Sucker that I am.

15.

PLAYBOY: You've said lipstick is sexy. Is it OK to leave it on a guy?
HATCHER: My husband thinks lipstick is sexy, and sometimes I wear lipstick just for him. Can you leave it on a guy? Sure you can, because it's your mark. It's a sign that you've been there, wherever it is. I think the guy will be happy with it too, running around saying, "See this lipstick? Know how it got there?"

16.

PLAYBOY: You're a vegetarian. Give us a sensuous tour of the vegetable kingdom.
HATCHER: [*Laughing*] Just go to your grocery store and figure it out. Anything long, probably in green or yellow tones. Anything round. Just touch all the vegetables in your grocery store and you'll have an erotic experience. You might get arrested, but that's not my problem. Don't tell them I sent you. And stay away from the artichokes.

17.

PLAYBOY: If women had supernatural powers, would they use them for good or evil?
HATCHER: Any woman would be tempted to use what she could for her own selfish purpose, though not necessarily to hurt somebody. If a guy could actually look at a woman's lingerie under her clothes, I mean, wouldn't he? It's not really an invasion of privacy.

18.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever pretend that you weren't good in math?
HATCHER: No. That was so not me. I was always really competitive that way. I felt the men in class thought I was just attractive and stupid and I wanted to prove them wrong.

19.

PLAYBOY: How interesting a social life can a math major look forward to?
HATCHER: The answer to that is why I'm not doing it. You know, I'm sure they have real exciting lives—she says, rolling her eyes. But it would have been great if I had finished my math major and become a mathematician. It's a great field for women.

20.

PLAYBOY: What would a feminist think of the name Pierce—or Lance?
HATCHER: I guess it depends on how nuts they are. One can interpret anything one wants to any way one wants to. It speaks more of the person who is making the interpretation. I've never even thought about it—that tells you who I am. It hasn't even occurred to me.

But speaking of one Pierce in particular, Pierce Brosnan is great as a James Bond for the modern era. The first time Bond and I see each other on-screen, I slap him across the face. It's such a great entrance.

"My wife thinks we should do more to emulate the ways of Mother Teresa, whereas I, on the other hand, can't stop thinking about the Playmate of the Month."

THREE BALCONIES

(continued from page 148)

Harry would have to rethink his feelings about Guatemala. The thin fellow with the thin face did not seem to mind Harry talking to Miriam Rosen—he even encouraged it with a careless wave of his hand, as if to say, Please continue, this means nothing to me. So Harry continued talking to Miriam Rosen and—like a beginning swimmer—found it easier as he went along. The couple were mysterious as to what they were to each other, and Miriam Rosen encouraged Harry to take a guess: Were they friends? Husband and wife? Lovers? Like a contestant in a game show, Harry chose lovers. Then, after pointing out that he was a storyteller (who lived reclusively most of the year), he fashioned a scenario in which Miriam Rosen was a married woman who had gone off to meet the thin man, her lover, for a weekend idyll; on Monday, after several days of exquisite lovemaking, she would fly back to her family in Guatemala, refreshed, happy, better able to be a housewife and mother. (He did not speculate on the future of her lover.)

As Harry told the story, he was aware that it wasn't much. Even if he were back on the radar screen, he would never have pitched it to a studio.

The banality of the story notwithstanding, Miriam Rosen was delighted with it, wriggling around in her seat and clapping her hands and indicating that Harry had absolutely nailed the situation.

"You are very wise," said the thin man with the thin face, stroking his chin as if he were a little wise himself and what you had here was an exchange between two wise men.

Harry was impressed by how nicely they were all getting along; the thought crossed his mind that the three of them might even end up in the couple's hotel suite, with the thin-faced man graciously allowing Harry to make love to Miriam Rosen while he went off to an adjoining room to stare at the ocean and smoke a Gauloise.

After all, if the couple liked Harry's first story, why wouldn't they like this one, which, in Harry's view, had a lot more dimension?

Then Miriam Rosen said: "I've been watching you for two nights now and I think you're very courageous."

"Because I'm old?" said Harry.

"No, no, no," said Miriam Rosen, but the two extra noes were confirmation that he had read her correctly—and that tore it for Harry.

He hung around for a while and then said he had to get going, but that if he ever found himself in Guatemala, he would be sure to look up Miriam Rosen. Then he made as graceful an exit as was possible under the circumstances, paying his check and giving a little farewell salute to the bartender. Amazingly, he found the Galant in the public parking lot with little difficulty; then he took a long drive with no particular destination in mind and found himself way out on the Tamiami Trail at four in the morning. He stopped at a topless nightclub, which was empty except for three men in shirtsleeves who were arguing at the bar and ignoring the one dancer who was still working. She had long black hair and good legs, but her jawline was a little off and she did some sudden and erratic moves around a tent pole that Harry found unsettling. When she finished her routine, she approached Harry—who was tapering off with a Molson—and said the place was about to close, but if he were interested, she might be able to squeeze in one last private lap dance. Harry was probably the only one in America who didn't know the specifics of lap dances, but he felt he needed to get something out of the three nights, so he said fine and followed her to a darkened booth at the rear of the club. She told him to keep one eye out for her boss, which he did, though it wasn't very relaxing. Then she did the lap dance for Harry, who was surprised at how intimate that type of dance could be. Or maybe they were that way only at closing time in this particular club. Maybe they even called it a closer. Before he knew what had happened to him, he was unbuckled and she had swooped down on him with a couple of her sudden, erratic tent-pole moves. And then he was back in the Galant, asking himself what kind of serious man allows himself to get lap-danced on the Tamiami Trail by a dancer whose jawline is a little off. When he could have been back at the hotel reading Herodotus.

He was still asking himself that question the next day as he sat on the balcony of his hotel suite thinking that maybe he ought to hop over the railing and bring down the curtain once and for all. There was a fellow who had done just that from a similar balcony two floors above. He had run up debts all over the beach, and the police had come for him and put him in handcuffs; but they had forgotten about his feet, and he was able to break away and make it over the railing. When Harry told Julie about it, she asked: "What happened to him?" That was one of the thousand things he loved about her. She could hear a story like that and think something good had come of it.

Harry would never go over the railing because of debt. He didn't love debt, but there was no point to ending your life because of it—not with the lenient bankruptcy laws. Declare bankruptcy in Florida and you're a hero. They practically run a benefit for you.

But Harry would do it because of being 60 and walking around with half a

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rinse and chasing women and not catching them and pissing away three whole days in which he hadn't even taken his Siege of Malta play out of the Sports Sac, much less begun to thread a Diane Sawyer type through it. (Which, incidentally, was the dumbest idea he had ever heard, even if it meant the play would get done in L.A. and give him a shot at getting back on the radar screen.)

So Harry clutched the sides of the beach chair, thinking it would anchor him down, which was ridiculous, since it was made of lightweight plastic. And he did not particularly relish the idea of being the first fellow to fly off a balcony holding on to a plastic chair.

But he could not drive the possibility out of his mind. He even did a dry run in which he imagined himself going over. He actually tried out a little whinnying sound he could make in the process, or maybe *whimpering* was closer to it—a salute to T.S. Eliot, demonstrating that in his final moment, Harry had not lost touch entirely with literary concerns.

Sitting out on the balcony, gripping the arms of the plastic beach chair, Harry tried to push his thoughts in another direction. He had brought a couple of Willa Cather paperbacks out on the ledge with him (suddenly it was a ledge, not a balcony) and he tried a few pages of one, but the descriptions of the bleak Nebraska plains—and the unforgiving land—were so desolate they made him feel even worse. So he set the book aside, thinking he had chosen the wrong Cather. Or maybe it was the right Cather, but he had tried it at an inappropriate time. Still, the very thought that there might be a more appropriate time was useful.

So Willa Cather had helped him out after all, even though, strictly speaking, he had not really plunged into her work.

The trick, Harry realized, was to get off the balcony and back into the hotel suite. Instead of sitting out there and arm-wrestling with himself. Or arm-wrestling with the *fates*—that was better. Obviously, he did not do well on balconies. So why sit out on them and try to become brilliant at it?

The trick was to get back into the hotel suite and get the place neatened up for Julie and Megan. And then take a walk, a simple solution that had always helped. And when he felt better, after the walk, at least take the Siege of Malta play out of the Sports Sac. Or maybe even leave it in the Sports Sac and start something entirely new. Trust his unconscious for a change, the way he did when he was writing his two big pictures. See if it would lead him in a fresh direction—toward something like Shay's Rebellion, which the L.A. producer might like even more than the Siege of Malta. At least it was American.

And then try to stay in for at least one night. Watch a biography on Jefferson, someone like that. One that finally brought the man into focus, so you didn't have to keep hearing about his complexities. And if he had to go out, try to find a place that was a little more seasoned, maybe a steakhouse where there were other 60-year-old guys with rinses. Miami must be loaded with places like that. And if he absolutely had to go to the other kind of place—the kind that he loved, with the Miriam Rosens and the gorgeous young litigators—not stay there all night. Just check it out—take the pulse of the place—see if there was anything legitimately worth exploring. If he came up with something, fine, but don't force it. And don't get humiliated so fast over every little setback.

But first Harry had to get off the balcony—a simple matter for most people, but not for Harry. He got to his feet carefully, keeping his legs bent at the knees, and tried not to stare down at the pavement. He had made that mistake earlier in the day and seen some tropical trees below and immediately started wondering if they could break his fall. Even if they could, he'd still probably have to get into one of those halo braces designed by the woman he had spent all that time with.

Harry inched along until he got to the balcony door, which opened *toward* him, forcing him to step around it in a wide arc and to brush against the railing in order to get into the suite.

So Harry did all that, and even though he had lost some points—letting the balcony defeat him—he realized that he had probably (always *probably*, like the O.J. jurors) done the right thing. He poured himself a cup of the coffee that he had made from the fresh Colombian beans he had ground himself—to show that, if necessary, he could be self-sufficient. Then he got the peach out of the refrigerator. He had bought it in a kosher store, and he wanted to see what was so special about it. So he bit into the kosher peach, and, unless it was his imagination, it was the best peach he had ever tasted. So Harry drank the great coffee and ate the great peach and started to feel better, thinking the last three days were behind him.

"That's past," he said to himself, quoting a friend who appeared to have triumphed over a long illness. When the friend made that statement, he had accompanied it with a shoving motion, as if he were pushing aside a giant carton.

And it was past until it occurred to Harry that the condo he and Julie had bought on the beach had three balconies—one for every room, which was part of the sales pitch. And Harry had made the down payment before he realized how much trouble he had with balconies. So now he had three of them to worry about—unless he wanted to stay huddled in the middle of the apartment, which obviously defeated the purpose of having a condo in Miami, no matter what they said about getting too much sun.

Then Harry took hold of himself and decided it was too early to worry about the three balconies. The building was still under construction. All they had built was the lobby and the health club. It would take a year to get to his floor. (To "pour" his floor is the way they put it.) So there was plenty of time. And when he absolutely had to, he would deal with the balconies one at a time. Wasn't that what life was all about—taking it one balcony at a time?

If that wasn't a philosophy, he didn't know what was.

Harry would have to remember it, the next time someone suggested that he wasn't a serious man.

"You say 'Ho, ho, ho,' but what I'm hearing is, 'Where are my presents?'"

DIGITAL BASH

(continued from page 133)

talents to these machines. Beyond the high-resolution picture, a digital camcorder allows you to shoot a still image for about seven seconds while the audio continues recording in real time. This allows you to add creative freeze-frame techniques to your opus. Or, on a more pragmatic side, you can shoot something that's not moving (say, the blonde asleep on the sofa) and add a few well-chosen words of explanation.

For all the options digital video offers, its most welcome claim should be the infinite duplicability of the signal. Because the physical life span of most videotape is 15 years or less, the problem of replacement copies becomes serious all too soon. If your VHS, 8mm or Hi-8mm tapes are getting up in years, you should make digital copies (through a commercial service or with a full-motion video capture board for your PC) so their scenes won't be lost. These dupes should be a little better than second-generation quality—not bad at all—and using a digital camcorder hereafter will provide first-generation quality for life.

Another frontier is in digital still cameras. There are already more manufacturers of digital cameras than there are of 35mm models, and many digitals exhibit great features. You can preview the still pictures on a television, for example, or on the camera's own liquid-crystal display screen before committing to making prints.

Hitachi's hybrid digital video/still MPEG1A camera is among the most innovative, as it stores both full-motion video and still images on a PCMCIA-style memory card. Minolta's Dimâge V camera does something no other consumer camera can do: It can take pictures with the lens removed from the body. A meter-long cable connects the two parts, making it possible to take shots at bizarre angles—peering around corners, over heads, or up from the floor at who knows what—while you stand where you would with a regular camera.

Lenses or viewfinders that pivot or swivel are more common, and they can be found in digital cameras by Agfa, Sony and Ricoh. As you look into the LCD viewfinder on any of these models, you can point the lens backward to frame up a self-portrait or a candid shot of the person behind you.

Equally radical is the Nikon Cool Pix 300. Deservedly labeled a "multimedia" camera, it takes digital photos, records audio and has a touch screen you can use to write notes. The notes are added to a photograph, along with your verbal comments (or live sound from the scene).

Images taken with both the Minolta Dimâge V and the Nikon Cool Pix 300 have a resolution of 640x480 pixels

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(that's short for picture elements, and the more of them there are, the more detail the photograph can pick up). What's more, the pixel count affects the physical size of the image. A 640x480 image just about fills a regular 14-inch computer screen (and makes a good-looking print at sizes up to 4x6 inches).

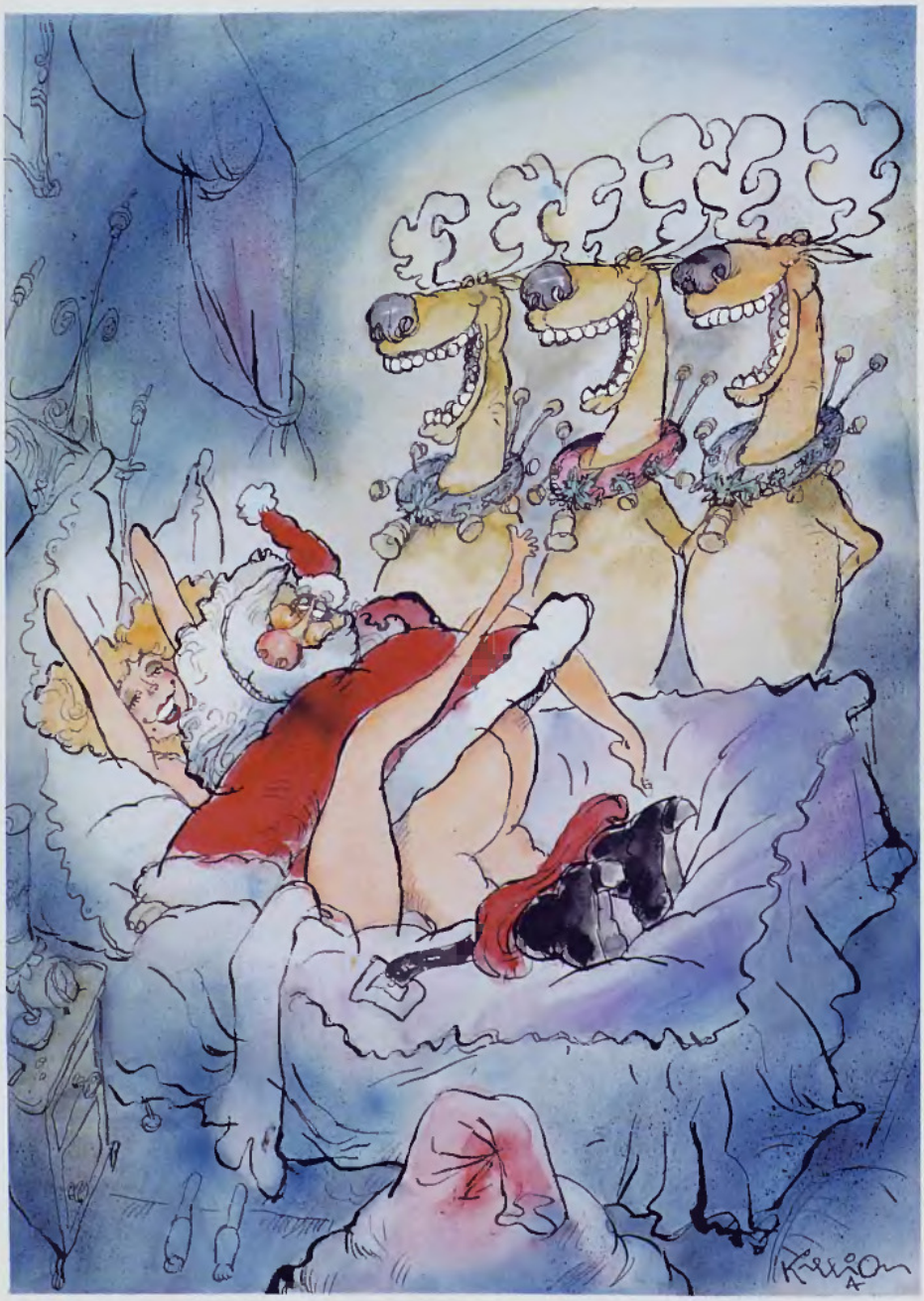
But what if you're using a bigger monitor, such as the 31-inch TV that comes with Gateway 2000's Destination (pictured on our opening spread)? A recent feature of digicams is the ability to create megapixel images, which have 1 million pixels or more. The Olympus D-600L, for example, produces a 1280x1024 image (over 1.4 megapixels). Its built-in 3X zoom lens covers a range equivalent to 36mm to 110mm on a 35mm camera. It also sports an optical, through-the-lens viewfinder like the 35mm SLRs and high-end digital cameras priced upwards of $5000. But Olympus keeps the loan broker away by pricing the D-600L around $1300.

Most digital cameras store images on either chips or PCMCIA-type memory cards, which can be read by any computer with a card reader. If your PC doesn't have one, Olympus offers an adapter that enables your floppy drive to read the cards. If you have neither a card reader nor an adapter, all still digicams can download to the computer via cable (and a couple, including models from Kodak and Sony, use an IR beam). It takes a little longer, but you'll get plenty of photos in the time a Polaroid requires to produce one shot.

Sony's Mavica MVC-FD7 provides yet another option. This digital still shooter is the only one to date that stores images on a standard 3.5-inch disc. Talk about versatile. Just take your shots, then stick the disc in any Mac or PC floppy drive and open your photo files. All of the cameras mentioned come with a graphics program (many allow you to manipulate and color-correct your photos). There is also great software that offers extra photofinishing features. Our favorites include Kai's Photo Soap, Microsoft's Picture It and Arcsoft Photo Studio.

That old Polaroid gave you a print to carry away, and so do the digicams—but you need a color printer. Canon, Epson, Hewlett Packard and Lexmark make some of the best. Epson even provides a direct connection between its new Photo PC600 digital camera and its Stylus photo printer. Ink-jet printers are great for producing large prints (up to 8x10 inches in size). The reproductions, however, tend to fade with time. For more-permanent prints, try a thermal printer such as Olympus' P-300. In addition to accepting a direct hookup to any Olympus digital camera, the P-300 can make a single high-resolution picture of about 3.5x4.5 inches, 16 miniature versions of the image with a sticky backing (for labels) or as many as 30 images to serve as a contact sheet, all in about 95 seconds per page.

If you would prefer to print from your television, a video printer such as Panasonic's PV-MP10 offers zoom-in or cropping features that allow you to single out the best part of a photo or video frame. Images can be reproduced four, nine or 16 times on each 3.25x4.25–inch page. Note: To use these television printers, digital mediums must have a standard broadcast (NTSC) output. To bypass that requirement, consider a PC/TV from Gateway 2000, Compaq or RCA. Gateway's Destination was the first full-scale PC/TV. The model we've pictured comes with a top-speed (300-megahertz) Pentium II computer that has Net-surfing, word-processing, number-crunching and video game–playing capabilities. Anything that you can do with a desktop computer you can do with this machine—but from the sofa, using a wireless mouse and keyboard. And, of course, when you're done computing, you can enjoy a movie in full surround sound on the system's 31-inch television with Harman Kardon audio system. The top-of-the-line Destination even features a DVD drive. All that, plus direct connections for digital camcorders, cameras and printers—ideal for party purposes.



"Here comes Santa Claus. Here comes Santa Claus. Right down Santa Claus Lane. . . ."

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GRILLIN' & CHILLIN'

(continued from page 156)

1 head garlic, cloves separated and skins removed
2 pounds assorted wild mushrooms (portobello, chanterelle, oyster, shiitake, lobster)
½ cup olive oil
3 tablespoons fresh thyme, finely chopped
Salt and freshly ground pepper
2 pounds arugula, washed
Parmigiano reggiano, finely shaved

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Place vegetables, garlic and mushrooms in a large roasting pan and toss with olive oil and thyme. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Roast for 45 minutes, or until vegetables are cooked through.

To serve, arrange arugula on a large platter and top with roasted vegetables, mushrooms and *parmigiano*.

SCRAMBLED EGGS WITH FOIE GRAS AND BLACK TRUFFLE ON TOAST POINTS (SERVES 8)

4 ounces fresh foie gras, cut into ¼-inch cubes
Salt and freshly ground pepper
2 sticks unsalted butter
16 large eggs, beaten lightly
¼ cup finely chopped fresh chives
8 slices *pain de mie* or quality white bread, crusts removed, sliced in half on the diagonal
¼ cup unsalted butter, melted
1 small black truffle

(1) Place a medium sauté pan over high heat until almost smoking. Season foie gras with salt and pepper to taste. Sauté the pieces for 30 seconds. Remove and drain on paper towels. Set aside.

(2) Heat 2 sticks butter in a large sauté pan until very hot. Pour eggs into the pan all at once and stir with a wooden spoon. Cook eggs quickly and do not overcook. Remove pan from heat and fold in foie gras and chives.

(3) Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Brush bread slices on both sides with melted butter. Place on a baking sheet and bake for 10 minutes, or until crisp and golden but not brown.

To serve, place 2 toast points on each plate. Spoon eggs over toast and top with finely shaved black truffle.

ROASTED PEARS WITH CHOCOLATE SAUCE AND TOASTED PECANS (SERVES 8)

Roasted pears:
5 pears (cut in half, cores removed, cut in half again)
2 tablespoons canola oil

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Brush pear quarters with oil and place, cut side up, in a large baking pan. Roast until just soft, 20 to 25 minutes.

Chocolate sauce:
2 cups water
1½ cups granulated sugar
2 cups unsweetened alkalized cocoa powder
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

In a medium saucepan over medium-high heat, bring water and sugar to a boil for 1 minute; whisk in cocoa powder. Continue whisking until the mixture is smooth and begins to thicken, about 3 minutes. Remove from heat and whisk in vanilla extract.

Garnish:
Freshly whipped cream
1 cup pecans, toasted and coarsely chopped

To serve, place pears on a large platter. Serve with bowls of chocolate sauce, whipped cream and pecans.

"Speaking for myself, I don't think you can have too much Christmas."

GRANT HILL

(continued from page 60)

could be a million miles. Dean has his set of plays, a system that restricts you. With coach Krzyzewski we had a couple basic setups and pretty much no plays. "Now go out there and win." There's no curfew at Duke. Coach K treats you like a man unless you give him a reason not to. And there was another advantage: When we played North Carolina, I knew what they would do from watching all that film.

PLAYBOY: You earned your degree in history, just as your father had majored in history at Yale. Special interests?

HILL: Medieval Spain, the Greeks and the Romans. Also the Harlem Renaissance of the early 1900s, when black people made some important art and music. Native American history shows how prejudice hurt another group of people. I like the history of sports, too. Jesse Owens' kicking butt at the 1936 Olympics in Berlin with Hitler looking down—those were great moments.

PLAYBOY: Other young stars leave college, or even skip college altogether, for NBA money. Why not you?

HILL: Duke guys don't leave early. Our story at Duke was never "I gotta get to the league." We were consumed with winning NCAA championships. Maybe that's not wise. But I did have insurance against a career-ending injury. The NCAA provided a $2 million policy with Lloyd's of London for the top players. And I honestly don't think I was ready to leave college. I needed to develop as a person. Even if your job is to spend two hours a day on the basketball court, there are 22 hours when you have to be a person, an adult, a useful citizen. The league doesn't necessarily teach you about that.

PLAYBOY: In his first press conference as Pistons coach, Doug Collins ripped you. He publicly questioned your guts, saying that in his regime "Grant's not going to be able to hide in the last three minutes."

HILL: I resented that. But I still hadn't proved myself. Even now, when our relationship is better because I have proved myself to him, I haven't proved enough. I haven't won a championship.

PLAYBOY: Maybe you should shoot more.

HILL: That's not it. My game is more about distributing the ball. It's about trusting my teammates. That makes the Detroit Pistons harder to stop.

PLAYBOY: Trusting your teammates?

HILL: Getting them the ball. Paying attention to them. Does our man in the post like a bounce pass or a chest pass? Does he have good hands? If I go inside and dish off the ball, can he catch it?

PLAYBOY: How did you prove yourself to Collins?

HILL: By taking over in the last three minutes. That's when most games are won. That's the time when I need to

assert myself.

PLAYBOY: Were you disappointed when Bulls owner Jerry Reinsdorf re-signed Jordan for another run at the title?

HILL: Part of me wanted him to break up the team. Give somebody else a chance. Another part of me wants them to stay together so we can beat them. It might happen this year. If not, Jordan will retire or go elsewhere before long. Our time is coming. It might be two or three years down the road, but my career is geared to that moment.

PLAYBOY: Will you rise to the occasion like Jordan?

HILL: I don't know. So far I know how to be good in the regular season, but only Michael and Scottie, Clyde, Hakeem, Joe Dumars—those are the guys who know for sure that they have what it takes. You can't be sure until you do it.

PLAYBOY: Are you a role model?

HILL: Yes, and I welcome that role. I hope I would be a role model even if I weren't playing basketball.

PLAYBOY: Charles Barkley has certainly spurned that role.

HILL: I disagree with Charles but respect him for saying what he thinks.

PLAYBOY: You sound like Voltaire.

HILL: [*Smiling*] Maybe Charles is the role model for guys who refuse to be role models. Charles has made a lot of mistakes. He made a mistake by punching a guy in a bar a couple of years ago. And it ticks me off when veterans like Charles say that we Generation Xers don't respect the game. They should let us grow up before criticizing us. I mean, Jordan wasn't Jordan until his third or fourth year in the league. He evolved. I hope to evolve too. Even Charles has done some growing up since he was my age. I'm sure Allen Iverson will grow up. Give us time.

PLAYBOY: As a collegian you scrimmaged with the Olympic Dream Team that featured Magic Johnson and Larry Bird. You were the hoops equivalent of a tackling dummy—a practice opponent. Then you joined 1996's Dream Team III with Shaq and Karl Malone. Which team was better?

HILL: The first Dream Team had more legends, but most were past their prime. We could beat them. They might sell more posters, but we'd win.

PLAYBOY: Barkley reportedly blasted you to your face, saying that you and other young stars were selfish.

HILL: No. Charles never sat me and Penny and Shaq down and said, "You guys have to start thinking about the future of the league." There was no summit meeting. He did needle me about my knees. He said that I was too young to have sore knees.

PLAYBOY: You announced that you had lost respect for the league's older stars.

HILL: That came out wrong. I should have said I lost the awe I had for them. I gained confidence. Once you have good days practicing against those guys you think, Hey, I can do this. Today, I belong up there with the top five players in the league. Playing with Dream Team III, getting over my awe of players I always watched on TV—that was the springboard to my best season. I thought, These are my heroes, but you know what? They're no better than me.

PLAYBOY: Barkley didn't like it when you said you had lost respect for your elders.

HILL: I apologized to him. He said, "Cool, no problem." And now Charles has practically adopted my parents. He calls them Mom and Dad.

PLAYBOY: We hear there are perks only superstars enjoy.

HILL: The rules are different for different guys. For example, Patrick Ewing walks every time. Every single time. But that's his trademark move, so he gets away with it. Michael walks, too. If I go to the hole with the same move Michael uses, the ref probably calls me for a walk. But Michael always gets away with his signature move.

You learn about referee relations. In college you might call the referee "Mr. Official." In the league you can use his first name. I might say, "Bill, I got fouled on that play and you missed it. I'm going to the hole next time." Give him a chance to make a better call. That's a part of the game fans and even some players don't know about.

PLAYBOY: Being a rookie must suck.

HILL: I had a great rookie moment. One night we beat Philadelphia and after the game Julius Erving walked up to me. He said, "Good game," a few words I barely heard because I was just staring at him. It's Dr. J! And he gave me his business card. He wrote his home phone number on it. I showed it to all the guys on the bus: "I have Dr. J's number." Got out my cell phone and called it over and over just to hear his message. "Hello, this is Julius Erving."

PLAYBOY: Did you leave a message?

HILL: No, I couldn't think of anything. I hung up.

PLAYBOY: Now you are just as big a star as Dr. J ever was. How does it change your life?

HILL: It can make you suspicious. For one thing, you learn to be cautious with women. My life now is not like when I was in high school and had trouble getting a date. Women throw themselves at NBA players. They chase us. Which isn't bad, I'm not complaining. But you have to be cautious—some of them want your money. Some of them want celebrity. You have to decipher who in your life is real and who just wants a piece of you. I have seen a lot of ugly guys in the league with beautiful women. It makes you think. If a beautiful girl in the hotel bar says that she is dying to get to know you, it may not be smart to take her upstairs. I mean, I like to think I have some appealing qualities, but not all of these girls are

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after my personality. I don't go to clubs. People say they go to clubs for the music, but I am convinced that it's all about meeting the opposite sex. Or sometimes the same sex, depending on the club. Either way, it is about sex, and I am a little suspicious of that scene. I don't want to meet my friends, associates or girlfriends in no club.

PLAYBOY: Would you sleep with a woman on the first date?

HILL: No.

PLAYBOY: You seldom discuss your love life in interviews. How did you and Tamia meet?

HILL: Anita Baker fixed us up. Tamia's a singer and she's great. She sings on Quincy Jones' *Q's Jook Joint*. She is good at Ping-Pong. Like a lot of girls I've dated, she reminds me of my mom. Tamia and I have been together for more than a year and a half. You could say it's serious.

PLAYBOY: Wedding plans?

HILL: No. We're still young. But I want to get married sometime in the next five years. By then I'll be over 30. I want to have at least one child by then, and eventually at least four kids. I want to have a clan like the Kennedys.

PLAYBOY: What sort of father will you be?

HILL: I will never allow people to take my picture in front of my children. I won't sign autographs in front of my kids. I want them to see me as Dad, not somebody famous.

PLAYBOY: To some black people you are "not black enough." Do you ever try to prove them wrong?

HILL: Sure.

PLAYBOY: You said "ain't" in an interview with *Boyz N the Hood* director John Singleton.

HILL: I can talk slang when it's appropriate, and proper English at a corporate meeting. I can talk with CEOs or with Method Man from Wu-Tang Clan and be equally comfortable. There is nothing wrong with that. It's like being a point forward—I'm a jack-of-all-trades.

PLAYBOY: Which is the real Grant?

HILL: All of them. Everything I'm exposed to is part of me. Wealth, poverty, politics, hip-hop. No, I'm not from the projects, but hip-hop is part of me. It's part of what I listen to and how I act and dress and walk. I'm from the hip-hop generation.

PLAYBOY: You are also on Wheaties boxes.

HILL: Maybe it's that ability to cross over—maybe that's who I am.

PLAYBOY: You were always proving that you belonged somewhere.

HILL: Growing up, I would be on the team from our mostly white suburb. The black kids from the hood thought I was soft. I was always proving myself to them. They had an economic motive to get to the league. I wasn't about that. My parents already had food on their plates. So maybe the city guys had more drive, but I felt driven too. I had to show them I was as tough as they were.

PLAYBOY: Are you satisfied now?

HILL: No. So far my career in the NBA is a failure. Great players win championships. That's why Michael, Magic, Larry, Isiah and Hakeem are in a different stratosphere from the Charles Barkleys and David Robinsons of the world. But David is going to carry that too-nice label around until he finally wins a championship. Too nice to win. Too soft to win. No offense to David, I have no desire to be the next David Robinson.

PLAYBOY: Maybe you aren't as nice as advertised.

HILL: People hear I like rap and they say, "No, not Grant." They hear me curse and they're shocked. It makes you want to say, "Oh, stop it. Nobody is that nice." There's another side to me that's not so nice: the competitor. When the game is on the line I want to dunk on you, embarrass you. I want to take out your heart.

PLAYBOY: Next you'll tell us you've actually tried alcohol.

HILL: I have.

PLAYBOY: Stop the presses! You just told us you're a total abstainer.

HILL: [*Smiling*] I'll admit for the record that I drank wine. It was last summer. I took a sip of merlot. Didn't like the taste. So there.

PLAYBOY: How far will the Pistons go this season?

HILL: We can get to the Eastern Conference finals. I don't know if we can get over that hump. Maybe not this year.

PLAYBOY: Jordan, Shaq and Rodman have all crossed over into movies. Why do you stick to commercials?

HILL: There have been movie offers. Nothing that fits me, though. If I get to Hollywood it might be as a producer or director. But there's no rush. Michael was 32 when he made *Space Jam*.

PLAYBOY: Will Smith could star in a movie of your life. He is even in love with your former girlfriend Jada Pinkett.

HILL: Maybe I'll play him in a movie.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you are the next Michael Jordan?

HILL: I'm one of the people who can help carry the NBA into the next century, a guy the league can market the way Michael was marketed.

PLAYBOY: According to *GQ*, you are going to "save sports."

HILL: They don't need it. Sports are doing fine.

PLAYBOY: Who is your best friend?

HILL: My parents.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about something you learned off the court.

HILL: My first kiss. Not a family kiss—my first real boy-girl kiss. I was 15 and all I knew about kissing was what was on TV. So here I am pressing my lips to hers like the guys on TV when all of a sudden there is something slimy in my mouth. It's her tongue! I had no clue. But then something happened. It started to feel good. Not to get too graphic, but I applied myself and got better.

PLAYBOY: You evolved.

HILL: You learn to master it.

"Santa not only knows which girls have been good or bad, he also knows which girls are good at being bad."

BUENOS AIRES

(continued from page 106)

the first Spanish settlers fleeing in the 1530s. They were tough mothers. It's a cool place, restored to the way it was when it opened in 1920 as a restaurant and bar. Early art deco, all black and white. The bar looks as if Peter Lorre and Sydney Greenstreet ought to be plotting at one end while Bogart broods at the other. Also, the food's great. Querandí gets mostly locals, not tourists. You'll dig it."

Eddie tends to speed-rap but he was certainly right.

The show hadn't started yet. We got one of the last tables and I started looking through the fat menu, which was in Spanish, French and German—but not English. A good sign. Most of it looked tempting, but Eddie said, "When in Argentina, eat beef." Right again. When our steaks came, they proved to be enormous and tasted both better and different from any steak back home. Must be that good pampas grass again.

While we ate, Eddie gave me a short history of the tango: "It started in cantinas down in La Boca, the old waterfront. Sailors cooked it up and started dancing it together. Women didn't because it was considered disreputable. So at first it was hello sailor, I guess. But that didn't last too long—at least among the working class. The society types wouldn't be caught dead dancing it until around 1910, when it became a fad in Paris with the upper class. That made it acceptable for decent women. It was created here, but it had to get the Parisian stamp of approval to be OK. Typical."

I liked the show a lot more than I had expected I would. The music sounds like Buenos Aires itself: an odd but interesting coupling of romantic 19th century chamber music and Gypsy music, with a Latin American beat. And the dancing is seriously sexy, full of flashing thighs and dramatic twisting dips, the couples fluidly entwining and separating with great drama as they act out the love stories of the songs.

Afterward, out on the street, Eddie said, "Let's go walk off the steak on Corrientes." He raised an arm to hail a cab and one stopped in front of us in two seconds. Buenos Aires taxis look like metallic killer bees, with black bodies and yellow tops, and they are everywhere. More than 35,000 of them, more than in New York City. And the drivers make their New York counterparts seem absolutely sane and timid.

As advertised, Corrientes was going strong into the night, with new and used bookstores still open among the cafés and pizzerias. On my first visit to Buenos Aires some years back, I had been surprised at the number of pizzerias. But this fondness for pizza isn't just a

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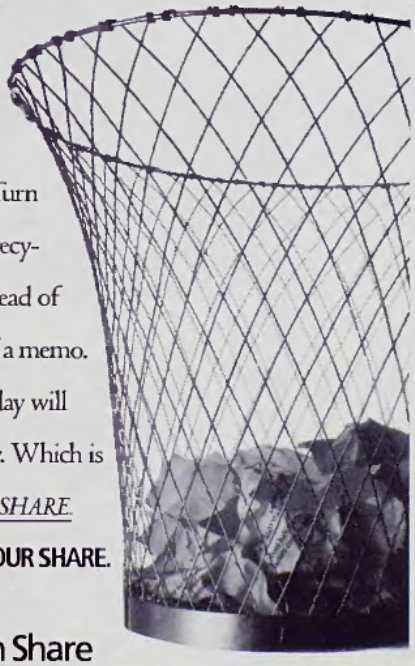

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quirk. Italians were the largest group of immigrants during Argentina's great wave of immigration during the second half of the 19th century.

This part of Corrientes is also the theater district, Buenos Aires' version of Broadway, with half a dozen or so theaters concentrated in a few blocks.

We got to an open-air mall, Paseo la Plaza, which Eddie wanted me to see. "I'm no mall rat," he said, "but this one is different." It was. It occupies three levels, with cobblestone walkways, little fountains here and there, and trees and flowering bushes planted in front of the shops and restaurants and movie theaters. The theaters are named for writers and artists, Cine Pablo Neruda and Cine Picasso among them, and one café is called Miró.

We stopped there for some excellent coffee and a second dessert for a nightcap. I had the *soufflé de caramelo con salsa sabayon*, a delicious caramel souffle with an egg-and-wine sauce, while Eddie went light and basic with the *helado de limón al champagne*, lemon sorbet with champagne sauce. They're very good at dessert in Buenos Aires.

•

I'd saved two of the main stations of the tourist cross for last: the Teatro Colón and the Plaza de Mayo.

So the next morning I walked the few blocks from the hotel to the Colón and signed up for the one-hour guided tour—which costs five pesos, or $5. The exchange rate is exactly one peso to the dollar, making it easy for those of us who are mathematically challenged.

The Colón, which opened in 1908, is rightly considered to be one of the most magnificent and acoustically perfect opera houses in the world. Placido Domingo would be singing there in two weeks. Seven stories high, taking up a whole block, it took 18 years to construct. The ornate lobby is done in four kinds of marble, with a stained glass cupola high above. The swooping marble staircase is made of an unusual amber-colored marble, with banisters boasting intricately carved dragon heads and art nouveau squiggles, along with the muses of the arts. The second floor of the lobby has at least a 60-foot ceiling with more stained glass above depicting scenes from Greek mythology.

The theater itself is also a trip. Above the main floor there are six wraparound balconies and extremely ornate boxes. "Widow boxes," shielded by black grates, were once used by widows who weren't to be seen at social events because they were in mourning. The presidential box has its own bathroom and a secret exit—not a bad idea given the Argentine proclivity for coups d'état.

From the Colón it's about a ten-block walk to the Plaza de Mayo, the city's most historic spot. It's where Spanish settlers set up shop in 1580.

Today it is a large, pleasant square with well-kept flower beds and tall palm trees along its sides. Also about eight zillion pigeons. The plaza is dominated at one end by the Casa Rosada, which is the Argentine equivalent of our White House. Juan and Eva Perón, among other dictators and generals, regularly used the balconies of the Casa Rosada to placate or stir up the masses below. Not too long ago, Madonna was up there doing it—except the masses were all paid extras.

I walked south from the plaza to an area called San Telmo. It's one of the oldest sections of the city, with charming colonial buildings and narrow cobblestone streets. Today its little main drag is lined with antique stores. I stopped for a quiet lunch at Antigua Tasca de Cuchilleros—the Old Cutlers Tavern. The building, low white stucco with a red tile roof, is almost exactly as it was two centuries ago.

I had the all-cholesterol mixed grill and a couple of glasses of fine Argentine red wine. By meal's end, I was ready for my nap—especially since Eddie and I were scheduled for another round of all-night nightlife.

On the sidewalk, no sooner had I raised my arm than a taxi screeched to a halt in front of me. The driver had the characteristic manic gleam in his eye, but I closed mine during the ride to the hotel, so I didn't have to watch.

After a few hours' sleep, I was ready to take on the city that doesn't sleep, one more time.

(continued from page 108)

made MTV's regular rotation, and he got them airplay on the radio. He also paid his artists better royalties than other labels—at least on paper.

That same year police groups—along with Vice President Dan Quayle—criticized Time Warner for releasing Ice-T's song *Cop Killer*, another in-character exposition on police brutality. (*Cop Killer* was actually recorded by Body Count, Ice-T's rock-and-roll side project, and is not a rap song at all.) By then, Ice-T and Ice Cube had already made the transition to movies and ersatz versions of "keeping it real" (originally street lingo for gang-banging). These artists lost much of their original cachet once they became successful. (Suge Knight was determined this wouldn't happen to his artists. He made sure they had a presence in Compton, and made it a practice to hire people—sometimes even excons—from the neighborhood.)

But rap could no longer be contained to the ghetto, which may explain some of the vehemence of its critics. Much has been made of the fact that 70 percent of rap records are purchased by whites. But this figure can be misleading. "What is the percentage of black people in America, 12 percent?" asks music critic Dave Marsh. "Black people buy two and a half times as much rap as whites. I don't think people came up with this figure because they wanted to destroy hip-hop. I think they wanted to destroy hip-hop because they saw this number."

Make no mistake: Rap remains undeniably integral to the experience of growing up black in the U.S. "Ten years ago I said rap was black America's CNN," says Chuck D. "Gangsta's popularity took off in the hood. The reasons weren't so much lyrical, they were more musical. It was the acceptance of funk. You had nice music from the Seventies and you could—you had to—fill in a more aggressive vocal. With the pretty music offset by harder-than-life vocals, you had a new thing. But the phenomenon was nothing new. It's black-hate-black shit. Black people were taught to hate themselves. They were rapping about killing their own people. That was one thing that never happened in Public Enemy. You could get paid to kill a nigger in this country as opposed to making a nigger grow into a black person. Now, if these gangster guys had talked about killing white kids on every one of their records, that would've been interesting, wouldn't it?"

The connection (real or fabled) between gangster and gangsta soon intensified. When Knight sprang Shakur out of prison in October 1995—flying him out of New York in a private plane—after securing his $1.4 million bail, Shakur began rhyming with a vengeance. (While

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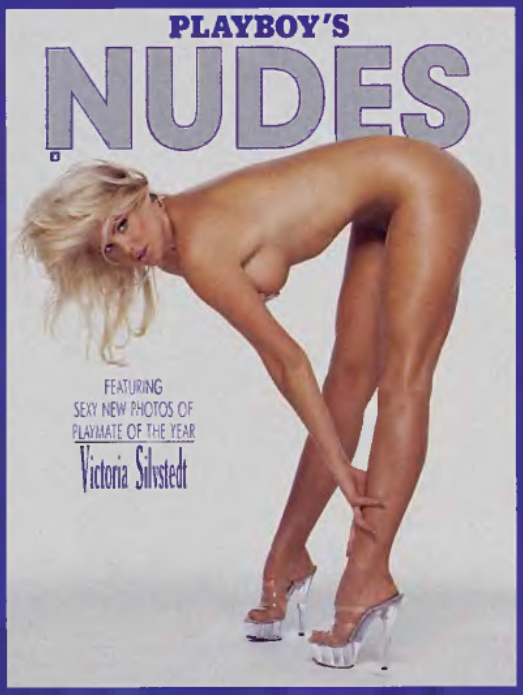

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Knight may have taken credit for posting bail, Interscope and Time Warner reportedly put up most of the money.) His first postprison release, *All Eyez on Me* (which sold 7 million copies), included derogatory references to Biggie and Puffy. On *Hit 'Em Up*, a B-side to a single from the album, he claimed he had slept with Faith Evans. (Evans denied the claim.)

Knight had modeled Death Row on *The Godfather* and *Scarface*. His office at Death Row's Can-Am studios in Tarzana, California was done in red, the color of the Bloods, from carpets to walls to his extra-large leather chair. He kept piranhas in a tank and fed them mice. In New York, Puffy Combs and Biggie took inspiration from *Goodfellas* and referred to themselves on their songs as the Commission. Puff, too, was the godfather from whom all things—champagne, money, women—flowed. The imagery was designed to appeal to the streets and borrowed heavily from the West Coast repertoire of Cristal, chronic and Hennessy. Combs' reworking of the Death Row formula was probably the biggest reason for bad blood between the two labels. Combs, who attended Howard University and grew up in suburban Mount Vernon, New York, is not above putting on a show either. "Aside from any East Coast–West Coast bullshit," says music critic Nelson George, "these were young guys with a lot of money. The words in gangsta rap were obviously part of the appeal, but that isn't the only reason they sold millions of records." If rap stars aren't gangsters, then why the emphasis on violence? A lot of it is driven by the market—lyrics about guns and women sell. But the executives at record companies don't understand rap. "They have little reference to determine what's good or bad," says Georges Sulmers, owner of the independent hip-hop label Raw Shack. "So they lean toward stuff that worked in the past. We used to have different sorts of artists. Now it's just East versus West, and both sides talk about shooting. It's hard to believe everybody had the same idea at the same time. I don't believe all urban music comes from the same gene pool."

Michael Eric Dyson, professor of communications studies at the University of North Carolina, believes the street between black artists and record companies runs both ways. "Even though black artists are often ripe for the picking, and thus susceptible to exploitation by white and black record labels," he writes in *Between God and Gangsta Rap*, "many of them are quite sophisticated about the politics of representation. Many gangsta rappers helped create the genre's artistic rules. They have figured out how to financially exploit sincere and sensational interest in ghetto life. Gangsta rap is no less legitimate because many gangstas turn out to be middle-class blacks faking homeboy roots."

"Fans in general find the violence interesting," says Wyclef Jean. "You have two groups of kids—the kids who live in the hood and the suburban kids. In the ghetto, they know the deaths of Tupac and Biggie had nothing to do with hip-hop. But when I'm chilling with my friends from the suburbs—I got mad friends from the burbs—they say, 'Yo, Tupac ain't really dead.' Or, 'The beef was some East Coast–West Coast stuff.' I didn't like what I was seeing in the press: BIGGIE SMALLS: EX-CRACK DEALER. This guy turned his life around, and sometimes I feel that's not perceived.

"With me it's not a white thing, a black thing, a green thing, a yellow thing," Jean adds. "We say the white man put guns in the community, but he also put a library there. There's drugs in the community, but there's drug rehab, too."

"There was no rapper out there like Biggie," says 22-year-old Kim Jones, a former girlfriend of Biggie's who records under the name Lil' Kim. Her 1996 debut release, *Hard Core*, was a huge hit. "But there still is street rap. See, gangsta rap is gangsters who rap. I don't think Biggie and Tupac were gangsters. They didn't kill people, throw up signs—well, I couldn't say that, but they didn't go around killing people. They didn't want to do anything that would harm their entertainment careers. They had too much to lose."

•

Now let me welcome everybody to the wild, wild West,
A state that's untouchable, like Eliot Ness.
The track hits your eardrum like a slug to your chest.
—TUPAC SHAKUR, *California Love* (1996)

If there's a beef between us,
We can settle it
With that chrome-metal shit.
I make it hot, like a kettle get.
—THE NOTORIOUS B.I.G., *Kick in the Door* (1997)

Though rap didn't kill Biggie Smalls or Tupac Shakur, it's more than coincidence that so much violence and crime has been directed at rap stars. "In a spiritual sense, these two guys were obsessed with death," says Nelson George. "Tupac and Biggie may have talked about killing other people, but they primarily talked about being murdered. Their mortality was an integral part of their art."

"The murders had nothing to do with the East Coast or West Coast," says Wyclef Jean. "They were just personal beefs. I knew Tupac, and I had met Biggie a few times. They were wonderful kids. When I first met Tupac, I thought he was the funniest guy in the world. He was talking about how he wanted to work with me. He liked my unconventional approach. We hung out that night. I got a good vibe off him. And when the Fugees weren't that big we would open up for Biggie Smalls. He was another comedian. People don't realize how young these kids were."

Rappers who grew up impoverished and who rap about the streets are forced to try to balance their newfound wealth with their old lives and friends. Unless artists want to hire or subsidize a huge entourage (certainly not uncommon in entertainment circles), they are in no position to criticize their friends for getting involved in the sorts of illegal activities the rappers boast about on CD. Nor could they control their friends' hotheaded reactions to public insults issued during the heyday of the so-called Death Row–Bad Boy feud.

Even when Shakur and Smalls had been reduced to the level of cartoon characters, people were still confused about what was real and what was an act. "The people in the hood know who's keeping it real," says Wyclef Jean. "There's no way you're going to be an entertainer making millions of dollars and convince me you're mad. You're not upset at nothing at all. You're putting on a front and an act. That's what's selling. I buy into your story, though. When Snoop is saying '187 on an undercover cop,' it sounds convincing. I believe Snoop's story. I believe Tupac's story. At one time keeping it real meant not to dent, to have a skully on your face and be mad. That's the image they portrayed, but they weren't going to ghetto clubs and acting like that, because they know they'd get their asses kicked."

"A lot of gangsta rappers are admired and receive respect from tough guys in the hood," says Jim Galipeau, 55, a gangs expert who has worked as a probation officer in South Central Los Angeles for more than three decades. "But I don't know of any big-time gangsters who are rappers. Basically rappers are lightweights who happened to grow up in the neighborhood. However, I think rappers influence the gangsters in terms of taste, dress and language."

Shakur was persuasive (perhaps even more on film than on CD) as a thug. But so was Jimmy Cagney. Rappers know enough to play the crossover bit for the mass market, but they don't know enough to convince real players. The people with the record-company publicists aren't riding around in limos because they're tough guys. If real gangsters are obliged to settle a score, they emerge from the shadows to show us who actually lives the thug life.

•

Still down for that Death Row sound, searching for paydays.
No longer Dre day, arrivederci.
Long forgotten, rotten for plotting child's play.
Check your sexuality, as fruity as this Alizé.
Quick to jump ship, punk trick, what a

dumb move.
Crossed Death Row, now who you gonna run to?
Like all those other suckers 'cause you similar.
Pretending to be hard—oh my God—check your temperature.
Screaming Compton, but you can't return, you ain't heard?
Brothers pissed 'cause you switched and escaped to the burbs.
—MAKAVELI, *Toss It Up* (1996)

"Being famous in this business is great," says Heavy D, "but it's poisonous. It's not reality. That's why you see so many really famous people flip out. I began to hear, 'Whoa, they're starting to believe those videos.'"

Tupac Shakur felt secure traveling with his Death Row entourage (a West Coast rider, he called himself). He began to believe his own poster. Instead of making himself untouchable, he turned into a bigger target—particularly for those who were in the game for real. He may have forgotten who had the most to lose when the Death Row crew mixed it up in that hotel lobby in Las Vegas. Dr. Dre left Death Row several months before Shakur was killed. "Gangsta rap is dead," he announced. This past summer he even went further and came out in praise of Bad Boy.

•

It's like the more money we come across,
The more problems we see.
—THE NOTORIOUS B.I.G., *Mo Money Mo Problems* (1997)

Despite a $50,000 reward for tips leading to the conviction of Biggie's killer, no arrests have been made. For now, the chances of finding Tupac's assassin seem equally unlikely.

The one witness in Las Vegas who said at the scene of the crime he could possibly identify Tupac's shooter was Yafeu Fula, a member of Outlaw Immortalz, a rap group that toured with Shakur. But Fula never really talked seriously with Vegas police. Negotiations for a meeting between the cops and Fula's attorney dragged on. Two months after the shooting Fula was killed in New Jersey. A year before Shakur's death, Randy Walker—who was with Shakur the night he was shot at Quad Studios—was killed by three gunmen in Queens after a car chase. So much for the East Coast. Two months earlier, a close friend of Suge Knight's, Jake Robles, was fatally shot in Atlanta. Suge blamed associates of Bad Boy for Robles' death.

In February 1997 a Compton police affidavit prepared to obtain search warrants for a gang raid was unsealed in Los Angeles. It alleged that informants had told Las Vegas and Compton detectives that Orlando Anderson was responsible for Shakur's murder. Apparently, the fight at the MGM Grand stemmed from a confrontation involving Anderson

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weeks earlier at a Lakewood, California mall. A group of seven or eight Southside Crips, Anderson among them, allegedly stole a gold Death Row pendant from Travon Lane, a Death Row associate and alleged member of the Mob Pirus, a Bloods set. Lane was with Tupac and Suge at the MGM Grand and may have pointed out Anderson. Lieutenant Wayne Petersen of the Metro Police Department in Las Vegas recently said about Shakur's murder: "We believe we know who is responsible for this. The problem is that we don't have anyone who will come forward to testify." Anderson has denied having any involvement in the murder. "I wish they would hurry up and catch the killer so my name could be cleared," he told the *Los Angeles Times*.

But do police have much interest in finding out who killed self-styled gangsters who rap about blowing away cops? Even internally, cops in Las Vegas, New York and Los Angeles have been wary of cooperating with police from other cities who appear to be on fishing expeditions—police who may be employed off-duty as muscle by music companies and who are trying to extract information for their part-time employers.

Nearly two months after Shakur's death, Walter Johnson was arrested and charged on multiple counts related to three armed robberies in Brooklyn. The *New York Daily News* reported that investigators had identified him—though he has yet to be charged—as a suspect in the Quad Studios shooting. A confidential informant told them, "Johnson said Tupac is a sucker. He said Tupac is not a real gangster and that he shot him."

One police theory holds that Biggie died over a dispute—possibly related to an unpaid security bill—with a member of the Southside Crips. (Bad Boy denies it has ever hired gang members for security.) Biggie was reportedly hanging out with several Crips at a park in Compton the day of his death. Last May, Los Angeles detectives impounded a Chevy Impala that fit the description of the car used in the slaying of Biggie Smalls. The owner of the car is believed to be Dwayne Davis, Orlando Anderson's uncle. Davis, however, was never named as a suspect.

The *Los Angeles Times*' Chuck Philips reported that undercover federal agents from New York had apparently been tailing Christopher Wallace in the week before his death as part of an investigation of criminals allegedly connected to Bad Boy. (Criminal investigations of black-run labels seem to be pursued with more vigor than the murder investigations.) "Several law-enforcement agents may have witnessed the slaying, including one off-duty Inglewood police officer working security for the rap star's entourage," wrote Philips. Sources alleged that the officer, who was in a car behind Wallace's, had chased the assailant's vehicle but may have fled the scene without reporting his observations about the shooting to investigators.

•

"The cultural rot we are after shouldn't be thought of as a single piece of trash. It is an enormous pile of garbage. We took a shovelful and removed it from the mainstream with our campaign against Time Warner, but the battle over our culture is far from over."

—WILLIAM BENNETT

Delores Tucker, you's a motherfucker.
Instead of trying to help a nigger,
You destroy a brother.

—TUPAC SHAKUR, *How Do U Want It?* (1996)

In 1994 William Bennett, the Bush administration's drug czar and subsequent head of Empower America, joined C. Delores Tucker, head of the National Political Congress of Black Women, in targeting Time Warner for its partial ownership of Interscope Records, which distributes Death Row. Bennett and Tucker also singled out Dre, Shakur and Snoop for producing music with "vulgar and misogynist lyrics that glorify violence." It was a blatant attempt to stem the spread of rap to the suburbs. Despite their efforts—or maybe because of the exposure they gave it—gangsta rap rose in sales.

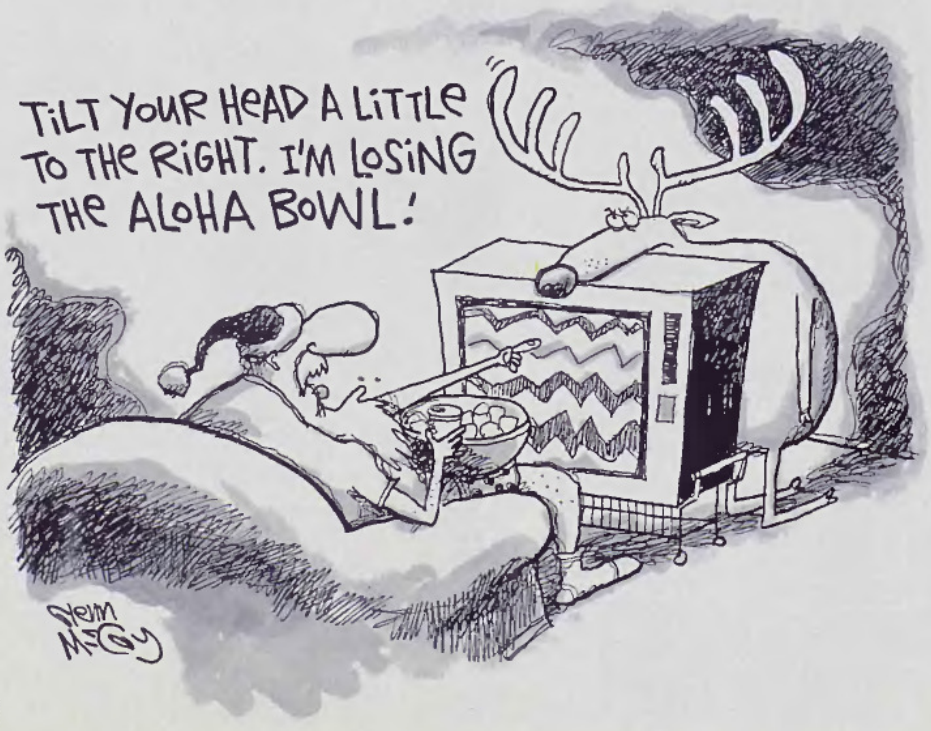
"Another tripped-out thing is that people like C. Delores Tucker come out of the community," says Chuck D. "At first, she was talking about the companies. The corporations have the artists so brainwashed that the brainwashed artists start attacking the people who protect Tupac's hood. [Time Warner chairman] Gerald Levin actually protected Interscope—even in the middle of 'Rat-a-tat, never hesitate to put a nigger on his back.' The chicken's coming home to roost in a weird, fucked-up way. Levin's son was interactive with the black community at Taft High, where he was a teacher. He may have been killed by a former student, a young rap kid. Levin protected 'Rat-a-tat, never hesitate to put a nigger on his back' and he didn't give a fuck about being accountable to the community. A few years later this man loses a son to the same attitude that was on the records he put out."

In September 1995 Time Warner sold its 50 percent stake in Interscope. "These lyrics promoting drugs and murder were a pornographic pimple on their corporate countenance," Tucker later told *The Washington Post*. Time Warner's loss was initially Universal Records' gain. In early 1996 the label, a subsidiary of liquor giant Seagram, picked up half of the increasingly profitable Interscope for $200 million.

Still, Suge Knight's management muscle, not the label's artistic vision, finally got Death Row in trouble. The lurid tales surrounding Knight, a 315-pound hulk who has reputed ties to the Bloods, are legion. He once reportedly threatened a music executive and made him strip and walk naked. One record promoter claimed that Knight's associates tied him to a chair, beat him with broken champagne bottles and forced him to drink urine from a jar.

But Knight claims to have seen the light. In a rambling 15-minute speech during his sentencing hearing, Knight vowed, among other things, to increase his good works in the African American

(concluded on page 207)



PLAYMATE NEWS

THE BUNNY HOP

In the age of retro, when a good cigar and a stiff drink are de rigueur, we long for the days of the dip—the Bunny Dip, that is. Miss July 1996 Angel Boris (from

Early on, the talk around PLAYBOY was of dressing the Club waitresses in sexy nightgowns. Fortunately for Club patrons, the magazine's Rabbit imagery won out.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — JANUARY

Vicki McCarty—Miss September 1979 will be 44 on January 13.
Anna-Marie Goddard—Miss January 1994 will be 28 on January 13.
Alice Denham—Miss July 1956 will be 65 on January 21.
Debbie Hooper—Miss August 1969 will be 50 on January 24.
Karen Velez—Miss December 1984 will be 37 on January 27.

left), Miss May 1991 Carrie Yazel, Miss August 1986 Ava Fabian and Miss January 1996 Victoria Fuller dusted off Bunny ears and tails to attend the Sony International Marketing of Personal and Mobile Communications awards party at the Playboy Mansion. Sony requested the Playmates, and we provided the costumes. We're happy to say that even after all these years, it was a perfect fit.

JANET QUIST:
"I would be a Playmate again in a New York minute. Traveling and meeting people enriched my life."

THE LADY OF THE LISTSERV

There are two ways to communicate with your fellow Playmate aficionados in cyberspace. The first, of course, is to join the Playboy Cyber Club at http://cyber.playboy.com. The other is to check into the Playboy Digest at playboyrequest@mosaic.playboy.com. Moderated by Peggy Wilkins, it is not subsidized by Playboy, but Hef checks in all the time. Fans discuss every aspect of the world of PLAYBOY, from events they've attended at which Playmates have been present to the contents of the magazine. In fact, subscribers are known to scrutinize each issue. List subscribers are so fond of Wilkins that they paid her way to a Glamourcon in Los Angeles. Hef even invited her and a group of her fellow Listservers on a tour of the Mansion. We recommend that you join the Playboy Cyber Club and check in with Peggy for a double dose of news.

PLAYMATES 101: LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION

Point your browser to the Internet Movie Database (www.imdb.com) for Playmates in the movies. At last count, 162 Playmates were listed along with their biographies (to access these biographies: US.imdb.com/M/search-biographies). PLAYBOY movie critic Bruce Williamson recommends:

Lorraine Michaels

Pamela Anderson in *Barb Wire*
Erika Eleniak in *Under Siege*
Lorraine Michaels in *Malibu Express*
Dorothy Stratten in *They All Laughed*
Shannon Tweed in *The Naked Truth*
Cyndi Wood in *Apocalypse Now*

GLAMOURCON IN TINSELTOWN

Because we know you can never get enough, here are candid shots of Glamourcon in Los Angeles. Clockwise from bottom left: Miss August 1986 Ava Fabian, Miss February 1986 Julie McCullough and Miss October 1983 Tracy Vaccaro hook up. Hef shares a moment with October 1995 cover girl Lisa Boyle. Miss May 1989 Monique Noel and Miss July 1987 Carmen Berg put their heads together. Audio Net's Mark Cuban interviews Miss February 1995 Lisa Marie Scott for a live Glamourcon Web cast linked up to the Playboy Cyber Club. Glamourcon is expanding to other cities in 1998. Our spies tell us Atlanta is next.

PLAYMATE NEWS

VETERAN'S DAY

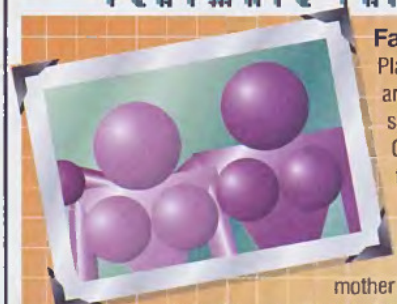
Last summer the Veterans Foundation threw a party in southern California to honor Jerry Payne, the 1997 Veteran of the Year. Who better to give him his award than Miss December 1968 Cynthia Myers? During the Vietnam war, servicemen by the thousands carried her centerfold into the Vietnamese rice paddies. Myers, who had attended the ceremony along with Miss October 1967 Reagan Wilson, said, "I was very proud to be a part of this special occasion." The young men who went to Vietnam in the Sixties formed a particularly close attachment to PLAYBOY and its Playmates, both of which represented home. To this day, the connection remains strong.

Jerry Payne and Cynthia Myers

FAN MAIL

Recently, I had the pleasure of meeting Miss August 1997 Kalin Olson on a flight from Rapid City, South Dakota. This young lady was personable and presented the professional image that I have come to expect from PLAYBOY. She was gracious enough to autograph a copy of the magazine for my four-year-old grandson, Aleczander. On his 18th birthday, I will present it to him along with a little advice: Find someone as pretty and charming as Kalin.—Jim Williams, Mulvane, Kansas

PLAYMATE TRIVIA



CAROL ZUBER HALLISON

Family ties

Playmate mothers and their movie-star daughters: Colleen Farrington and Diane Lane, Bebe Buell and Liv Tyler. Playmate mother and daughter: Carol Eden and Simone Eden. Playmate sisters: Janice and Ann Pennington. Playmate and Playmate step-granddaughter: Joan Staley and Donna Perry.

The most unusual item I had autographed at the Chicago Glamourcon was one I'll treasure most: a giant helium-filled black balloon covered with hearts and signed in silver by Miss May 1982 Kym Malin. The balloon was so large that it was almost impossible to fit it into my minivan. But if I'd had to, I would have strapped somebody to the hood rather than leave it behind.—Doug Combs, Springfield, Illinois

> JENNY MCCARTHY:
> "A larger force, and I call it destiny, brought me to the door, moved my mouth, took the robe off—and I did it."

It was amazing how quiet the room became when Hef arrived at the Los Angeles Glamourcon. People stared in awe at the Man Who Started It All. Yet he blended into the crowd and looked like just another fan—except for the fact that Playmates were asking him for autographs.—David Skelton, Westminster, Colorado

QUOTE UNQUOTE

"In my day, Playmates couldn't show nipples and pubic hair. People don't have the same sort of prejudices now as they did then. When I went to work for PLAYBOY, I had to pretend I was working someplace else or I wouldn't have been able to get an apartment. Actually, PLAYBOY got me the apartment, but I told the landlord that I was working for HMH Publishing."—ELEANOR BRADLEY, Miss February 1959

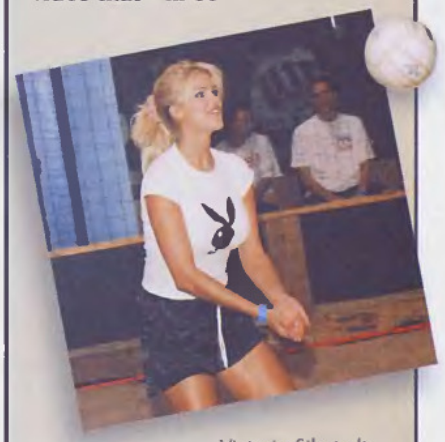
"I was living in Malibu with a couple of my girlfriends when a man came up to me one day and asked if I wanted to submit my picture to PLAYBOY. Thinking it was a come-on, of course I told the guy to get lost. Then I found out he was a photographer for the magazine, so I did it. Later I also worked as a Bunny, and when I forgot my tail, the Bunny Mother gave me demerits."—KARLA CONWAY, Miss April 1966

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

LEROY NEIMAN

Playboy TV and Paramount teamed up for a syndicated television series, *Viper*. Twenty Playmates auditioned for two parts in a November episode. Miss July 1996 **Angel Boris** and Miss May 1994 **Shae Marks** were cast in co-starring roles. . . . The PLAYBOY Photo Department took Miss June 1996 **Karin Taylor**, Miss August 1995 **Rachel Jeán Marteen** and Miss January 1997 **Jami Ferrell** on an African safari. You'll see it in the magazine and in a forthcoming video. . . . Miss March 1995 and PMOY 1996 **Stacy Sanches** has a 16-month 1998 calendar, available in bookstores. . . . Miss June 1969 **Helena Antonaccio** was featured recently in *RX Magazine*. . . . **Gillian Bonner**, Miss April 1996, has moved her production company to Los Angeles. Her CD-ROM game Riana Rouge is available now. . . . Miss June 1967 **Joey Gibson** is working on a video that will be released this year, offering health and beauty tips for the second half of a woman's life. . . . Good service: Miss December 1996 and PMOY 1997 **Victoria Silvstedt** took part in the *Sand & Suds Volleyball Challenge* in Chicago this past summer. . . . Miss January 1988, PMOY 1989 and Hef's Playmate for Life **Kimberley Conrad Hefner** will appear in a forthcoming issue of *Muscle and Fitness* magazine. Look for her on the cover.

Angel and Shae



Victoria Silvstedt

(continued from page 204)

community and never again to produce an album containing the word nigger.

His about-face may have come too late. Since Knight's incarceration, Death Row hasn't signed any significant new artists. Shakur's mother, Afeni, sued the label for back royalties. (She has also filed a wrongful-death suit against Orlando Anderson.) C. Delores Tucker filed a lawsuit against Shakur's estate, claiming that derogatory references to her on *All Eyez on Me* caused "great humiliation, mental pain and suffering" and caused her husband to "suffer a loss of advice, companionship and consortium." And more recently, a federal grand jury in California has been looking into whether convicted drug kingpin Michael Harris contributed $1.5 million in seed money to the label.

In August 1997 *Billboard* cited published reports that Seagram chief executive Edgar J. Bronfman Jr. was putting pressure on Interscope to sever its distribution deal with Death Row. But it's not so clear-cut as William Bennett would assert. "Let me assure you," notes Dave Marsh, "that Suge Knight's being in jail has nothing to do with cleaning up the music business or hip-hop."

•

I can still hear the shots that left my man
Big laying
On my knees, crying and praying. Then
I said,
"God, why? Got to know how hard we try.
Don't let him die, please don't let my nigger
be dead."
—PUFF DADDY, *Pain* (1997)

How will rap respond to the deaths of two of its biggest stars? To hear some tell it, the music's best days are over. Old school artists such as Grandmaster Flash, Melle Mel, Love Bug Starski and Rakim are held in great regard. But rap still shows plenty of promise. Cutting-edge artists such as Method Man, Cru and the Roots continue to breathe new life into the genre.

At its best, rap is about life, death, family, community, sex and survival. More often humorous than surly, more braggadocio than rage, rap remains a vital expression of urban America.

But we still hear reports of its demise. "At first, their deaths made a lot of us wonder, Can this be over?" says Danyel Smith of *Vibe*. "Then it reminded people of how strong the music and the culture must be to withstand the murders of two of its most prominent players. Can we live without hip-hop? I don't think we're ever going to have to."

•

"Ain't that Snoop Dogg over there?
Hey, man, roll up on the side of him, man.
Hand me my motherfucking Glock, man,
Give me another clip 'cause I'm gonna smoke
this fool."
—SNOOP DOGGY DOGG, *Murder Was the Case* (1993)

During Lollapalooza this past summer, Snoop Doggy Dogg dedicated shows to the memory of Shakur. During the tour, Snoop traveled in the Gangster Tank, a bulletproof aquamarine Chevy van (custom-built by Royal Motors in Beverly Hills for $140,000) complete with gun slits. And for protection on the ground, Snoop's armored division was augmented by a retinue of Nation of Islam bodyguards, the Swiss guard of rap.

After the death of Biggie Smalls, Puffy Combs redid his own album debut, *No Way Out*, to incorporate multiple tributes. One of those, a tepid R&B reworking of the Police's *Every Breath You Take* called *I'll Be Missing You*, went on to become 1997's number one single. But saccharine songs and schmaltzy melodies won't be rap's future. Having lost the engine of gangsta rap, hip-hop will get by until the "new flava" comes along. (It may already be here: Check out Bone Thugs' *Art of War*, J-Live's *Can I Get It?* or Suga Free's *Street Gospel*.) Let's hope Snoop can grow old and rich and ultimately irrelevant to street life, much in the way his predecessor Ice-T has done.

For now, talented women rappers such as Missy Elliott and Bahamadia are taking the lead in tempering rap's volatile rhythms with astute lyrics, actual melodies and sex.

"In a sad way, Puffy's the reigning champ," says Heavy D, who has known Combs since childhood. "He's a very spiritual person. Puff is a good guy. Puff ain't never been a punk, you know. He's a hustler. He went to college and learned to throw parties. He's got that brilliant energy."

"In life, both Biggie and Tupac were brilliant, talented individuals," says *Vibe*'s Smith. "But in death they were typical: They were black men in their 20s who were shot to death."

"I don't believe people get killed because of rap music," says Lil' Kim. "But I have been unable to celebrate the success of my album because of all the terrible things that have been going on. I'm still friends with Snoop and Lady of Rage—there are a lot of other people on the West Side that I'm friends with. But I don't know what the future holds."

Rap, of course, will survive. It has outlived previous reports of its death. The genre is much bigger than any two or three artists. People in the media don't know how to digest changes in rap music, so they resort to familiar, if reductionist, notions. The way the media deal with rap is to make it appear as if it's about to end in a blaze of gunfire. "Rap music is rap over music," says Chuck D. "So asking rap to disappear is like saying singing will stop." Gangsta rap may be played out. But rap itself is here to stay, perhaps merely as an evolutionary step to the next big thing. Some people don't like it, but it's an unstoppable form of music that has risen (like jazz and rock) from the street. No effort to demonize it can succeed, because beyond the sensationalism, a strong music survives.

"I want each of you to go to the mike and shout 'Ho! Ho! Ho!'"

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL MOVIE

PLAYMATE HOSTS

Karen McDougal
Miss December

Heather Kozar
Miss January

more than you ever imagined...

Playboy TV delivers some early gifts this year! The bride and groom aren't the only ones saying "I do" in the Playboy Original Movie, *The Night That Never Happened*. Then motel life turns upside down when a dead body washes up in the laundry room with a full load of sexy suspects in the adult movie, *Motel Blue*. Next, let your fantasies run wild when gorgeous girls appear dressed for duty and ready for action in the Playboy Original Program *Playboy's Girls in Uniform*. And in the adult movie *Riding Lessons*, a sexy roughrider stirs up trouble and fires up lust in a small country town. The Playboy Original Program *Naughty Amateur Home Videos: Slip 'n Slide* proves you don't have to be experienced to be alluring on camera. Remember, this is where the heat's on high 24 hours a day: Playboy TV!

ORIGINAL PROGRAM

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL PROGRAM

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WINTER OF OUR CONTENT

Whether you ski, snowboard or ice skate, you face the same challenge: to stay warm without looking like a dork. It's easy if you're fluent in winter fabric lingo, a language all its own. To help translate, we've broken down cold-weather materials by function. **HOW DRY I AM:** Nothing makes you feel colder than wet clothes plastered to your skin. To stay totally dry, go with Gore-Tex, a wonder fabric that has been around for more than 20 years. Besides being waterproof, it's breathable, so it keeps you dry without making you clammy. Similar fabrics include Lowe's Triple Point Ceramic, Patagonia's H_2NO, Marmot's Membrain and Mountain Hardwear's Conduit. **NO SWEAT:** Even when it's cold, cross-country skiers, snowshoers and runners break into a sweat and need clothing that breathes. We recommend Activent, a new fabric by the maker of Gore-Tex that is windproof and water-resistant. Activent is most effective when used in lightweight, unlined shells or pants. Microfiber is another fabric that breathes. The best microfiber is so closely knit that water and wind won't penetrate, but moisture vapor can get out. (To tell if your jacket has a tight weave, give it a tug. If it flexes like a rubber band with gaping holes, it won't block the wind.) Other outerwear that contains microfiber includes Lowe's Lightflight and Mountain Hardwear's Nuts 'n Bolts. **WARM AND TOASTY:** To keep warm in arctic temperatures, you need insulation. The best choice is polyester fleece, a material that has changed the outdoor clothing industry and has also crossed over into mainstream fashions. Besides being warm, fleece is comfortable, light and machine-washable. The most common brand is Polartec. Most Polartec garments should be worn as layers, because they don't block wind or water. However, some new varieties of Polartec are water-resistant and can stand alone. The most useful Polartec item is the vest. Stash it in your ski bag and wear it as the main layer on a warm day or under a coat on a cold day. Most fleece can be worn against the skin, because it breathes and wicks away moisture. Power Stretch, a thin Polartec that fits like Lycra, can be worn as a base layer or as the main garment for running. Marmot's Driclime and Roffe's Power Stretch Lite are similar fabrics. **WINDBREAKERS:** Shells made of Gore-Tex or Activent, and parkas, gloves and vests made of Windbloc from Malden Mills or Windstopper from W.L. Gore, offer great protection from the wind. Windstopper and Windbloc fleece garments are the most versatile of all outdoor clothing, combining warmth and comfort with a windproof membrane that's water-repellent. The best thing about these fabrics is that many serve double- or triple-duty as base, middle or shell layers. For maximum protection, select a shell that is either waterproof or breathable, depending on the sports you do, then add windproof fleece and a multipurpose base layer. You'll stay comfortable all winter. —LARRY OLMSTED

Below: Telluride 'em, cowboy. Our intrepid hotdogger cuts the fashion mustard—and the wind—in a first run down See Forever wearing a colorful Obermeyer Ultra Gear Supreme top that's made of Polartec Power Stretch fabric ($85), a pair of Mountain Hardwear Chill Factor pants of the Polartec Bi Polar 200 Series ($125) and Manzella glove and mittens made of Polartec Windbloc material (about $45).

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 185.

Kelly Makes Waves

Model KELLY KAWAKAMI is a student at the University of Hawaii. She was Miss July 1997 in the Island Classics calendar and will appear in two more Hawaiian calendars. Aloha.

© KEN SATTLE

She Gets Her Kicks

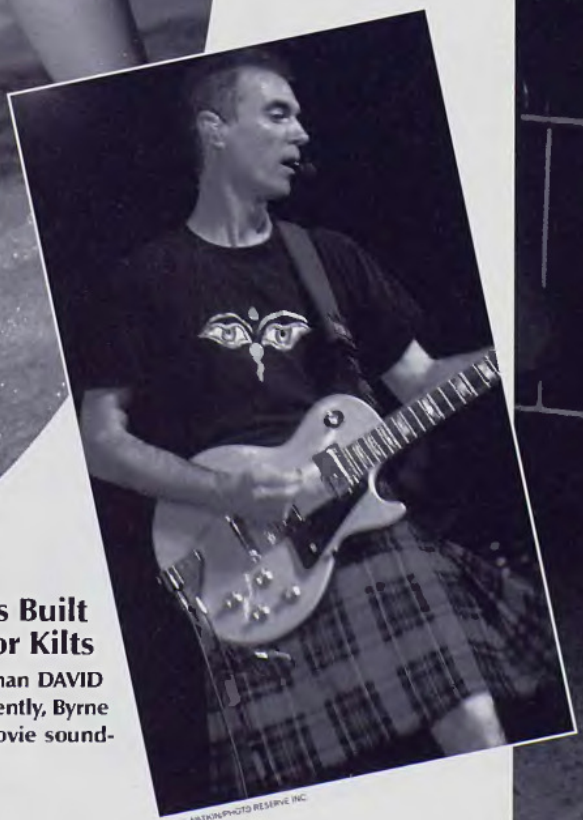
Fresh from the Lilith Fair last summer and from receiving a gold record for *This Fire*, PAULA COLE headlined her own tour this past fall. About performing, Cole says, "I love the physicality, I love the dancing. I can let go."

© JIM SMEALGALELLA LTD.

© DOUGLAS STEGLITZ ®

A Little Skin Is No Sin

New star CHARLIZE THERON appeared in *Trial and Error* and *Devil's Advocate*. She'll be in *Mighty Joe Young* this spring. Mighty, Charlize.



© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

He's Built for Kilts

From the big suit of his Talking Heads days, Scotsman DAVID BYRNE has returned to his pleats. Having toured recently, Byrne is back in the studio recording himself, Indian movie soundtracks and Okinawan pop for his own label.

Feets Don't Fail Me Now

BEN FOLDS plays piano for Ben Folds Five, which is really a trio (but they thought the name was cool). If you saw them at H.O.R.D.E., you know they're cool. The band is touring the U.S. now. Jive with Five.

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

In a Nude Mood

HEATHER GRIFFIN is featured in the most recent *Hot Body* video. You're surprised?

© DOUGLAS STINGLETTER

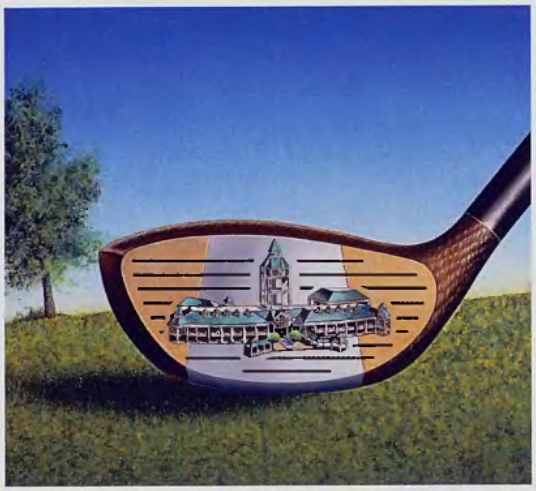
© Tiki Barber

Lounge Act

Dancer AMANDA FAITH does a couch potato more gracefully than Al Bundy ever did. Modeling stints for TV and print, an appearance at the Blockbuster Awards and convention gigs keep her busy. In *Grapevine*, she rests.

GOLF, GOLF AND GOLF

The World of Golf Village, "the most ambitious project ever undertaken in golf," is set to open this spring in Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida. And that's no overstatement. The resort will comprise three championship courses (including "The Slammer and the Squire," a course designed by golf greats Sam Snead and Gene Sarazen), a 75,000-square-foot hall of fame, an Imax theater (yes, it's a golf movie), a PGA golf academy, a sports medicine clinic, a golf library, private villas, a 300-room hotel, shops, galleries and restaurants—wow! Call 904-273-3350 to reach the World of Golf Village headquarters.



JOHN O'BRIEN

SHAKEN—AND STIRRED

You don't have to be James Bond to enjoy *Vintage Barware*, a handsome price-and-identification guide to cocktail shakers, ice buckets and other bibbing accoutrements. Considering the theory that cocktail shakers are important cultural artifacts, the author, Stephen Visakay, has loaded his book with historical tidbits, classic drink recipes, advice on finding retro barware and photos of many of the 1800 shakers in his collection. Price: $27.50. Call 800-626-5420.

DA JEWELS

If front-row seats for your favorite team are out of the question, prove you're a die-hard fan by wearing this officially licensed sports jewelry. The 14-kt.-gold Chicago Bulls pendant ($70, in four sizes), earrings ($70, in three styles) and bracelet ($200) shown here are from Source #1, a New York–based company that carries "the world's most extensive collection" of gold and sterling silver sports jewelry for men and women. All professional teams are represented, from the Oakland Athletics to the Green Bay Packers to the Los Angeles Kings. There are also charms and earrings available for teams from more than 50 colleges and universities. To order, call 888-994-TEAM.

THE GANG OF FIVE

In the Fifties, Masudaya Corp. of Japan began creating a series of battery-powered tin robots called the Gang of Five. Each robot had a different function, with Machine Man being the most accomplished—and rarest (one was auctioned in 1996 for $42,550). Now Rocket U.S.A. has created five-inch-tall reproductions of the Gang, priced at $19.95 each. While (left to right) Non-Stop Robot, Machine Man, Radicon Robot, Sonic Robot and Target Robot don't perform the same as the originals, they look as good on a shelf. Call 708-358-8888 to order.

FOR THE WAR BIRDS

As a kid, artist Craig Weinstein was fascinated with the images of Petty pin-up girls painted on the fuselages of World War One and Two aircraft. Today, he builds aluminum hull replicas, then hand-paints and weathers them for "nose art" so authentic even vets think it's real. Shown here is *Bora Bora Baby*, a replica of the hull and nose art of that B-17F. Price: $2500. Call 602-832-1546.

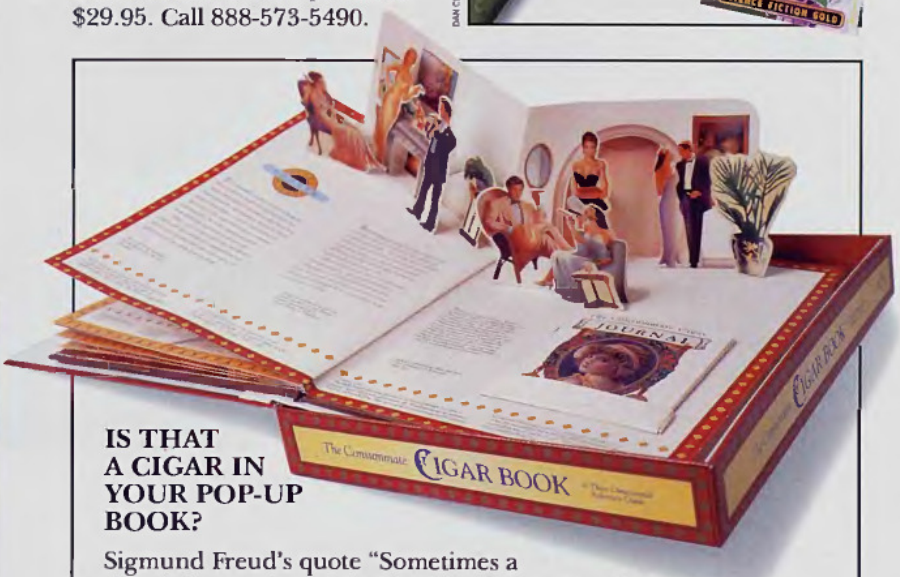
THE BEST OF AMERICAN
GIRLIE MAGAZINES
JAN. 25¢
CONFESSIONS OF A NUDIST! • WIFE SWAPPING
RAPE OF THE MOON • CULT OF HUMAN LEOPARDS

WHERE THE GIRLIES ARE

During the Forties, *Whisper*, *Flirt*, *Eyeful* and dozens of other pulp pin-up magazines teased American men with lingerie-clad girls next door and racy articles such as "A Peek in a Paris Boudoir!" and "What Every Young Bride Should 'No!'" Now Taschen has published *The Best of American Girlie Magazines*, a 700-page compendium of the covers and contents of 250 magazines. Price: $29.99 at bookstores.

PULP SCIENCE FICTION

Decades before the *Pathfinder* proved that Mars is not teeming with little green men, the Red Planet was the subject of many science fiction horror flicks. Shown here are *Killers From Space*, *Devil Girl From Mars* and *The Crawling Eye*, three selections from Englewood Entertainment's line of 40 classic and new science fiction videos. The line, which includes films by eccentric director Ed Wood, is divided into five categories: Science Fiction Gold, Hollywood Noir, Hollywood Gold, Haunted Hollywood and Atomic Television. Prices are from $14.95 to $29.95. Call 888-573-5490.



IS THAT A CIGAR IN YOUR POP-UP BOOK?

Sigmund Freud's quote "Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar" is in *The Consummate Cigar Book: A Three-Dimensional Reference Guide*. And sometimes a book is more than just a book. Intervisual Books' pop-up guide was written by Robert Kemp (publisher of *The Cigar Monthly*), is packaged in an authentic-looking cigar box and features three-dimensional figures such as those in this party scene. Price: $45 at bookstores.

TICKTOCKS FOR JOCKS

Ever since TAG Heuer was deemed the official timekeeper of the 1920 Olympic Games, the company has reigned supreme in the sports world. *Mastering Time*, a sophisticated coffee-table book, spans 12 decades to cover TAG Heuer's history in three sections—"The Heuer Dynasty," "Stopwatches and Chronographs" and "The Birth of TAG Heuer"—with photos by renowned photographers such as Annie Leibowitz. The famous Chronosplit (right), the world's first quartz chronograph, was ordered in 1971 by Enzo Ferrari so that he could time his Italian racing team. Book price: $100. To order, call 800-321-4832.

NEXT MONTH

BOND BABE

FIFTIES SEX

SAYING YES

MISS FEBRUARY

DAPHNE DECKERS—SHE'S MORE FAMOUS IN THE NETHERLANDS THAN QUEEN BEATRIX, MORE POPULAR THAN TULIPS. WHO'S THE PLATINUM-TRESSED BEAUTY IN THE NEW JAMES BOND FLICK? HER NAME IS DECKERS, DAPHNE DECKERS. A STEAMY—AND DANGEROUS—PICTORIAL

CONAN O'BRIEN—THE CARROTTOPPED LATE-NIGHT PRINCE HAS STAYING POWER, GREAT ONE-LINERS AND A WHACKED-OUT WIT. **KEVIN COOK** READS BETWEEN THE PUNCH LINES IN THIS MONTH'S PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

BEN STILLER—HE'S THE SELF-DEPRECATING ACTOR-DIRECTOR WHO STARRED IN *FLIRTING WITH DISASTER* AND DIRECTED *REALITY BITES* AND *THE CABLE GUY*. A DISHY 20 QUESTIONS BY **ROBERT CRANE**

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PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION: THE FIFTIES—THE COLD WAR, SENATE PROBES, LOYALTY OATHS AND—OH, YEAH—PLAYBOY. **JAMES R. PETERSEN** RELIVES THE GROUNDBREAKING DECADE IN PART VI, "TOGETHERNESS"

JAMES BOND—JUST IN TIME FOR THE NEW BOND MOVIE, *TOMORROW NEVER DIES*, WE SALUTE THE MAN AMONG MEN. IT'S OUR ODE TO 007, FROM THE GADGETS HE USES TO THE COCKTAILS HE SHAKES

PLUS: A COMPLETE GUIDE TO VALENTINE'S DAY (INCLUDING ROMANTIC GIFTS FOR WOMEN AND NEW CHAMPAGNE COCKTAILS), THOSE PROVOCATIVE GIRLS FROM *NIGHT CALLS*, PLAYMATE **JULIA SCHULTZ** AND A ROUSING REVISIT WITH **VICTORIA VALENTINO**

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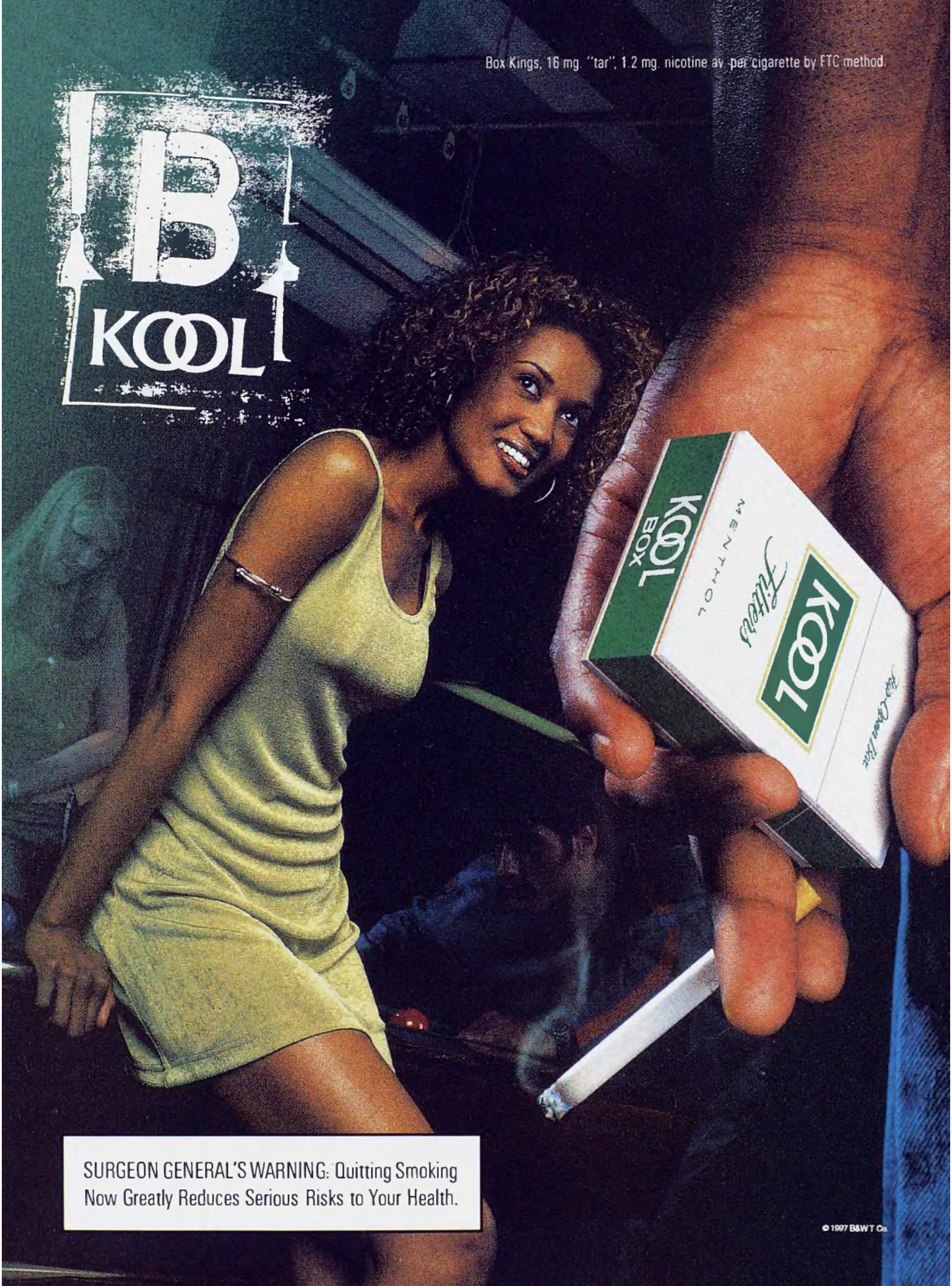
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